Mar. 31, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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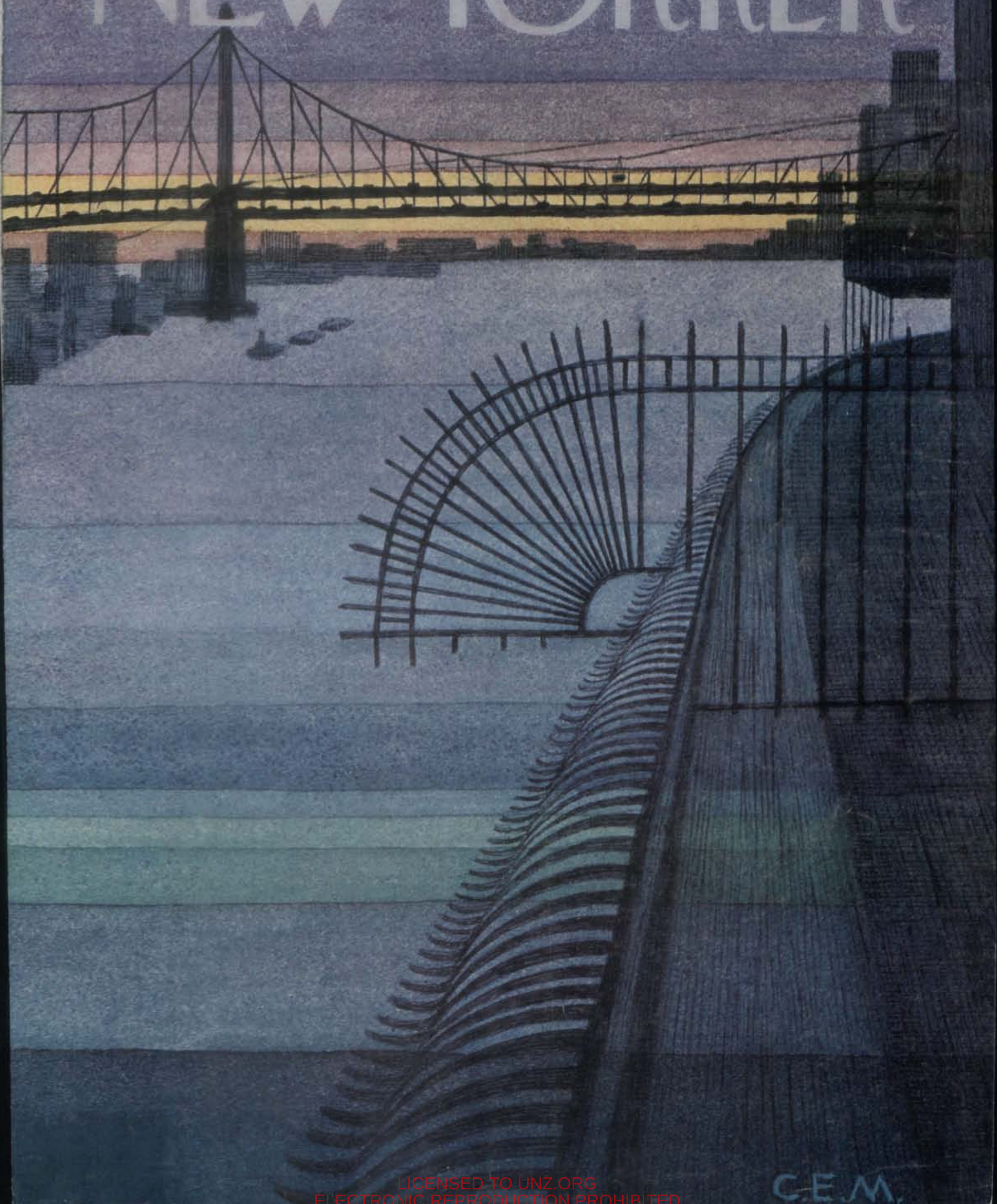

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. **THE WINTER'S TALE,** with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/80.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, and Tuesday through Friday, April 1-4, at 8, and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8. . . . **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, and it makes us laugh, and laugh we do. (3/10/80) Friday, March 28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Biography—The S. N. Behrman comedy is now nearly half a century old and shows its age; nevertheless, Piper Laurie is charming in the role originated by Ina Claire, and several other members of the cast provide ample humor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

The Blood Knot—Danny Glover and Cotter Smith in a revival of Athol Fugard's two-character play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich head the cast of a play by Mark Medoff. Directed by Gordon Davidson. Previews through Saturday, March 29. Opens officially on Sunday, March 30. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by John Heuer, **INNOCENT THOUGHTS, HARMLESS INTENTIONS.** (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Clothes for a Summer Hotel—Geraldine Page and Kenneth Haigh as Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by José Quintero. Opens Wednesday, March 26. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 27, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Doña Rosita: While She Waits—The Lorca play, with music, in a new translation by John Olon. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **PLAIN AND FANCY,** with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Albert Hague, and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening With W. S. Gilbert, A Musical Biography—A one-man show conceived by John Wolfson, with Lloyd Harris as Gilbert. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. Opens Thursday, March 27. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Horowitz and Mrs. Washington—Sam Levene and Esther Rolle have the leads in a comedy Henry Denker adapted from his own novel. The director is Joshua Logan. Previews through Tuesday, April 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 2. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45.

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Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A play by Neil Simon, with Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, and Dinah Manoff. Herbert Ross directed. Previews through Wednesday, April 2. Opens officially on Thursday, April 3. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Jane White, Who?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Nightly at 8. Closes Friday, March 28.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 2-6: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Major Barbara—It would be hard to imagine a finer production of this classic comedy, written by Shaw at the top of his bent. Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, Rachel Gurney, Nicolas Surovy, and Jon De Vries are notable in an excellent cast. Stephen Porter directed. (3/10/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Kristin Griffith. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 5.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME**. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

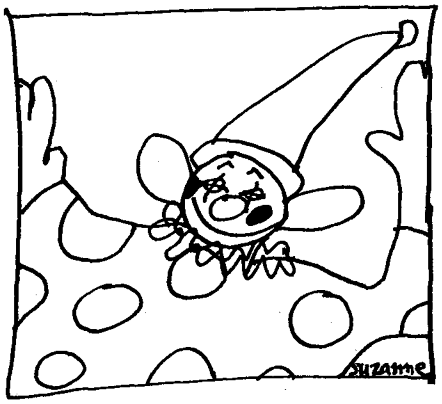
Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday, March 26, at 2 and 7; Thursday, March 27, at 7; Friday, March 28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 6:30; Tuesday through Thursday, April 1-3, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 2 and 8.)

Reggae—A musical with a cast of twenty-five singers and dancers and a nine-piece onstage reggae band. Previews Wednesday, March 26. Opens officially on Thursday, March 27. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunrise—A "Western style" drama by Chinese playwright Cao Yu. Opens Thursday, March 27, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 9; Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 and 9; Sunday, March 30, at 9; Tuesday through Friday, April 1-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, except April 1, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore gives an impressive performance in a play that has been rewritten to turn a hero into a heroine, with unlucky results. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 30.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,280 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and

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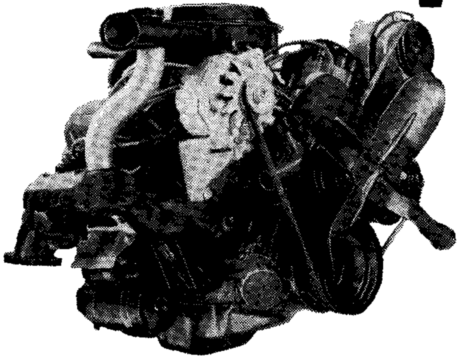

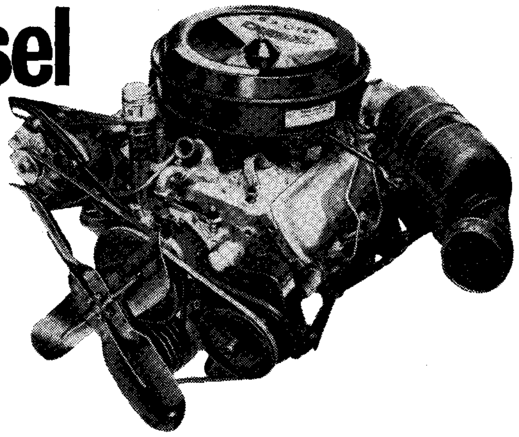

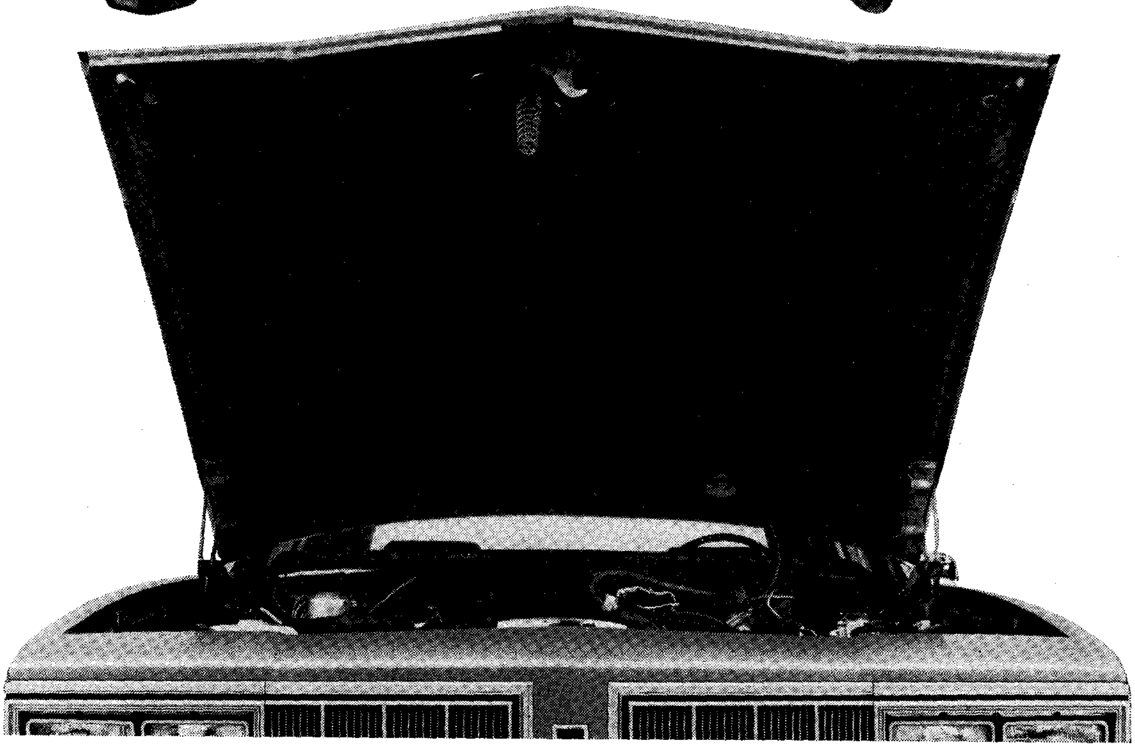

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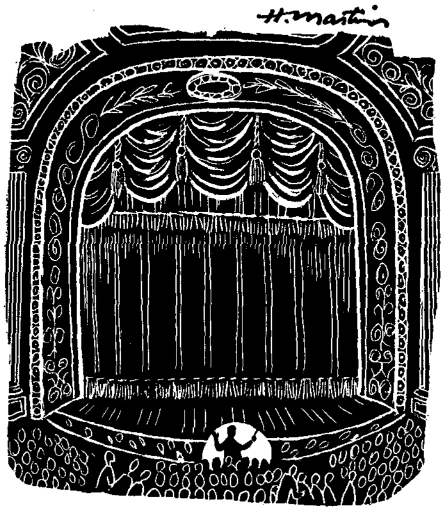

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Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **STRIDER:** The recollections of a pie-bald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—It's spring again, and birds on the wing again start to sing again, the birds in this case being Vienna Choir Boys. They join the thirty-six Rockettes in the Easter show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 8.)

SHANGHAI ACROBATIC THEATRE—A three-week engagement by a troupe of sixty acrobats who are appearing here for the first time. Opens Wednesday, March 26, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE CIRCUS—Opening performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. The lights go up on the first show on Wednesday, March 26. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 26, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, March 27, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, March 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Monday through Thursday, March 31-April 3, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday, April 4, at 10:30, 2:30; and 7:30. The final show is on Sunday, June 1.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1-2, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 288-3390.)

DANCE

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Wednesday, March 26, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8: "When We Were Very Young" (première).... ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 2 and 8, and Monday and Tuesday, March 31-April 1, at 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8: "Ocean's Motion," "Brahms' Paganini," and "Baker's Dozen."... ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8: "When We Were Very Young." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Through Saturday, April 12.)

HALVETI-JERRAHI DERVISHES—A thirty-member group from Turkey, performing ritual dances to the accompaniment of classical Turkish music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, March 27, at 8.... ¶ Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Monday, March 31, at 7:30.... ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.) No tickets necessary at any performance.

DANCE RING—A program of contemporary dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, March 29-30, at 8.)

HARRY STREEP III DANCE THEATRE—In a full-length work, "Suggestions." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF SENEGAL—Forty-two dancers, drummers, and singers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, April 3, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., near 15th St. (260-7690)—Elvis Presley and Don Ho admirers be advised: the music presented here is jazz. Wednesday, March 26, belongs to guitarist Josh Breakstone and his quartet; Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will lead a trio; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1-2, saxophonist Noel Smith will bring in a combo. Sets begin after eight-thirty and ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. The lineup: veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS** Wednesday, March 26; the Uncle Floyd Show (Uncle Floyd is a kiddie-show host on New Jersey television) Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29; blues scholar and singer **JOHN HAMMOND** and blues singer, guitarist, and songwriter **ALBERT COLLINS** Sunday, March 30; flutist Paul Horn and Floresta Monday, March 31; the Irish group the **CHIEFTAINS** Thursday, April 3; and tenor player **GATO BARBIERI** Friday and Saturday, April 4-5. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist **TOM GARVIN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** trade solos and support each other nightly, except Sundays. **ANGELA SUAREZ**, a fine young Brazilian singer, performs with an enthusiastic Brazilian quartet on Sundays. There's not too much room—Miss Suarez, her guitarist, and her percussionist are all crushed against the wall along the length of the piano. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—It's **BOBBY SHORT** season again in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Short is assisted, as usual, by his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his drummer, **GENE GAMMAGE**. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Silvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano here through Saturday, March 29, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs in the city hang overhead in this rock-and-roll Bowery outpost. The bands: Regina Richards & Red Hot and John King & the Cats Wednesday, March 26; Telephone (a pop quartet from France) and the The Thursday, March 27; and the Rockats and the Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space Friday and Saturday, March 28-29. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist, **JACK SIX**, conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, a Lake Charles, La., blueswoman—although she's been living in L. A. for quite some time—sings, chatters, and plays piano to the accompaniment of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, who go on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 30, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a full-bodied swing tenor player who was born several decades after the swing era, will lead a quintet that will feature trumpeter **RED RODNEY.** They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ'S** latest quartet performs through Saturday, March 29; on Tuesday, April 1, **EDDIE HARRIS,** who plays tenor and keyboards, sings, and does stand-up comedy bits, will arrive with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: vibraharpist **DAVID SAMUELS** leads a trio Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30; and cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** will work with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER,** guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI,** and singer **DARYL SHERMAN,** beginning Tuesday, April 1. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several months old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers live piano music provided by **DICK WELLSTOOD.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, Taksim, a quintet, works on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29. The following Friday and Saturday (April 4-5) will belong to tenor saxophonist **SAL NISTICO** and his group. Sunday is big-band night here. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

IMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Trumpeter Spanky Davis fills in for the house legend, **ROY ELDRIDGE,** through Saturday, March 29; on Tuesday, April 1, Mr. Eldridge will return to fan the flames of a willing Dixieland quintet. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

NICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** handle the musical chores, which don't sound like chores at all, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are solo-piano nights. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

ONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

ARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** perhaps the most highly lauded vocal duo in jazz right now, perform Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Drongoes and Second Thoughts Wednesday, March 26; the Heartbreakers Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29; Subway and Colleen Heather Sunday, March 30; Von Lmo and Pandemonium Monday, March 31; and 2-Timers and the The Tuesday, April 1. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and singer-pianist **JOHN LA SALLE** are doing one more week of crisp, enthusiastic renditions of Comden and Green songs, and they seem to be having as much fun as their listeners. Through Saturday, March 29. On Tuesday, April 1, Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), will be singing here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue does not sell cowboy boots, Giorgio Armani clothes, or tandoori chicken, and it does not rent roller skates. It is not even new. It is this ten-year-old jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. club, which is presenting soul singer Esther Marrow Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29; and keyboardist Ray Chew's rhythm-and-blues band Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** jazz-rock quintet is present on Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27; and **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist will direct his trio Wednesday through Saturday, April 2-5. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

BOOKS
PAPER BACK
POCKET Books 75¢
35¢ & 50¢
Fahy

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **SY OLIVER SEPTET** makes music for listening, dancing, and digging the view Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook has settled in—she'll be here Thursdays through Saturdays (except March 27-29) at nine and eleven-thirty for a couple of months—at this famous cabaret that established itself in the seventies. Various up-and-coming performers round out the week. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **VIVIAN BLAINE, SWEN SWENSON,** and three other singing and dancing troopers are saluting producers Feuer and Martin, whose credits include "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," and "Silk Stockings." Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. On Wednesday, March 26, bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** leads a sextet that includes trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** (who is also the proprietor here) and pianist **BEN ARONOV;** Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, R. & B. bassist **CHUCK RAINEY'S** band will perform; and on Thursday, April 3, flutist and occasional vocalist **YUSEF LATEEF** will bring in a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN,** who is funny, presents herself as pure Show Biz, and can ripple like Teddy Wilson, winds up her visit here on Saturday, March 29. On Monday, March 31, organist **JIMMY SMITH** will bring in a quartet. All this happens in the French Quarter lounge after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** work together in a post-hard-bop quintet through Saturday, March 29; Sunday and Monday, March 30-31, will belong to another tenor player, **HAROLD OUSLEY** and his combo; and on Tuesday, April 1, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON'S** group will move in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl. (228-8032)—Boites featuring live jazz used to settle into ground-floor brownstones, but it has become commonplace now for clubs to be transformed ground-floor loftspaces. Syncopation is such a space, and it has a bar with carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. The jazz includes pianist **AL DAILEY,** who plays Mondays through Wednesdays; blues singer **IRENE REID,** who'll be here Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29; and **CHRIS CONNOR,** who'll sing Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5. Music from about ten.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trumpeter **OLU DARA,** and drummer **RASHIED ALI** make up part of a group that is playing here on Wednesday, March 26; Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS'S** quartet will be on hand. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock bands. The schedule includes **WILBERT HARRISON,** who is remembered for his big 1959 hit, "Kansas City," and who will perform here on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29; and bluesman Jimmy Johnson, who will arrive with his Chicago-blues band on Wednesday, April 2. Music usually begins at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, March 26, the John

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Berenzy group; Thursday, March 27, Movers; Friday, March 28, dB's; and Saturday, March 29, Elevators and Stimulators. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS**, quartet performs through Sunday, March 30; on Tuesday, April 1, **HORACE SILVER**, whose piano isn't merely a percussion instrument—it's virtually the rhythm section—will bring in his latest crop of young soloists. Monday, March 31, will be devoted to **FRANK FOSTER'S** big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his quartet Ellingtonia are here Wednesday, March 26; Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, will belong to tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 1-3, the hot-jazz quintet, Jazz à Cordes, will occupy the bandstand. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jazz Bands Are Back—The third in a series of four concerts, this one by Benny Goodman and his band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

Mel Tormé and Friends—Three evenings at Carnegie Hall (247-7459). Friday, March 28, with Carmen McRae and her trio and Gerry Mulligan & the New Concert Jazz Band.... ¶ Saturday, March 29, with the George Shearing duo, the Bill Evans trio, the Teddy Wilson trio, and Ruby Braff.... ¶ Sunday, March 30, with Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, Anita O'Day and her trio, and Zoot Sims. All concerts at 8.

Flora Purim & Airto—With Robert Kraft & The Ivory Coast. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

Leon Russell—With New Grass Revival. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

Old-Time Country Music Festival—Friday, March 28, at 8:30: The Bailes Brothers, the Goins Brothers, and Josh Graves.... ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8:30: Vernon Oxford and Bob Paisley & Southern Grass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.)

Necessaries—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Saturday, March 29, at 9:30.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, March 30, at 3.

Heavenly Jazz Concerts—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one performed by Phil Woods and Budd Johnson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 30, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

James Newton—With Art Davis and Danny Mixon. (Bloomsday Bookstore Café, 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. 724-0120. Monday and Tuesday, March 31-April 1, at 8 and 10.)

Elly Stone—In a concert celebrating her Silver Jubilee. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Barry Harris 75 Piece Ensemble—With, among others, Clifford Jordan, Tommy Turrentine, Lonnie Hillyer, Harold Vick, and Art Davis. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, April 5, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 989-3220.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, March 26: Gil Coggins trio.... ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 28-30, and Wednesday, April 2: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 4-5: Pepper Adams quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30: Sunny Murray. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

William Beckman / Robert Baribeau—Oil paintings of figures and pastels of Minnesota landscapes, done with a nineteenth-century exactitude. / Abstract acrylics based on house forms. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Paul Brach—A new group of Western landscapes, painted in oil on Masonite, in which his customary string of wild horses is dimly seen racing along the horizon. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Early collages in which outrageous juxtapositions are achieved by clipping apart and rearranging solemn, old-fashioned steel engravings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

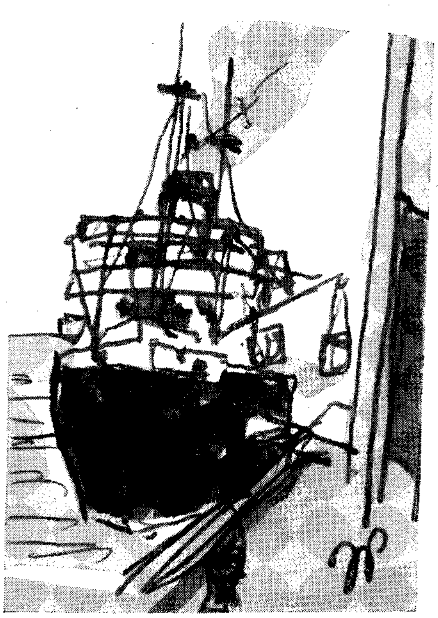
Enrico Donati—Semi-abstract paintings of crude stone pillars and rough walls, depicted with a thick, cementlike medium consisting of sand, ground quartz, and oil pigment. Through Saturday, April 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Peter Fingesten / Jane Morton Norton—"Fantastic Works on Paper," a show of twenty large pen-and-ink drawings and several small pencil drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. / Dimly seen landscapes done in light washes. Through April 12. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ilse Getz—Two shows of boxes, collages, and constructions. A retrospective covering the years from 1961 to 1978 is at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5; through Thursday, April 3.)... ¶ Recent works at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays; through Saturday, April 5.)

David Gibbs—Paintings depicting, mostly, tangles of attenuated, semi-abstract arms and legs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—Paintings from 1910 to 1942, and a group of silverpoint drawings executed in Bavaria in 1933. Through Saturday, March 29. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. A Hartley retrospective is currently at the Whitney Museum.)



Jim Huntington—Sculptures in raw steel and granite. Through Saturday, March 29. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Lester Johnson—Four large paintings, along with works on paper, crowded with figures. Through April 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Richard Serra—Two sculptural works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten-steel wall piece and a drastically flattened arch of heavy-gauge aluminum. / A huge black square painted with an oil stick on linen. Through April 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Robert Lobe—Sculptural pieces made by hammering sheet aluminum over the object to be portrayed and peeling it off; the models here were a tree stump and a slab of paving stone. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Henry Logan (1874-1942)—A recently discovered trove of traditionalist paintings of Brittany, Morocco, and the Massachusetts coast by a well-to-do artist who laid aside his brushes upon his marriage, in 1920, and devoted himself to his home and the making of furniture and decorative ironwork. Through Saturday, April 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Juan Martinez—Acrylic paintings of figures whose features are obscured under collages of gauze. First one-man show in New York by this Spanish artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joan Mitchell—A dozen paintings from the fifties by the noted Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Philip Mullen—Diptychs and triptychs incorporating acrylic paint and silk screening on canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Howard Newman—Polished-bronze sculptures and collage paintings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Nina Paull—Canvases crowded with colorful amoeba-like forms. Some are small works shown serially, in groups of five or six. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Intricate repoussé abstract compositions worked out in silk and cotton threads on a linen background. Through Saturday, March 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Twenty-four paintings, including landscapes and studio portraits, that have been part of a private collection. Through Saturday, April 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 41 E. 78th St.)

Moses Soyer (1899-1974)—Forty paintings and works on paper, including portraits and interiors. Through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Helen Torr (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Wesley—Recent paintings in which the artist makes repeat patterns of simplified forms—fish, for instance. There is also a sculptural work—a seagull of unusual aspect. Through April 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Oil paintings of figures on the beach and in interiors, and a series of romantic nocturnes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Edward Youkilis—Tumultuous abstract designs, done in acrylics on canvas or paper and partially obscured by splatters of a contrasting color. Through April 10. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Advertising Art—Illustrations chosen as the best published during the past year. Milton Glaser, Mark English, Bernard Fuchs, and Robert Weaver are among those represent-

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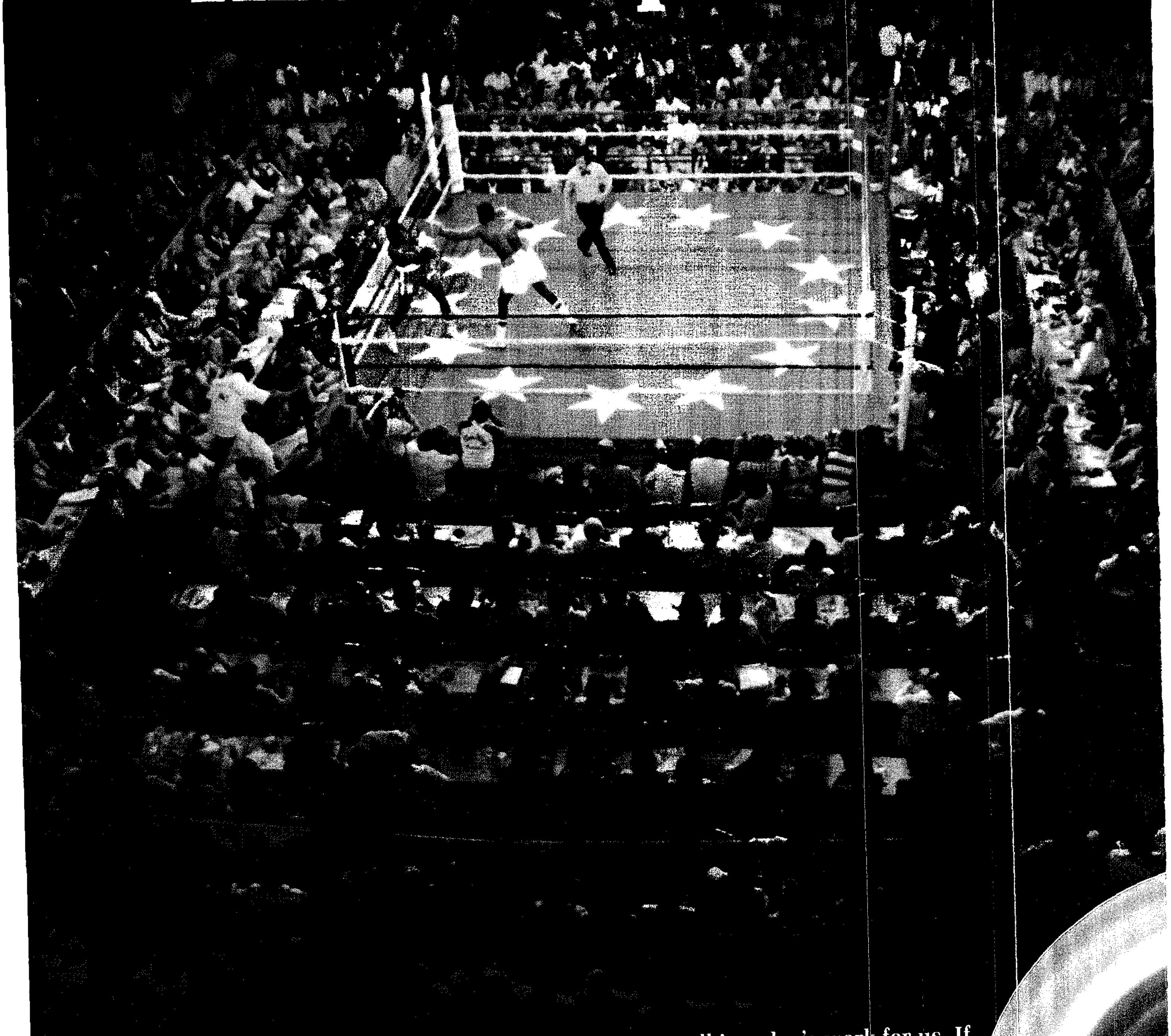

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed. Through April 10. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small, characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through May 3. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **DEUTSCH**, 43 E. 80th St.: Paintings from the thirties by members of the American Abstract Artists, including Josef Albers, I. Rice Pereira, and John Opper. Through Saturday, March 29. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by five realists—Ellen Adler, Seaver Leslie, Paula North, Darragh Park, and Jane Ritchie. Through April 12. . . . ¶ Watercolors by Philip Jamison. Through April 19. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at noon.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.). . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and additional works by Ernst, Picabia, Matta, and others. Through April 10.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nicol Allan—Delicate torn-paper collages and Sumi-ink drawings, relating to such subjects as the sea, dancers, and mountains. Through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Janice Biala—Fresh-looking paintings of studio interiors, still-lifes, and landscapes by an artist who seldom exhibits; she is a sister of Jack Tworkov and the wife of Alain, the cartoonist—now retired to fine arts—who did scores of drawings for this magazine. Through Saturday, April 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Anna Bialobroda—Lush abstract paintings in which the recognizable components include Arabian interiors, tropical vegetation, and circus tents. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Blume—Recent paintings and drawings together with pivotal works from the past fifty years. Through Friday, March 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—Patterns the artist has found on cast-off scraps of fabric, transferred to prepared clay tablets. Through Saturday, April 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Burgess—Large abstract oils and colored-pencil drawings based for the most part on bones and on budding plants. Through Saturday, March 29. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Small-town vistas marked by the interplay of bright sunshine and deep shadows. Through Saturday, April 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Jerry Crimmins—Memorabilia from what the artist calls "La République des Rêves;" included are passports, stamps, diplomas, medals, drawings, and photographs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—New paintings (his style has been described as "folklore-istic") and wall sculptures made up of tangles of branches and carved-wood oddments, all painted in vivid colors. Through Friday, April 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Diao—Large-scale, bright-colored acrylic paintings done in circular designs, like the workings of a watch. Through Saturday, April 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1872-1946)—Oil paintings by an artist sensitive to individualistic patterns in landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Small constructions, made of wood, plastic, and found pieces, and set up on shelves as landscapes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

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George Harkins—Watercolors of New York street life by a newcomer to the city. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Small, compelling abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—A new crop of his billboard-size paintings of smiling girls and their preppy friends. One head is so big that it doesn't quite fit the gallery and has to be shown at a tilt. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jane Kaufman / Gene Davis—Large, glittering curtains; one is made of crocheted-copper filaments strewn with glass jewelry. Through April 12. / New paintings in which narrow vertical acrylic stripes in muted colors are laid down side by side on unprimed canvas. Through April 16. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Polly Kraft—Watercolors and oil paintings of fruit, bedclothes, and backpacks. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—A show of his still-lifes—the first exclusively devoted to them, and a pleasant reminder that he wasn't *always* painting clowns and acrobats. Through Saturday, April 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Mary Miss—Three large architectural constructions, one of them a tall, narrow rectangular wooden tower covered with heavy industrial screening and enclosing a ladder. Through April 12. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—A relatively small exhibit that traces his work from his student days (Monet and van Gogh were clearly among his influences), through a hesitant period when the abstractions were born, and on into his prime. Through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

John Moore—New still-lifes and urban landscapes. Through April 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Murray / Janet Stayton—Large freestanding sculptures made of molded aluminum plate painted with a glistening enamel. / A new series of her sampler-like works, in which discrete landscapes, freehand drawings (of coffee cups, for instance), rubbings of scissors and brushes, and numbered grid patterns vie for attention. Through Friday, April 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Gerald Oster—Abstract patterns painted by a professor of biophysics at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, who more or less copied them down from phosphenes (optical illusions) he induced by applying a mild electrical signal to his temples. Through Thursday, April 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Pierson / James Rosen—Abstract forms cut out of heavy galvanized tin and hung at right angles to the wall, so that the shadows are integral parts of the composition. / Dim, ephemeral paintings and drawings done in homage to Mu-Ch'i, a thirteenth-century Chinese artist. Through Saturday, April 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Porter—Large abstract paintings in which the artist keeps a great many bright colors and shifting forms in balance. Through Saturday, April 5. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jason Schoener—"Summer in Maine," a show of semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Large oils encompassing motifs of Egyptian art, patterned fabrics, plants, and animals. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through April 22. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Semi-abstract paintings by this Uruguayan artist, who was trained in traditional European and American schools but reverted to South American Indian symbolism in his greatest works. Through Saturday, March 29. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Anne Truitt / Robert Goodnough—Rectangular wood columns (anywhere from four feet to nine feet high) by a Minimalist. Through Saturday, March 29. / Large canvases encompassing clusters of tiny, varicolored geometric shapes. Through Wednesday, April 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kay WalkingStick—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by van Gogh, Grandma Moses, Egon Schiele, and others. Through Friday, March 28. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pattern paintings by George Chemeche; paintings made up of layer on layer of colorful acrylic marks on paper by Robert Natkin; and shaped canvases and one sculptural work in Ilya Bolotowsky's characteristic bold stripes. Through April 19.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Granite and wood sculptures. Through April 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rachel bas-Cohain—A sculptural work in which writing on the gallery wall is seen through a series of holes cut out of a muslin structure. Through Saturday, March 29. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Chris Darton—Abstract paintings in which ribbons of raw color are squeezed right out of the tube onto the canvas. Through Thursday, April 3. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Donna Dennis / Jerry Jones—Two big architectural sculptures, one the façade and porch of a sad old two-story frame house in Jersey. / Models for outdoor sculptures the artist proposes for three sites—Wave Hill, in the Bronx; the top of 420 West Broadway; and for some place in Arizona. Through April 9. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Michael Gallagher—Trompe l'oeil paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Sandy Gellis / Mimi Smith—Works from nature, literally: test tubes filled with water samples from the Hudson River, and plastic bags holding earth and sand from many parts of the world. / An audiotape, with drawings, commenting on pollution. Through Saturday, April 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Nine large-scale Abstract Expressionist paintings from his later years. Through Saturday, April 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Knigin—Paintings of classic Japanese prints, done in enamel and superimposed on current photographic backgrounds. Through Sunday, March 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

John Lees—Small paintings—portrait heads, a-few landscapes—done in a thick impasto. Through Saturday, March 29. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings in which leafy houseplants are silhouetted against a wooded landscape. Through April 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Beatrice Riese—Oils and gouaches based on a grid. Through Thursday, April 3. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Phillip Rivlin—Abstract paintings done on shaped canvases in forthright areas of solid colors. Through Saturday, March 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Stuart Shedletsky—Large abstract paintings in which blocks of high-pitched color are arranged in geometric patterns. Through Saturday, April 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Straight—Spirited abstract paintings done with encaustics and oil on pleated, fan-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 29. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Show—Works by a dozen artists, among them Philip Rand Smith, Wonsook Kim, and Michael Mostoller. Through Saturday, March 29. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—This rich show of works by American and European abstract artists includes one of Calder's very first freestanding mobiles ("The Spider"), a painted-wood piece by Louise Bourgeois, and a small work in fibre glass, steel, and wood by Mark di Suvero. Through April 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alighiero Boetti—Representative works by an Italian Conceptualist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Jack Roth / Michelangelo Pistoletto—Abstract paintings. / A large mirror reflects an arrow positioned beside it. The arrow is constructed of rags, bones, and dirt encased in a wire frame. Through April 12. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael de Camp—Large color photographs. Through April 18. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

John Gossage—Photographs in series of various unrelated subjects. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

K. Helmer-Petersen—Abstract color photographs by a Danish photographer. Through April 19. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St. Opens at noon.)

Hiromitsu Morimoto—Large hand-applied-emulsion prints. Through April 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William Mortensen (1897-1965)—Movie stills and portraits of movie stars (Valentino, Jean Harlow, Fay Wray) and stylized studies of female nudes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Norman—Two-by-four contact prints from the thirties through the fifties by this protegé of Stieglitz. Through April 8. (70th Art Gallery, 130 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A silhouette of the model Kiki dated 1922 is one of more than fifty vintage prints, including solarizations and Rayographs. Also drawings and objects. Through Saturday, March 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Burk Uzzle—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through Sunday, March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

James Van DerZee—Photographs from the twenties and thirties on the theme of romantic love by this ninety-four-year-old documentarian of Harlem, who took up the camera at the age of fourteen. Through April 19. (New York Public Library's Countee Cullen Branch, 104 W. 136th St. Mondays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 8; Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

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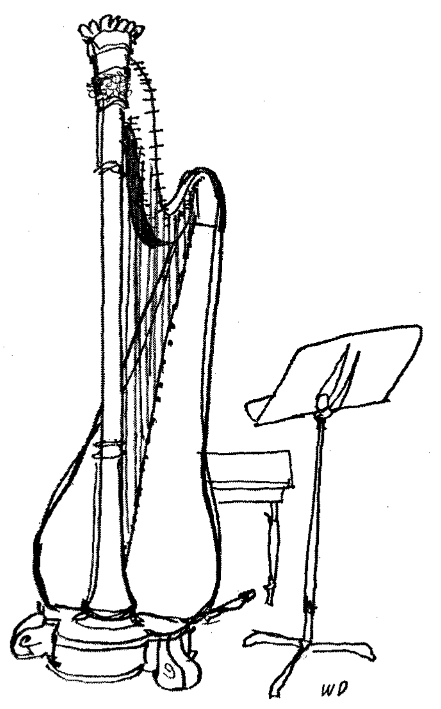
Mike Zide / Bob Willoughby—Landscapes of Martha's Vineyard. / Photographs of Hollywood celebrities (Katharine Hepburn, James Dean) and of people in Ireland. Through April 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through Sunday, March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Asia House**, auditorium, 112 E. 64th St.: Photographs of modern theatre productions in China. Through April 11. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Hastings-Rinhart**, 121 E. 24th St.: One print apiece by sixty-three fashion photographers, all but a few of them contemporary. Through April 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view. . . . ¶ In another gallery, documentary works from the thirties, done for various government agencies, by Peter Sekaer. Through April 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The André Meyer Galleries, a suite of fourteen new galleries established for the museum's paintings and sculptures of the nineteenth-century European masters (David, Rodin, Ingres, Goya, Renoir, Degas, Maillol, among them), will open on the second floor of the new South Wing on Saturday, March 29. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through Tuesday, April 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through Tuesday, April 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St., has works on paper by the same artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 29) is at the Babcock Galleries, 20 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by the figure sculptor Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

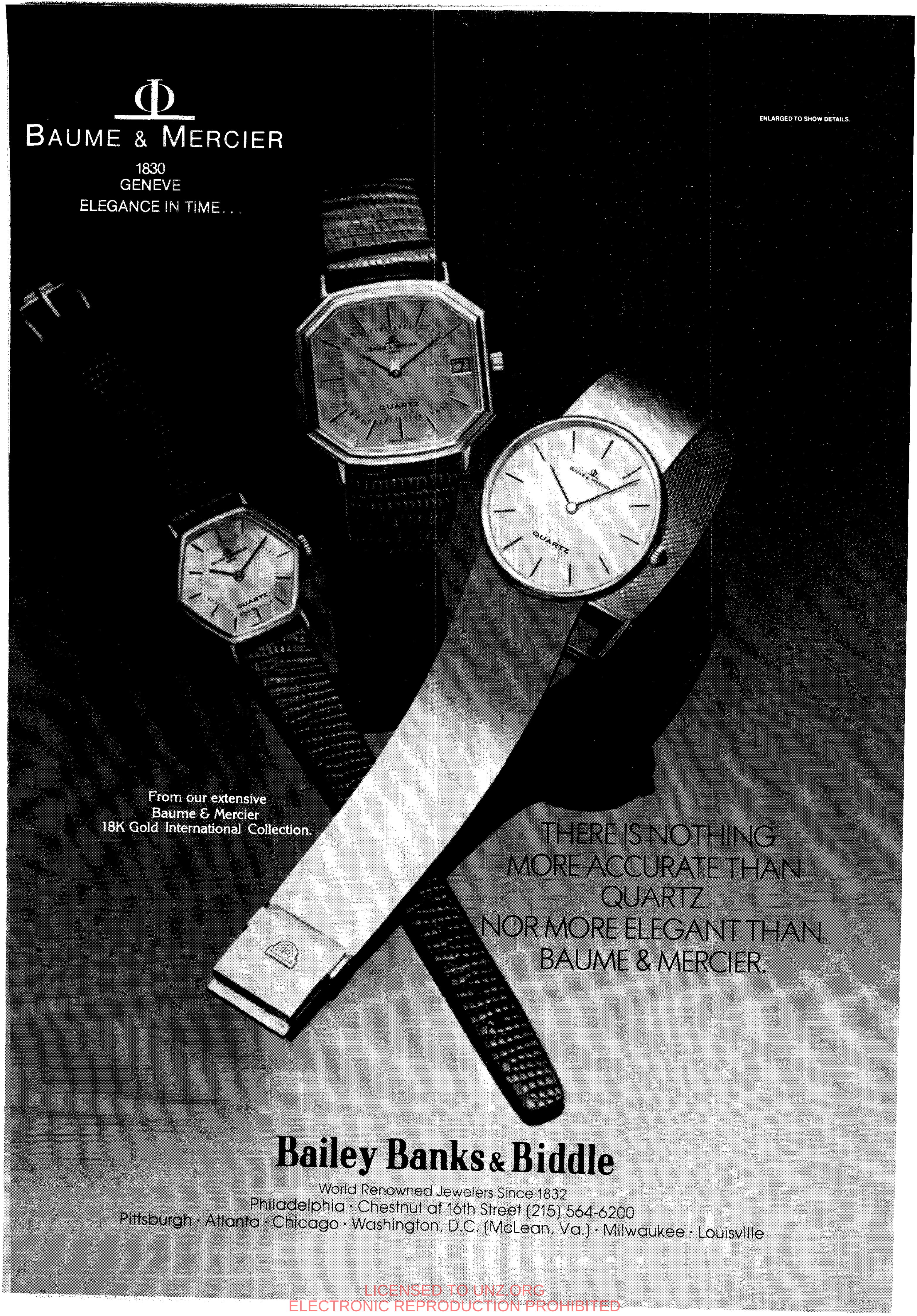
Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through April 16. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Etchings and drawings by Peter Milton. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by twenty-nine painters and sculptors who are candidates for the Academy's art awards. Through Saturday, April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. . . . ¶ A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles. Through Sunday, March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through Sunday, March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1-2. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portrait miniatures and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-fifth annual, composed of two hundred and eighty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through Sunday, March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages and superrealist paintings by Barkley L. Hendricks. Through Sunday, March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Separate shows (films, paintings, and so forth) by Jeff Balsmeyer, Silvia Kolbowski, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, and Jenny Snider, through Saturday, March 29.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Sam Schoenbaum (film), Thursday, March 27, at 8:30; installations by two conceptual artists—Romaine Perin and Beverly Naidus, through Saturday, March 29; a display of a hundred artists' books on social change, through Saturday, March 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—J. L. Alexanco & Luis de Pablo (performance), Wednesday, March 26, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1-2, at 8:30; Lucia Dlugoszewski (chamber music), Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:30; Dara Birnbaum (videotapes), Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; Rich Gold (music), Sunday, March 30, at 8:30; photographs by Cindy Sherman, through Saturday, March 29; ten videotapes daily, through Saturday, March 29.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit, "Afro-American Abstractions," consists of paintings, sculptures, and other works by nineteen artists, among them Barbara Chase-Riboud, Richard Hunt, James Little, Alvin Loving, and Howardena Pindell. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, from 2 to 6: A videotape by Robert Polidori.

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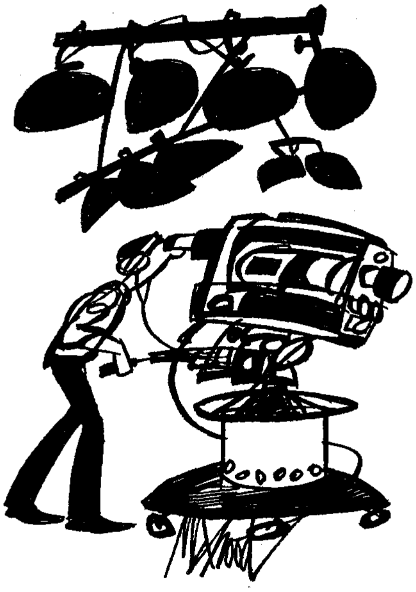
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 26: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Dalmacio González, and Mario Sereni; conducted by Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 27: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ *Saturday matinée, March 29:* "Manon Lescaut," with Renàta Scotto, Placido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Dalmacio González, and Dale Duesing; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 31: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 1: "Don Pasquale," with Gail Robinson, Fernando Corena, David Rendall, and Mario Sereni; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 2: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 3: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Kathleen Battle, John Alexander, James Atherton, Ara Berberian, and Werner Klemperer (in a non-singing role); James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, Vern Shinall, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 29, at 2, and Saturday, April 5, at 1.)

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, March 27: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harrold, and dancer Gary Chryst; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Mefistofele," with Pamela Myers, Dana Krueger, Justino Díaz, and Jacque Trussel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harrold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Kathryn Bouleyn, Michele Molese, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 30: "Mefistofele," with Pamela Myers, Dana Krueger, Justino Díaz, and Jacque Trussel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 30: "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, David Holloway, Jerry Hadley, Richard McKee, and Donnie Ray Albert; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 3: "Mefistofele," with Pamela Myers, Eunice Hill, Justino Díaz, and Jacque Trussel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harrold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Eunice Hill, Justino Díaz, and Ricardo Calleo; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, David Holloway, Jerry Hadley, and Richard McKee; William Fred Scott III. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, at 8, and Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30 (all with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting performances of Handel's "Messiah" on Thursday, April 3, at 8, a nonsubscription concert; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8; and Tuesday, April 8, at 7:30 (all with Margaret Marshall, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists).

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Saar Philharmonic—Hans Zender conducting this German orchestra in its first appearance here, with Roswitha Staege, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—At Carnegie Hall, Robert Shaw directing—Thursday, April 3, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Elizabeth Mannion, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with Mr. McCoy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: Performances of Brahms' Requiem and the New York première of Phillip Rhodes' "Lament of Michal," with Miss Bryn-Julson, and Tom Krause, baritone.

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing the American première of Joseph Martin Kraus's opera "Aeneas in Carthage," in concert form, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Richard Anderson, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Orpheus—Twenty-five wind and string players who perform without a conductor. With Heidi Lehwalder, harp, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Haydn-Beethoven program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 3.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra in a program that includes the première of Vladimir Ussachevsky's "Celebration." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at

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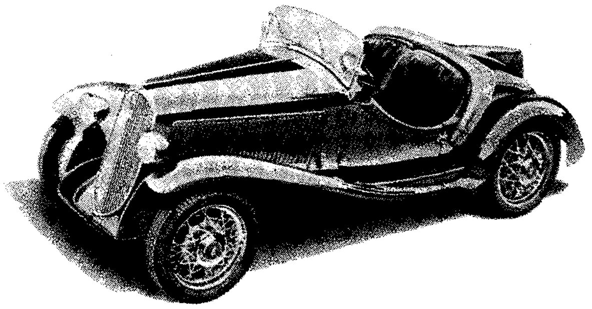

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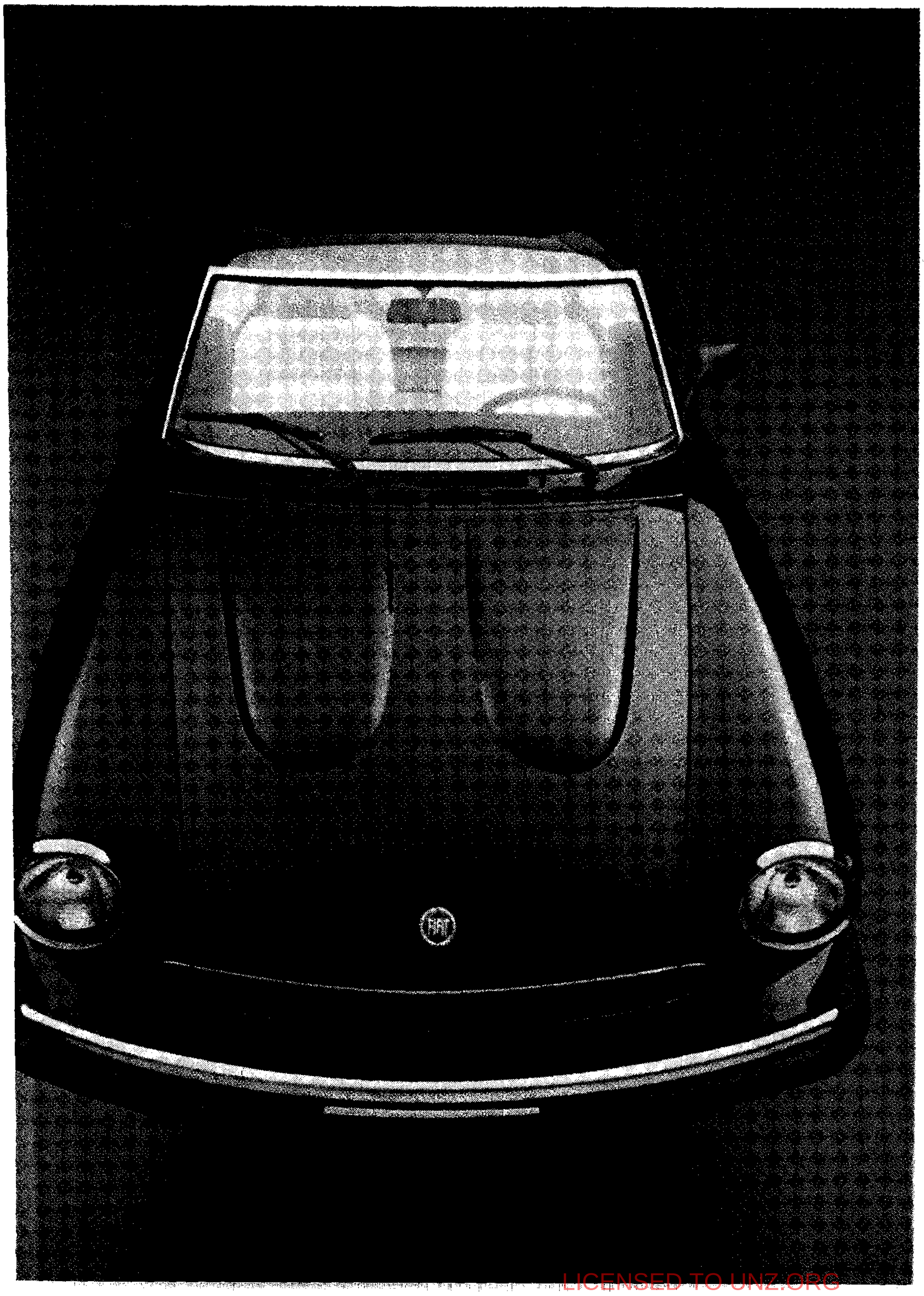

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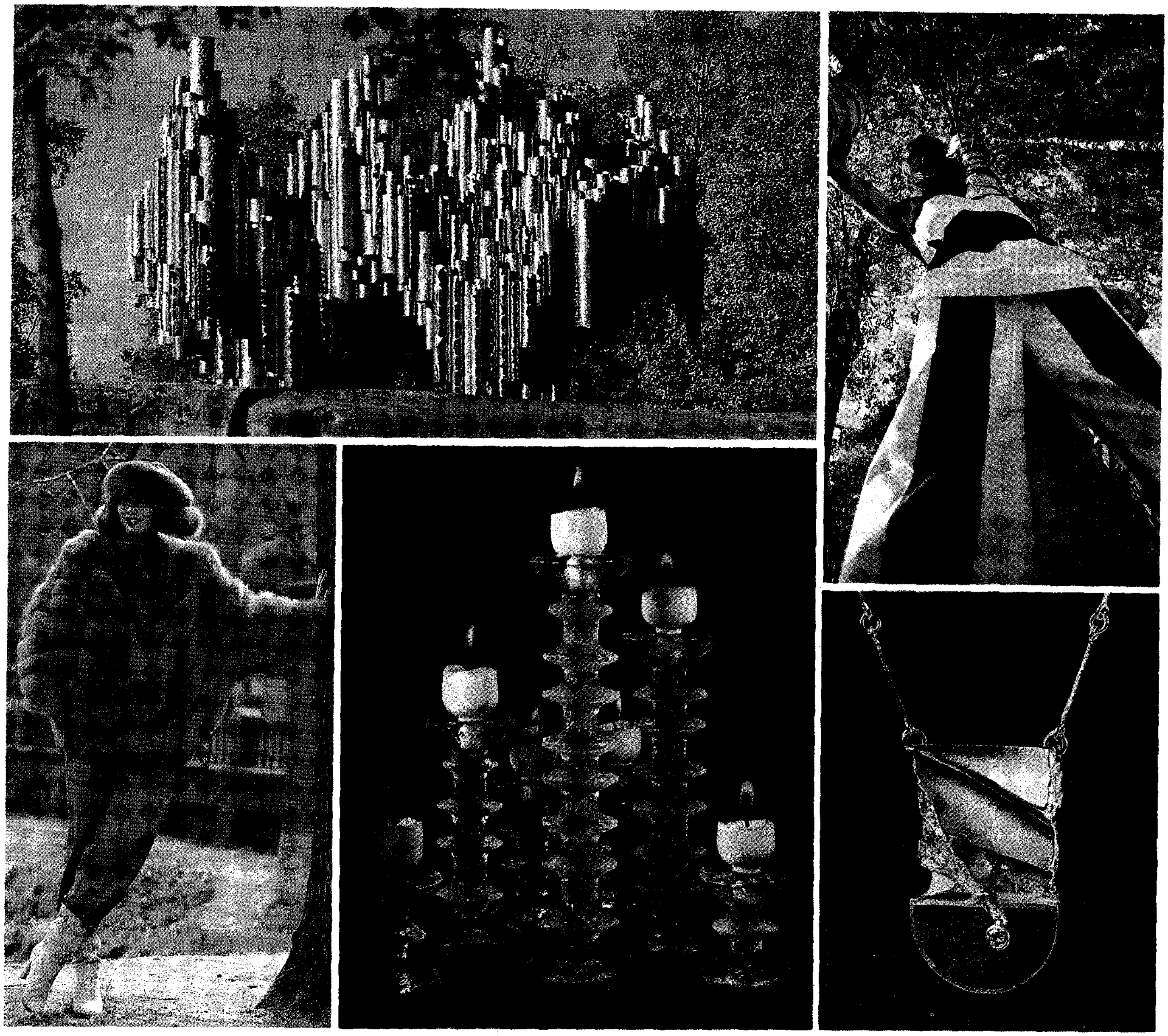

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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116th St. Friday, March 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Susann McDonold, harp, and Edmund Jacobsen, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 31, at 8.)

Oberlin College Choir—Daniel Moe directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-0758, after six in the evening.)

Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral—John Grady directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem and Handel's *oratorio "Nisi Dominus," with* Carol Bergey-Skarimbas, soprano; Ellen Alexander, mezzo-soprano; Harry Danner, tenor; James Javore, baritone; John West, bass; and an orchestra composed of members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, March 30, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; William Fleck *and* Bruce Fifer, basses; Ellen Shade, soprano; and Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 7:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Warren Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Artur Balsam, James Buswell, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in a benefit concert. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Beethoven program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Carol Wincenc—Flute. (College Parlour, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Thursday, March 27, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ritva Auvinen—Soprano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, March 27, at 7. A limited number of free tickets will be available at the door on the night of the concert.)

Detlef Kraus—In the last three of four concerts presenting the Brahms cycle of solo piano works. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 27; Sunday, March 30; and Thursday, April 3, all at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 27, at 8, with Yo-yo Ma, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano; and Thursday, April 3, at 8, with the Guarneri Quartet.)

Concord String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

Festival of Women's Music—The last in a series of programs, this one with Mitchell Stern, violin; Toby Appel, viola; and Diane Walsh, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, March 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one entitled "The Age of Humanism." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ A program of Renaissance and baroque music for Easter time. (Fuentiduean Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 30, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode and Peter Serkin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 5.)

Bernard Krainis—Recorder. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, March 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin, with Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Carlos Bonell—*Classical* guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The fifth in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Haydn-Fauré-Brahms program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

DaVinci Players—Chamber *music.* (*Carnegie* Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 30, at 2.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 3.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 30, at 4.)

Jenneke Barton—*Mezzo-soprano.* (*Carnegie* Recital Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 5:45.)

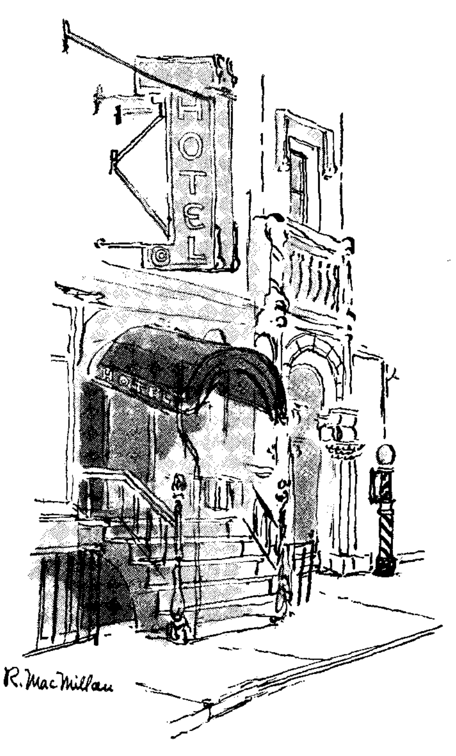
Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 30, at 8.)

Joanne Castellani and Michael Andriaccio—Classical guitar duo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of works by Stefan Wolpe, Alex Tooker, and others, performed by three members of the Ensemble—Robert Black and Alan Feinberg, piano, and Laura Flax, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)



New York Renaissance Band—The last in a series of programs, this one entitled "Courtly Pleasures," with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, March 27, at 8:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, March 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Sunday, March 30, at 4. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, March 31, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, April 2, at 8:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, April 5, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 19. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 29; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 4; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 5.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at noon on Saturday, March 29, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Squash Racquets—World Professional Squash Association Championships. (Manhattan Squash Club, 41 W. 42nd St. A round of thirty-two players, Thursday, March 27, at noon; a round of sixteen players, Friday, March 28, at 3; Sharif Khan, Stu Goldstein, Clive Caldwell, Mario Sanchez, and four other players, Friday, March 28, at 7; quarterfinals, Saturday, March 29, at 12:30, 3, 5:30, and 8; semifinals, Sunday, March 30, at 1:30 and 5:30; and finals, Monday, March 31, at 7. For tickets, call 940-3985.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

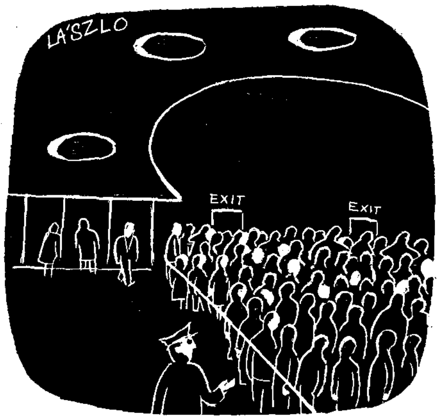
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—John Haines and Paul Zweig reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 27, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Grace Schulman and Arthur Gregor reading from their own poetry. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, March 27, at 7. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Jean Strouse and Geoffrey Wolff reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 31, at 8.). . . ¶ Barry Yourgrau and Kenneth Koch reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Ai, John Gardner, Joyce Carol Oates, and Diane Wakoski reading from their own poetry and fiction. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, April 4, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 4, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including English cameo glass, Désiré Christian French cameo glass (from the collection of Jules S. Traub), Tiffany lamps, and a 1945 Wurlitzer juke box. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 4, from 10 to 5.) Saturday, March 29, at 10: Musical instruments.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *Tuesdays through Fridays, the*atre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle." (No performances on Monday, March 31.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Cruising."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 27: "1941" and "Animal House."
March 28-April 3: "Breaking Away" and "Oh, God!"
From April 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 27: "Breaking Away."
From March 28: "Jesus."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 27: "The Fog."
From March 28: "Little Darlings."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 27: "The Black Marble."
From March 28: "When Time Ran Out."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From March 28: "Serial."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hide in Plain Sight."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 27: "Best Boy."
From March 28: "Gilda Live."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 27: "Blood Feud."
From March 28: "The Changeling."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through March 27: "Cruising."
From March 28: "Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Wise Blood."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Simon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"A Small Circle of Friends."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 3: "Little Miss Marker."
From April 4: "Sitting Ducks."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through March 27: "Chapter Two."
From March 28: "Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 27: "The Electric Horseman."
March 28-April 3: "Breaking Away."
From April 4: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 27: "The Fifth Floor."
From March 28: "Jesus."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 27: "The Fog."
From March 28: "When Time Ran Out."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 27: "The China Syndrome" and ". . . And Justice for All."
From March 28: "Little Darlings."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hide in Plain Sight."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Defiance" and "A Force of One." From March 28: "Gilda Live."
Theatre 2: "Little Miss Marker."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 27: "Foxes."
From March 28: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Electric Horseman." From March 28: "The Changeling."
Theatre 2: "Little Miss Marker."
Theatre 3: Through April 3: "American Gigolo." From April 4: "Lady and the Tramp."
Theatre 4: "Hide in Plain Sight."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Being There."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Clair de Femme."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Wicker Man."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 1: "Angi Vera."
From April 2: "The Left-Handed Woman."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Trials of Alger Hiss."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: "American Gigolo."
Theatre 3: "Foxes."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The War at Home."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 27: "Cruising" and "Americathon."
March 28-April 3: "The Fifth Floor" and "The Visitor."
From April 4: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, *B'way at 44th.* (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "The Fifth Floor." (†) From March 28: "Gilda Live." (†)
Theatre 2: "Little Miss Marker." (†)
Theatre 3: Through March 27: "Foxes." (†) March 28-April 3: "The Rose." From April 4: "Cruising." (†)
Theatre 4: Through March 27: "The Human Factor." From March 28: "The Fifth Floor." (†)
Theatre 5: Through March 27: "Starting Over." From March 28: "When Time Ran Out." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 3: "Chapter Two." (†)
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

Forum, Bway at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 27: "The Rose."
From March 28: "Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through March 27: "The Black Marble." (†)
From March 28: "Serial." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Fog." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cruising." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Hide in Plain Sight." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 27: "Defiance" (†) and "A Force of One." (†)
From March 28: "The Changeling." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through March 27: "Hero at Large."
From March 28: "Jesus." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 26: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff; and "Coma" (1978), directed by Michael Crichton, with Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Rip Torn, and Richard Widmark.
March 27: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles.
March 28: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
March 29: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.
March 30: "Women in Love" (†); "Savage Messiah" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer.
March 31: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."
April 1: "Trapped, the Crimson Bat" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Teiji Matsuda, with Yoko Matsuyama; and "Three Outlaw Samurai" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha, with Tetsuro Tamba, Mikijiro Hira, and Isamu Nagato.

April 2: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Vampyr." (†)

April 3: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.

April 4: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

April 5: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (†); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 26: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

March 27: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.

March 28: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

March 29: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

March 30: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

March 31: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Stage Fright" (1950), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, and Sybil Thorndike.

April 1: "Red River" (†); and "The Big Sky" (1952), directed by Howard Hawks, with Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin, and Elizabeth Threatt.

April 2: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals.

April 3: "Slave of Love" (1976), in Russian, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov; and "Senso" (1955), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.

April 4: "Kings of the Road" (1976), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

April 5: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 27: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and another feature, to be announced.

March 28-29: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

March 30-31: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

April 1: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.

April 2-3: "Bad Company" (†) and "The Late Show." (†)

April 4-5: "Pink Flamingos" (1974), directed by John Waters, with Divine; and "Desperate Living" (1977), directed by John Waters, with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 27: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

From March 28: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 1: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

From April 2: "Doctor Zhivago." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 26: "Mondo Cane" (1963) and "Mondo Cane No. 2" (1965; "Mondo Pazzo"), both Italian documentaries, with English narrations, made by Gualtiero Jacopetti.

March 27: "Alf 'n' Family" (1970), directed by Norman Cohen, with Warren Mitchell and Dandy Nichols; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood.

March 28-29: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "A Different Story" (1978), directed by Paul Aaron, with Perry and Meg Foster.

March 30: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Paradine Case." (†)

March 31: "Driftwood" (1947), directed by Allan Dwan, with Dean Jagger, Ruth Warwick, Natalie Wood, and Walter Brennan; and "Behind Locked Doors" (1948), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Lucille Bremer and Richard Carlson.

April 1: Three films directed by Christian Blackwood—"Memoirs of a Movie Palace" (1979), "Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel" (1978), and "Yesterday's Witness" (1977).

April 2: "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner; and "Ten Commandments" (1923), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Theodore Roberts.

April 3: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

April 4-5: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

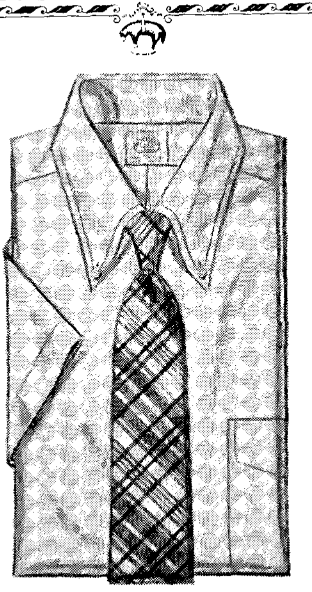
March 26: "Paramount on Parade" (1930), staged by ten directors, including Dorothy Arzner and Ernst Lubitsch, and with an all-star cast of that day (Fredric March, Clara Bow, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, to mention a few); and "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929), directed by Millard Webb, with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall.

March 27: "Summer and Smoke" (1961), directed by Peter Glenville, with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "Toys in the Attic" (1963), directed by George Roy Hill, with Dean Martin, Geraldine Page, Yvette Mimieux, and Wendy Hiller.

March 28-29: "The Secret of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Edward Arnold, and Onslow Stevens; and "The Uninvited" (1944), directed by Lewis Allen, with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

March 30: "All This, and Heaven Too" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Jeffrey Lynn, and Barbara O'Neil; and "In This Our Life" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and George Brent.

March 31: "Dressed to Kill" (1946) and "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon"



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(1943), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

April 1: "Let's Dance" (1950), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire, Roland Young, and Ruth Warrick; and "Somebody Loves Me" (1952), directed by Irving Brecher, with Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker, and Robert Keith.

April 2: "Dangerous" (†) and "Fashions of *1934*." (†)

April 3: "The Public Enemy" (†) and "Little Caesar." (†)

April 4: "Diabolique" (†) and "Panique." (†)

From April 5: "The Gang's All Here" (†) and "Weekend in Havana." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 27 at 2:30: "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "The Young in Heart" (1938), directed by Richard Wallace, with Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30: "Vanessa: Her Love Story" (1935), directed by William K. Howard, with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Variety" (1925), a German silent film, directed by E. A. Dupont, with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti; English titles. . . . ¶ March 29 at noon: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Freddie Bartholomew, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ March 29 at 2:30: "Hollywood: The Selznick Years" (1969), a documentary, directed by David Wolper. . . . ¶ March 29 at 5: "The Young in Heart.". . . ¶ March 30 at noon: "David Copperfield." . . . ¶ March 30 at 2:30: "Reckless" (1935), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow and William Powell. . . . ¶ March 30 at 5: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. . . . ¶ March 31 at noon: "Hailstones and Halibut Bones" (1963), directed by John Wilson; "Pigs!" (1967), directed by Carroll Ballard; "Navajo Girl" (1973), directed by Robert Young; "Learning About Air" (1975), directed by Peter Scheer; and "Seeing Through Commercials" (1976), directed by Stein & Arens. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "Reckless.". . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Made for Each Other" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart. . . . ¶ April 1 at noon: "Hailstones and Halibut Bones," "Pigs!," "Navajo Girl," "Learning About Air," and "Seeing Through Commercials.". . . ¶ April 1 at 2:30: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray. . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "Where's My Freedom?" (1978), directed by Laila Abou-Saif. . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ April 3 at 7: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ April 4 at 2:30: "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Fröhlich, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; English titles. . . . ¶ April 5 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937), directed by John Cromwell, with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Ethel Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 5 at 5: "Duel in the Sun" (1946), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, and Lillian Gish. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 30: "Poto and Cabengo" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . Starting April 1: Three videotapes by Barbara Buckner—"Selected Works" (1977), "Pictures of the Lost" (1978), and "Hearts" (1979). Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. . . . ¶ Through March 30, a five-part audiotape—"The Telephone Stories" (1979), conceived by Mitchell Kriegman and read by Marshall Klugman and Susan Blommaert—has been installed on three floors in the museum. You may call from your own phone and hear the tapes at any time (570-3603). The museum is closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 27-30: A program of thirteen cartoons made by Dave and Max Fleischer, including "Koko's Earth Control" (1928) and "Superman: The Japateurs" (1942). . . . ¶ Starting April 3: Two documentary films—"The Free Voice of Labor" (1980), directed by Steven Fischler and Joel Sucher; and "Avital" (1980), directed by Tal Larish. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 3.)

Americathon—Adapted from a play by Phillip Proctor and Peter Bergman, who made some good comedy records with a group called the Firesign Theatre. The movie could have used Firesign's flaky attention span. It begins as political satire—the year is 1998; the President (John Ritter) is a predictable Jerry Brown joke—and it bogs down in a plodding telethon format. With Harvey Korman, Peter Riegert, Richard Schaal, Nancy Morgan, and cameos by Elvis Costello and Meat Loaf. Directed by Neil Israel. (8/27/79) (Olympia; through March 27.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Loews Orpheum 2; through March 27.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2; through April 1.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 27.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Bad Company (1972)—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Cinema Village; April 2-3.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl, whose thoughtful presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Sutton; through March 27. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; starting March 28.)

The Black Marble—Writer Joseph Wambaugh and director Harold Becker were responsible for the strong, memorably ugly police thriller "The Onion Field," but they have slipped badly in this ill-conceived attempt to extract whimsy and romance from the middle-earth level of the Los Angeles underworld. Harry Dean Stanton is a convincingly scummy small-time dognapper, but the picture is far more interested in the grumpy badinage between Paula Prentiss and Robert Foxworth, as a pair of detectives inexplicably in love. (3/10/80) (Murray Hill, and Loews Astor Plaza; through March 27.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). In Italian. (3/3/80) (Plaza; through March 27.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; March 28-April 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Changeling—With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Melvyn Douglas, and Jean Marsh; directed by Peter Medak. (Plaza, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting March 28.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through March 27.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Orpheum 2; through March 27.)

Clair de Femme—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 27. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting March 28.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack are repellent but powerful, yet the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot only encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Art, Manhattan 2, and National. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and Olympia; through March 27. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting April 4.)

Dangerous (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie for which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes you sit up and stare. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. (He's such a crawly masochist that she seems to have done him a favor by mutilating him.) Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. Written by Laird Doyle; with Margaret Lindsay, Dick Foran, and Richard Carle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

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Defiance—With Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 27.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Regency; starting April 2.)

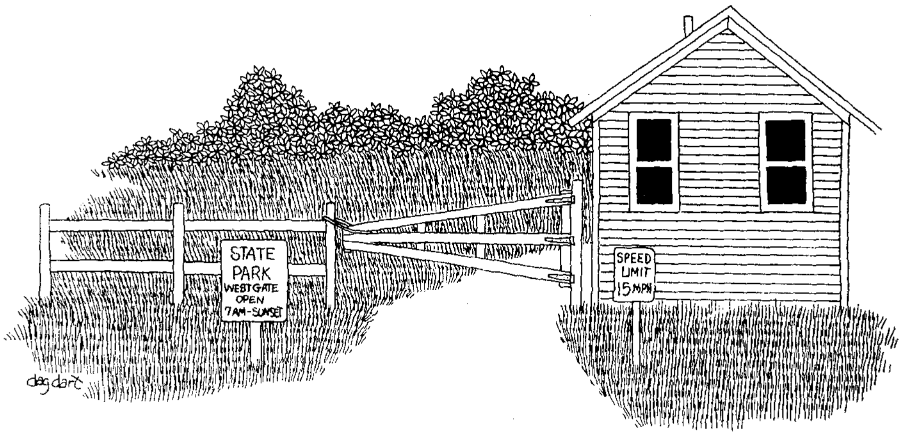
Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

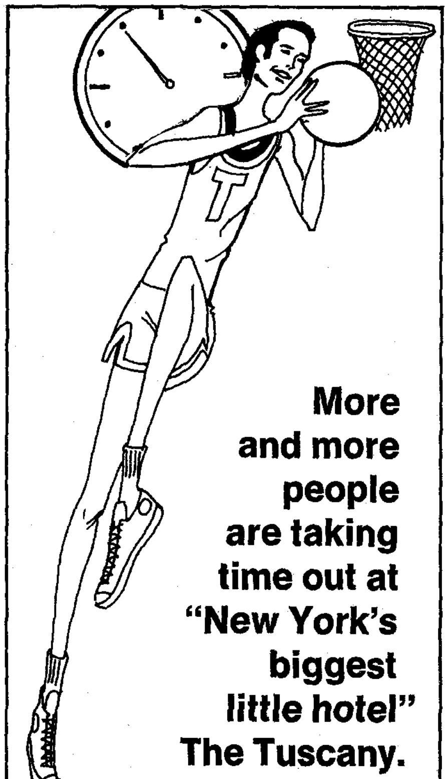
The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

Every Man for Himself and God Against All (1975; also known as "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar, who appeared in a German town in the eighteen-twenties, was raised not among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits and try to educate him, but as he begins to learn, he balks at what he is taught, and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Herzog achieves a visionary, overcast style; his images look off-balance—crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing. Herzog is a film poet, all right, but he's a didactic film poet, given to heavy, folk-art ironies; he says that society puts you through pain in order to deform you, and he makes it impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar, who hasn't lost his innocent responses. Herzog's people are alone, immobilized, unanimated; life is dormant in them. Though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. This conception has a flower-child fashionableness, but Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

Fashions of 1934—Bette Davis at her blondest as a fashion artist professionally and romantically involved with suave, shady promoter William Powell. Elaborate piffle, directed by William Dieterle; it mixes fashions and show business in the sort of bewildering combination that used to come off the Hollywood assembly line. With Frank McHugh (as Snap), Verree Teasdale (as the Duchess), and Reginald Owen (as Baroque). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

The Fifth Floor—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (Criterion





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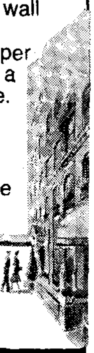

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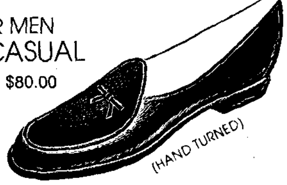

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Center.... ¶ U.A. East; through March 27. ... ¶ Olympia; March 28-April 3.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Loews State 1.... ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum 1; through March 27.)

A Force of One—With Jennifer O'Neill and Chuck Norris, directed by Paul Aaron. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 27.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Loews 83rd Quad.... ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center; through March 27.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which, as a piece of staging, passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. Leo Robin and Harry Warren supplied the songs, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 5.)

Gilda Live—Filmed at Gilda Radner's stage performance on Broadway last August. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center; starting March 28.)

Hide in Plain Sight—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who is suddenly and cruelly deprived of his two young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture, which is based on an actual series of events that began in the late nineteen-sixties (the worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection), was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essential to a story that stretches over many months. James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. (With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portrayal of a case-hardened federal cop.) (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Jesus—With Brian Deacon, directed by Peter Sykes and John Kirsh. (Gramercy, U.A. East, and Victoria; starting March 28.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Quad Cinema; starting April 4.)

The Late Show (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (Cinema Village; April 2-3.)

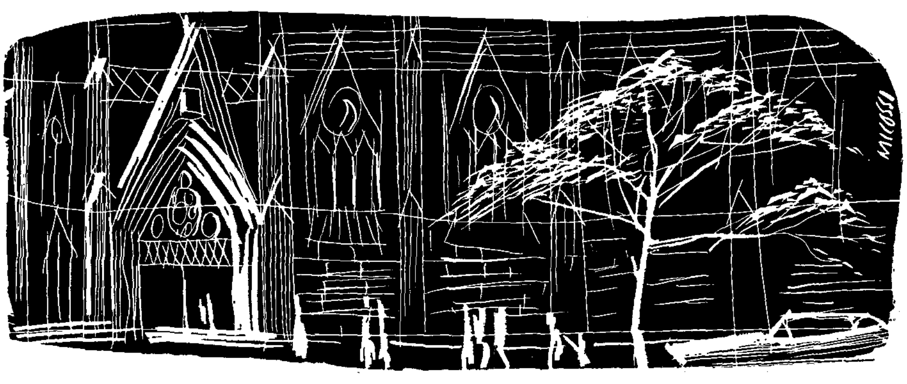
The Left-Handed Woman—With Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz, directed by Peter Handke. In German. (Cinema Studio 2; starting April 2.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Little Darlings—With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol, directed by Ronald F. Maxwell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Forum; starting March 28.)

Little Miss Marker—The Damon Runyon story done with Shirley Temple in 1934. Now with Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, and Sara Stimson; directed by Walter Bernstein. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.... ¶ Gemini 1; through April 3.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)



Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle—A film, nearly four hours in length, of the early life of Mozart (age seven, twelve, and twenty) taken from letters written by himself and his family. Directed by Klaus Kirschner. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, March 31.)

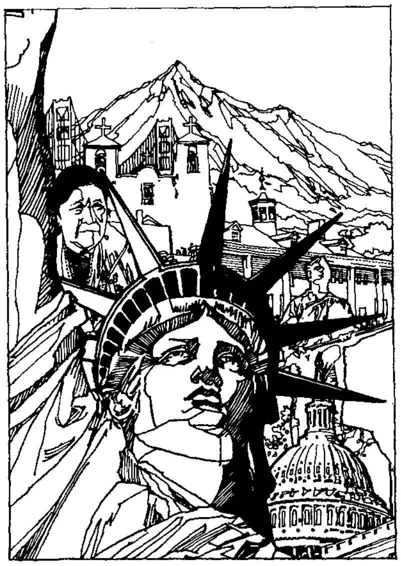
My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 27.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

Oh, God! (1977)—Basically a single-joke movie. George Burns is God in a baseball cap; He appears to John Denver, a mild supermarket manager with a Dutch-boy hairdo that makes him look as if he has no ears, and tells him to spread His Word. The movie isn't exactly painful to watch—Burns has his superb quirky timing, and he gets everything imaginable out of his lines—but listening to God's bland messages (which sound like est philosophy) is like sinking in a mountain of white flour. The picture is so cautious about not offending anyone that it doesn't rise to the level of satire, or even spoof. It's very thin and quiet—a soft-sell religious lecture—and there's a vaudeville piety about it, a greeting-card shallowness. (Give brotherly love a chance.) It seems to congratulate the audience for laughing at its harmless little jokes. With Teri Garr, who has a funny moment or two when she squinches her eyes in suffering (she's like a pretty, blond Olive Oyl), and Donald Pleasence, Ralph Bellamy, William Daniels, Barnard Hughes, Barry Sullivan, Jeff Corey, George Furth, Paul Sorvino (in a caricature of a religious faker), and Dinah Shore and Carl Reiner as themselves. From Larry Gelbart's adaptation of Avery Corman's novel. As the director, Reiner is no more than a caretaker (he kept his toupee on), and the cinematographer, Victor Kemper, has thrown the same bright light



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over everything, as if he thought the picture would play only in drive-ins. Actually, it played widely and was a huge success. The sequel is to be called "Oh God! Oh God!"—which may match your sentiments. (St. Marks Cinema; March 28-April 3.)

Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big, misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Thalia; March 30.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trail-blazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive, and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at ten dollars a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from $1,750,000 to $3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the stepson. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Clift as Fletcher Christian. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and frantic Joanne Dru, who acts as if the Old West were Greenwich Village. Music by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

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Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

Serial—With Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld, directed by Bill Persky. (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting March 28.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at "The Institute for Advanced Concepts" almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Mr. Brickman's quick, intelligent gags are aimed at the inexorable encroachments of contemporary schlock and cant, and although his saga is sometimes less than dazzling in its latter stages, it is sustained throughout by fine comic-performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema I.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Sitting Ducks—With Michael Emil, Patrice Townsend, and Zack Norman; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Gemini 1; starting April 4.)

A Small Circle of Friends—With Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker; directed by Rob Cohen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

The Trials of Alger Hiss—A documentary, directed by John Lowenthal. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2.)

The Visitor—With Mel Ferrer and Glenn Ford, directed by Michael J. Paradise. (Olympia; March 28-April 3.)

The War at Home—A documentary about the anti-war movement between 1963 and 1973 in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. (New Yorker 2.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 5.)

When Time Ran Out—With Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, and William Holden; directed by James Goldstone. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Criterion Center; starting March 28.)

The Wicker Man—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy. (Paramount.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Baronet.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, we shouldn't jeopardize our vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the fascinating, stony Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister, Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladek Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

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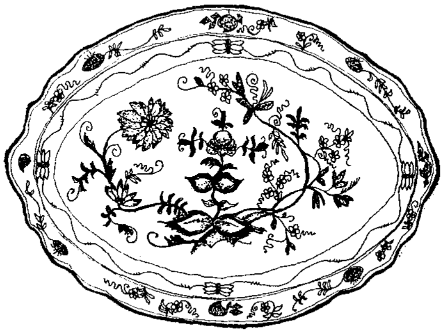
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

When Allard K. Lowenstein died, last week, of gunshot wounds that are alleged to have been inflicted by a onetime colleague in the civil-rights movement of the nineteen-sixties, there was a deeper, more widespread, and more passionate sense of loss in the American political community than could be accounted for by the brief eminence he achieved as a congressman, or even by the considerable size of his accomplishment, which included probably indispensable contributions to the civil-rights movement and to the antiwar movement. It was not easy to define what he had been. Although he had clearly been a public man, devoted to the public good, he did not fit the customary mold of a politician. He had served for a term in Congress, but one did not tend to think of him primarily as a congressman—nor did he think of himself that way. In 1969, shortly after being elected, he confessed to a reporter, "I never think of myself as a congressman. I'm sometimes surprised when people remind me that I am one." He also said to the reporter, "There is nothing inherently immoral about trying to succeed, and in politics this society's idea of success is to get yourself elected. But once that has become the goal, all the other values and goals can be forgotten. The test of virtue becomes success, and people measure success by whether you get more votes. . . . So why shouldn't you think first about how to get more votes? So that becomes the 'first rule' of that kind of politics. It's also what makes the whole process so much less productive and honest. If you don't want to fall into that trap, you have to say no, you won't accept that view of things. My first rule in Congress is that if I don't do more by being there about the things I care about than I would if I weren't there, then I shouldn't be there." He was not there long, but that was because he lost his bid for reëlection after his district had been gerrymandered to exclude many of his supporters; and he never did manage to win elective office again. Yet it would be impossible to class him among those who, while holding fast to their ideals, never manage to put them into practice: the barriers of segregation were breached and the politics of the South was transformed; the Vietnam War did finally come to an end. In their tributes to him, his friends from the political world acknowledged his peculiar effectiveness. Representative Andrew Jacobs, Jr., called him "a gentle tornado." Senator Edward Kennedy called him "a one-man demonstration for civil rights," and said, "With his endless energy, with his papers, his clothes, his books, and seemingly his whole life jammed into briefcases, envelopes, and satchels—all of it carried with him everywhere—he was a portable and powerful lobby for progressive principles." William F. Buckley, Jr., described him as being "in our time the original activist." Though Lowenstein, who was as scrupulous in his political means as he was selfless in his ends, did not survive long in office, few men were more profoundly devoted to the American political system than he. Allying himself with movements that were born on the street, he led them into electoral politics, thus both diverting them from possible violence and refreshing the mainstream with new thought and energy. But it was not with the aim of restraining angry activists that he led his supporters into electoral politics (that would have been nothing more than what radicals of the nineteen-sixties used to call co-optation); it was to bring their causes, in which he strongly believed, to fruition. It's often said that politics is the art of the possible. Lowenstein, ceaselessly busy in outlying regions of what is usually recognized as "politics," shifted the boundaries of the possible, so that other, more "political" men could bring it into being.



These early days of spring, when you ask people how they are, you may find yourself treading on eggshells. It is a restless time, for vague and fragile moods. In a few more weeks, the world will be openly budding and blowing along in greens and golds. Our hopes will be out in the open, too, but by then we'll be fit enough for self-defense if those hopes should by some mischance be betrayed. Now is the really treacherous moment—this well-mined subterranean prelude, when the pale and veiny shoots of crocuses are pushing unstoppably up. Near paths in the Park, musky, self-contained brown earth lies waiting, stealthily breathing in and out. Each day, a climbing sun unfurls a new geometry of shadows down streets of well-known façades while a melting new light wraps up the reddish haze that clings to still bare trees. The wind off the Hudson shifts, and smells more and more of the open sea. We feel set to shed our skin, to grab a small valise and shut the door on our frayed and faded winter life.

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Runner

We saw a beautiful nine-year-old girl named Machelle Sweeting win the Colgate Women's Games VI eight-hundred-metre run, at Madison Square Garden. She ran so fast and she ran so gracefully that at times she seemed to be not a little girl running in an arena but a young, long-limbed animal running on the veldt. The other day, we went up to Harlem and called on Machelle Sweeting. With her in her family's living room were her mother, Mary; her father, Eddie; her sister, Elizabeth; her brother, Glenn; and her seventeen-year-old track coach, Kevin Moore. Machelle at first appeared shy, so her mother, a handsome and expansive woman, said, "Machelle has won around thirty races in the last year and a half. She has only been running for two years, and competing for less than that. I cannot believe it. She was born with a dislocated hip, and the doctors thought that she would never be able to walk at all. I discovered her dislocated hip when she was three months, and when I took her to the doctor they wanted her to have an operation. I said no, she was too young. They designed a special brace for her, and she wore it until she was thirteen months. She started to run because her sister Elizabeth was running. I didn't want her to run—I was always afraid she would do something to her leg. But Kevin, who was also Elizabeth's coach, kept encouraging her. In a year and a half, she has won fifteen first-place trophies, one for third place, and one for fourth. She is part of a relay team that is No. 1 in the country for girls nine years and under. That one over there is my favorite of all her trophies—the East Coast Invitational. She broke the national record on her first day, and on the second day she broke her own record. She is a very bright girl. She has won a Kiwanis Science Award for an electricity project. She painted a shoebox blue, put a light bulb in the top, connected two wires to a battery and the light bulb, and made the box light up. She writes poetry and has won a special award from the World Poets' Resource Center—it does a lot locally to promote student poetry. She is in the third grade, and is her class president and an honor student. For one of her class projects, she wrote a book called 'How the Zebra Got His Stripes.' Her reading score is 6–9."

By then, Machelle wasn't feeling so shy.

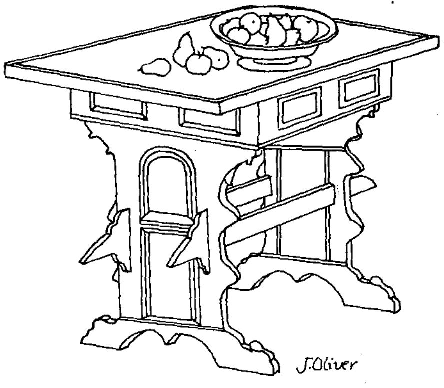
We asked her what she liked to do besides running.

She said, "I like to sing television commercials and I like to mimic my mother." She proceeded to sing a television commercial for the Broadway show "Peter Pan" and one for the Broadway show "Evita," and she sang the song in the Trident sugarless-gum commercial and the song in the commercial for Sasson jeans. Then she mimicked the voice of her mother, just home from her job at an Off-Track Betting office and tired, on the telephone with a friend. Then she said to us, "I like spinach, I like carrots, I like peas and rice, I like steak, I like celery, I like ice cream, I like chocolate, and I like to paint—especially with the color blue."

Dig

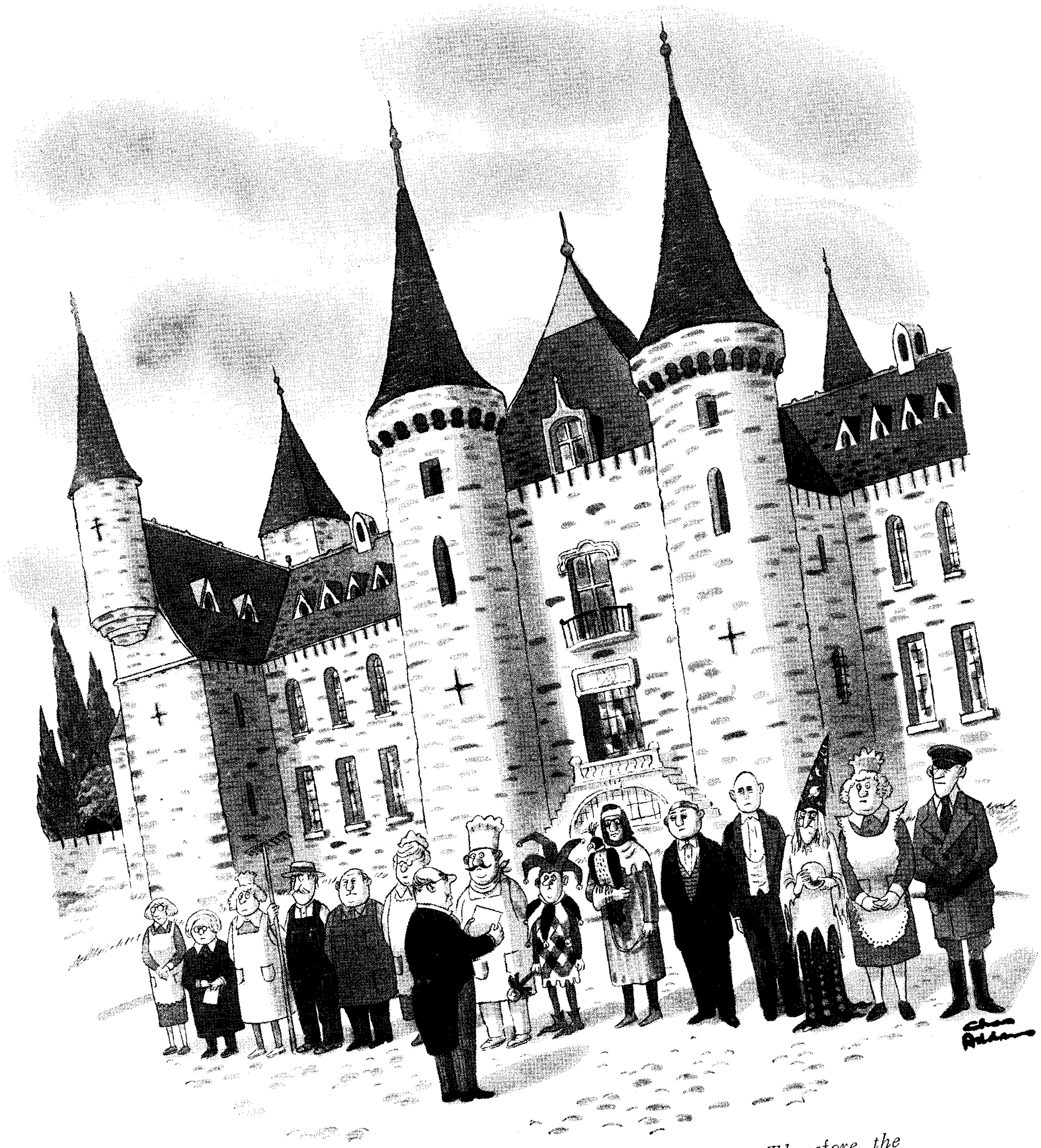
WE went downtown the other afternoon to look at three holes in the ground. The holes were in the basement of a vacant brick warehouse building at 64 Pearl Street, which dates from 1858, and they were squarish and trim-looking, with the rim of each hole measuring about five feet on a side. One hole contained a wooden ladder, and as we looked into that hole we could see that the uppermost part of the basement floor consisted of three layers of red brick. Beneath the brick layers was a very thin layer of asphalt, and beneath that was a thin layer of slate. Beneath the slate was still another layer of flooring, which was of concrete and was about fourteen inches thick. Beneath the concrete, the hole continued downward for perhaps four and a half feet—a dark, damp pit of deep-brown sandy soil alternating with clay. The bottom of the hole was a fairly level layer of clay, with a board cutting across one corner diagonally, like a step.

Strings of electric-light bulbs hung from the basement's low ceiling, a cream-colored kerosene heater emitted a roaring sound, and two men and two women in work clothes were climbing in and out of two of the holes—the one with the ladder in it and a somewhat shallower one. (The third hole, which was only about three and a half feet deep, was not being worked on that day.) The four were members of an archeological team that has been working under the building since the end of February and intends to continue working there until nearly the end of this month, after which restoration work will begin on the building. The team was brought to the site by the New York Landmarks Conservancy, a private, nonprofit organization, which owns the building, together with four adjacent buildings on the block. All five buildings owned by the Conservancy and eleven more buildings, which together make up the block, and which include the Fraunces Tavern, at the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, have been declared a city and national historic district.



As one of the men on the archeological team climbed out of the shallower working hole, we asked him how the holes had been made. He replied that a construction worker had been brought in to cut through the various layers of basement flooring with an electric hammer, and that he and his colleagues had then dug down into the underlying clay with shovels and trowels. He added that there had been two or three previous buildings on the site, dating back to the late seventeenth century—that was why there were so many levels of flooring. He went back into the hole, and after a few minutes a dark-haired woman wearing jeans and a green down jacket descended a short wooden stairway into the basement. She was Dr. Nan A. Rothschild, who is an assistant professor of anthropology at Hunter College, and who is in charge of this archeological dig and also of one on a block of vacant land just across Pearl Street, where an office building will soon be erected. After she had conferred with the members of the team, we asked her how the project had come into being.

"I had been looking for a dig in New York City for some time, and the Conservancy had been looking for someone to direct a dig, so when they called me, about a year ago, it was love at first sight," Dr. Rothschild told us. "It took them nearly a year to raise the funds, though. The dig across the street, by the way, is being done at the request of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission, and we started that one last October. We have about a dozen people—archeologists, and students of archeology and anthropology—working at the two sites. What we are doing, essentially, is examining some of the earliest land that people settled on in Manhattan. The juxtaposition of these two sites is particularly interesting, because the shoreline was original-



"Inflationary pressures oblige us to reduce expenditures. Therefore, the following three staff members shall be dismissed."

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ly right in front of this building, along Pearl Street. That means that the land across the street has been solid land since the first settlers arrived, while the land under this building was originally part of the harbor. What we're standing on is all landfill. We're pretty sure that in the deepest hole—the one with the ladder in it—we've gone right down to the original bed of New York Harbor. There are some boards at the bottom—you can see one that looks like a step—that were probably put there by the early settlers as a foundation for the earth and the garbage they piled on top in order to extend the shoreline."

Dr. Rothschild reached into a pocket of her jacket and produced a plastic bag containing a tiny whitish fragment. "This is part of a pipestem," she said. "There are a lot of pipestems down there, from both the Dutch and the English colonists. And we've found bits and pieces of all sorts of other artifacts—gold straight pins, nails, ceramic ware, parts of shoes, and a lot of bricks. There's quite a lot of delft, mostly in small pieces. Also, we're finding hundreds of oyster shells. And although it's too early to draw any major conclusions about the people who first settled here, we feel fairly certain that even the earliest ones had some domesticated animals, since we've found fragments of cow bones. And we think we'll be able to get a good idea of their diet, because of the vegetal material we've found—seeds and peach pits and stuff. All the earth we dig up is sifted immediately, and anything worthwhile that we find is taken to an improvised lab we've set up in a building over on Front Street. Once the construction work begins on these plots of land, it will be too late for archeological work, so we're making the most of this opportunity."

We asked Dr. Rothschild how much material she and her team had uncovered.

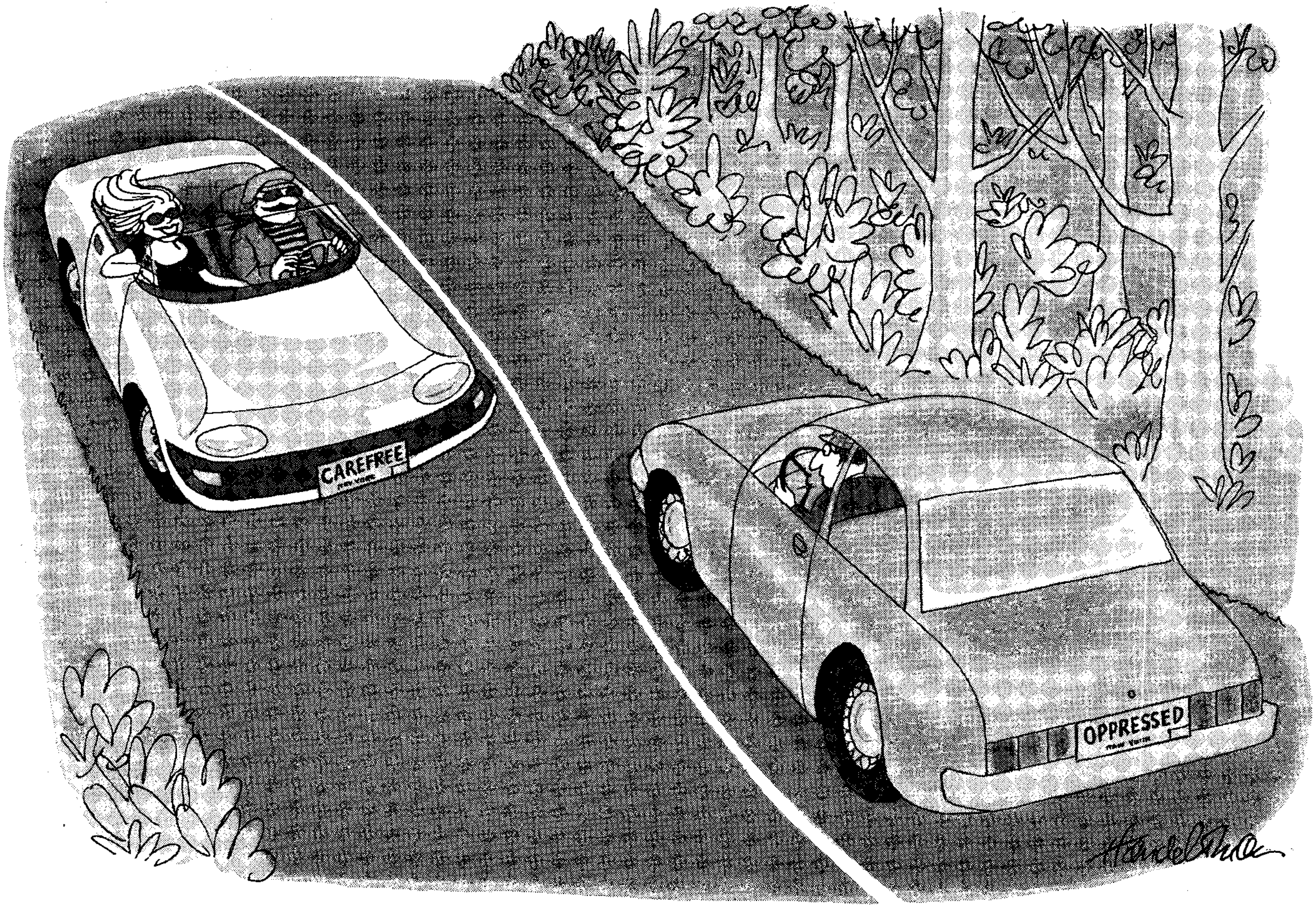
"Well, we aren't finished yet, of course," she said. "But if you include the two sites, the artifacts we've found so far would weigh about four tons."

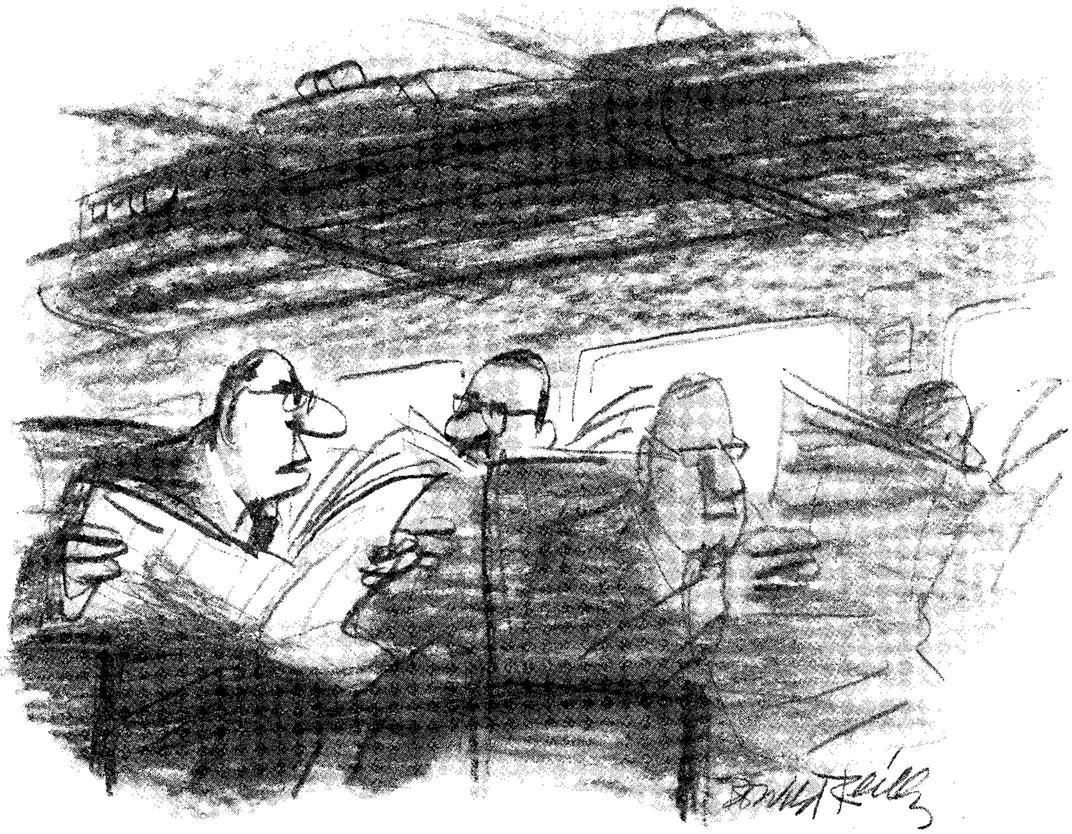
The Bozos

FOR the past couple of years, a troupe of clowns has been turning up at various places in New York City, more or less impromptu, with the aim of diverting people from their daily preoccupations. The clowns are known as the Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble, and the other Saturday afternoon they appeared at the Wollman Rink, in Central Park. Their performances are not always announced—the Bozos say they enjoy taking people by surprise—but we had been told about their appearance that day, so at around two o'clock we went up to the rink. When we got there, some five hundred people were gliding around the ice to disco music, and a hundred or so stood or sat near the railing that encircles the rink. Soon five female clowns and three male clowns wearing ragtag clothing and bizarre makeup—the troupe has fifteen members, but they do not always perform at the same time—emerged from the red brick skate-rental building near the rink and began to mingle with the skaters.

We found the troupe's creator and director, Eric Trules, leaning against the railing not far from the skate-rental building, keeping an eye on the clowns. He is a tall man with curly brown hair, a long face, a prominent nose, and a flexible mouth, and he told us that when he is a clown he uses the name Gino Cumeezi—a mock-Italian name he invented—but that he did not intend to perform that afternoon. "I've been doing less clowning myself lately, because I've got enough work just directing the others," he said. "As far as I know, nobody else in the world is doing quite what we do. To begin with, we never speak. But we're not mimes—you won't see us opening up imaginary umbrellas, or anything like that. Furthermore, we don't do turns, as they're known in Europe, or gags, as they're known in this country. I mean that we don't do the kind of rehearsed stunts you'll see at the Ringling Brothers circus. Everything we do is improvised. Our behavior is mostly derived from dance, and it's always geared toward involving the people around us. What we really want to do is to break down barriers—to bring people out of themselves for a while."

A white-faced, potbellied male clown skated by, holding a boy and a girl by the hand. Meanwhile, off the ice, a female clown wearing baggy plaid trousers and holding a butterfly net twisted her face into improbable shapes in front of three rapt children and two rapt adults. Trules waved at another skating clown—a tatterdemalion man who was pretending to smoke an enormous fake cigar—and went on to tell us that he is a native of New York and that after studying dance here he moved to Chicago in 1970 in order to become a member of the Mo-Ming Dance Theatre. In 1974, the





"Even if Ford had come off the bench in the last quarter, I was going all the way with the Gipper."

MoMing company asked him to develop a clown company, and he did so, and three years later he returned to New York and tried out a solo clown act on Sixth Avenue near Rockefeller Center.

"It wasn't long before I realized that a solo clown act wasn't going to work on the New York sidewalks," he said. "I mean, a lot of people just assumed I was a nut. So pretty soon I got hold of some other people who were interested in clowning—mostly actors and dancers—and in April, 1978, I created the ensemble. We started performing around Manhattan, and one thing led to another. We've performed at J.F.K., at LaGuardia, in office buildings, in department stores, on Wall Street, in Penn Station, in parks, in discothèques, and at private parties. Last fall, we spent two months in Europe—we had been invited to participate in a performing-arts festival in Rotterdam, and when that was over we clowned our way through several other cities, in Holland, France, and Switzerland. We never accept contributions from spectators, but we are sometimes hired for pay by people or organizations. We've also received some foundation funding. But as far as the public is concerned the Cumeezi Bozos are free. As a matter of fact, our motto is 'Free Public Laughs.' "

The disco music stopped, and a voice over a loudspeaker said, "Everyone leave the ice except the clowns."

"Oh, no!" Trules exclaimed. "I didn't expect *this*. We don't have an *act*. We're not really *skaters*. We just wanted to get out there and interact with the *people*."

As the rink began to empty, Trules dashed off, and a few minutes later he returned and explained that the situation had been resolved. The voice over the loudspeaker announced that for the next ten minutes only the children in the crowd would be permitted to skate with the clowns. Immediately, about two hundred children skated out onto the ice.

At around three, the Bozos left the rink, took off their skates, and made their way—some of them playing kazoos—to the Parks Department headquarters, in the Arsenal, just inside the Park at Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. In a room on the main floor, the clowns began getting out of their costumes and removing their makeup, and Trules asked them how they thought things had gone.

A young man named Howard Elliot, who as a clown named Louie had had a shiny red face, spoke first. "It was O.K., but toward the end those kids were knocking the hell out of me," he said. "One of them pulled off my nose."

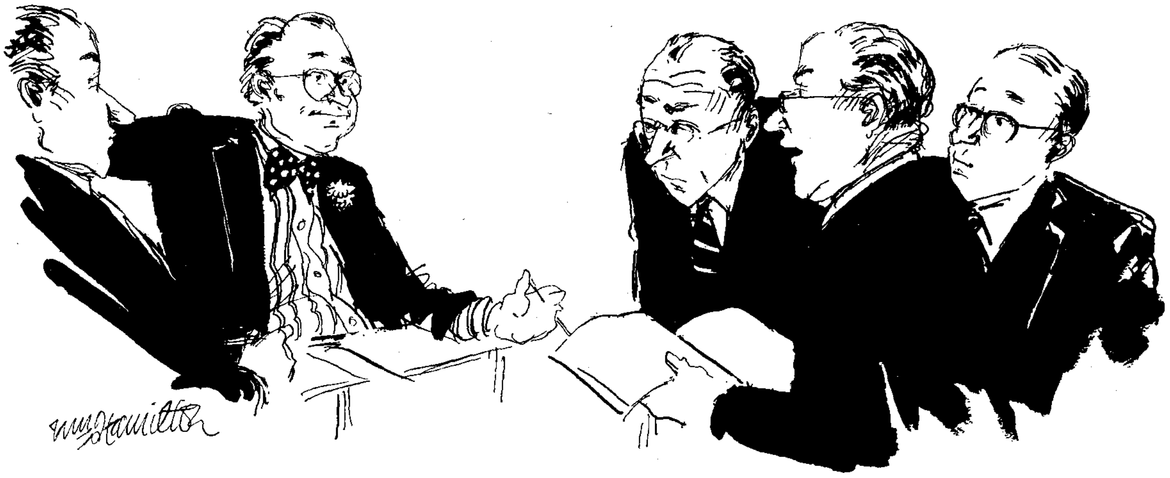
"I had a terrific time," said a young woman named Lara Donen, whose clown name is Charlie. "And I thought the kids were really helpful. If they thought you didn't know how to skate, they tried to teach you."

"Well, I would say it was very successful," Trules said. "Everybody looked good. Oh, and next time I think *everyone* should have kazoos. Any other comments?"

"Tired clowns," said a young woman named Laralu Smith, whose clown name is Camille.

Inputs

ALMOST twenty years ago, we wrote in these pages of a visit we had had from a man named Nathan George Horwitt, of Lenox, Massachusetts, who described to us a new kind of watch dial he had just invented. The Horwitt dial was unusual in that it bore no numerals and had only one reference point on its face—a small disc stamped on at the twelve-o'clock position. It was Horwitt's conviction that, despite the lack of other reference points, the dial was easy to read. The idea was a daring one at the time, but lots of people seem to have agreed with Horwitt, because his dial and various dials similar to it are now in common use. We were reminded of Horwitt's visit the other day when we received a letter of invitation from Lieutenant General Thomas P. Stafford, the former astronaut, who made two Gemini flights and was the commander of the Apollo 10 flight around the moon and also of the Apollo-Soyuz orbital linkup flight, and who is now chairman of the board of the Omega Watch Corporation. We were invited to attend a dinner at the Hayden Planetarium to celebrate, along with "one hundred leading citizens," what the letter called "a major innovation in the history of horology." When, hard on this invitation, we learned from Phillip Bloom, an independent public-relations consultant acting on behalf of Omega, that the major innovation involved a new form of watch dial, and that General Stafford himself had asserted that "the latest



"We bought your cement company, Mr. Timkin, not your whimsy."

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technology embodied in these watches demanded more sophistication with respect to microcircuitry and electronic-component power consumption than was required for the newest ballistic missiles and spacecraft computers," we decided to find out what we could about this wonder.

So on the morning of the celebratory dinner we managed to have a chat with General Stafford and Mr. Bloom over coffee at the Algonquin. General Stafford, a bald-headed man who still looks as fit as an astronaut ought to, asked Mr. Bloom to show us a sample of the new model. From a fat jewelry case Mr. Bloom produced an extremely thin watch—a rectangle of solid gold in which was set a circular dial that was completely transparent, right through to the back of the watch itself. General Stafford told us that the dial consisted of two revolving crystal discs placed between two pieces of crystal forming part of the watchcase. The two inner discs were laid one over the other, and on the surface of these revolving discs representations of hour and minute hands were printed. As for reference points, they consisted of four short dashes printed on the outermost crystal to denote fifteen-minute points. No "works" were visible. General Stafford explained that the movement of the "hands" was activated by a motor only hundredths of an inch long, which was placed within the case, near the twelve-o'clock point, so as to connect with the rims of the movable discs. "The power density in this watch is more sophisticated than what you'll find in even advanced satellites today," General Stafford told us. He went on to say that the watch is less than a sixteenth of an inch thick and that the maze of microcircuitry governing its function is actually an integral part of its case. The watch is powered by a replaceable microbattery that will keep it running for approximately a year.

"How much will the watch cost?" we asked.

"Right now, nine thousand dollars," the General replied.

"We have only a few right now," Mr. Bloom said. "Tomorrow, they'll be on display in seven cities around the country. People will be literally lining up for them in Dallas and Houston."

Mr. Bloom went on to talk about the evening's celebration at the Hayden Planetarium. He said that similar celebratory dinners, each for a hundred leading citizens, were being held that night "in the greatest restaurants" in six other major cities of the world—Paris, London, Milan, Munich, Geneva, and Tokyo. As for the New York dinner, it would be a seven-course partly *nouvelle-cuisine* affair catered by an outfit called Glorious Food, which, he said, "has been designated by the New York *Times* as one of the best caterers in New York." He continued, "The arrangement to have the dinner at the Hayden Planetarium, where there will be a sort of slide show, through the planetarium's special projectors, of the watch and associated technology, was made by George Trescher Associates. That's the marketing outfit. They've also done mixed-media events. George Trescher picked the planetarium as a site because of its quasi-scientific standing."

We asked Mr. Bloom how he had gone about choosing "one hundred leading citizens" to be guests at the dinner.

Mr. Bloom said, "Trescher and I have been around for a while. We went into separate corners and compiled separate lists. There's a limited number of names you can come up with immediately. Eighty per cent of the V.I.P. names we came up with were on both lists—people who are movers and shakers, people well known in the arts and business and society. On the list of the invitees, there's an Astor and a Vanderbilt, and a Felix Rohatyn and a Norman Mailer and a Bill Blass."

"Bill May, chairman of the board of the American Can Company, will be there," General Stafford said.

We asked the General what had impelled the Omega people to cram all this elaborate high technology into a wristwatch.

He replied, "We chose to do it because the result forms an elegant piece of jewelry and embodies what is most elegant in technology." He went on to say that the decision to produce a special watch arose out of the Omega company's desire to mark the tenth anniversary of its introduction of advanced quartz-crystal technology into some of its wristwatches.

We asked what other considerations might have been involved in the decision to produce the new watch.

General Stafford said that another reason for the decision was that the Omega Watch Corporation, which is part of a Swiss holding company called Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère, or S.S.I.H., has had to contend in recent years with hard competition from Japanese watch manufacturers and needed something new to draw attention to the high quality of its products.

Thinking of all the hundreds of accessible V.I.P.s, of all the multinational dinners, and of all the press conferences that were undoubtedly ahead, we somewhat diffidently suggested to General Stafford that perhaps the role he had played in the production of the new watch and in the fanfare over it arose not only out of his engineering experience as an astronaut but also out of his abundant experience in dealing with the media and associated P.R. matters on earth.

"That's right! Exactly!" the General said. "The Swiss company wanted to do something to give the whole thing a big lift. They asked me for inputs into the total corporate planning on this matter. And I made my inputs into the total decision-making process."

INTO THE AMERICAN MAW

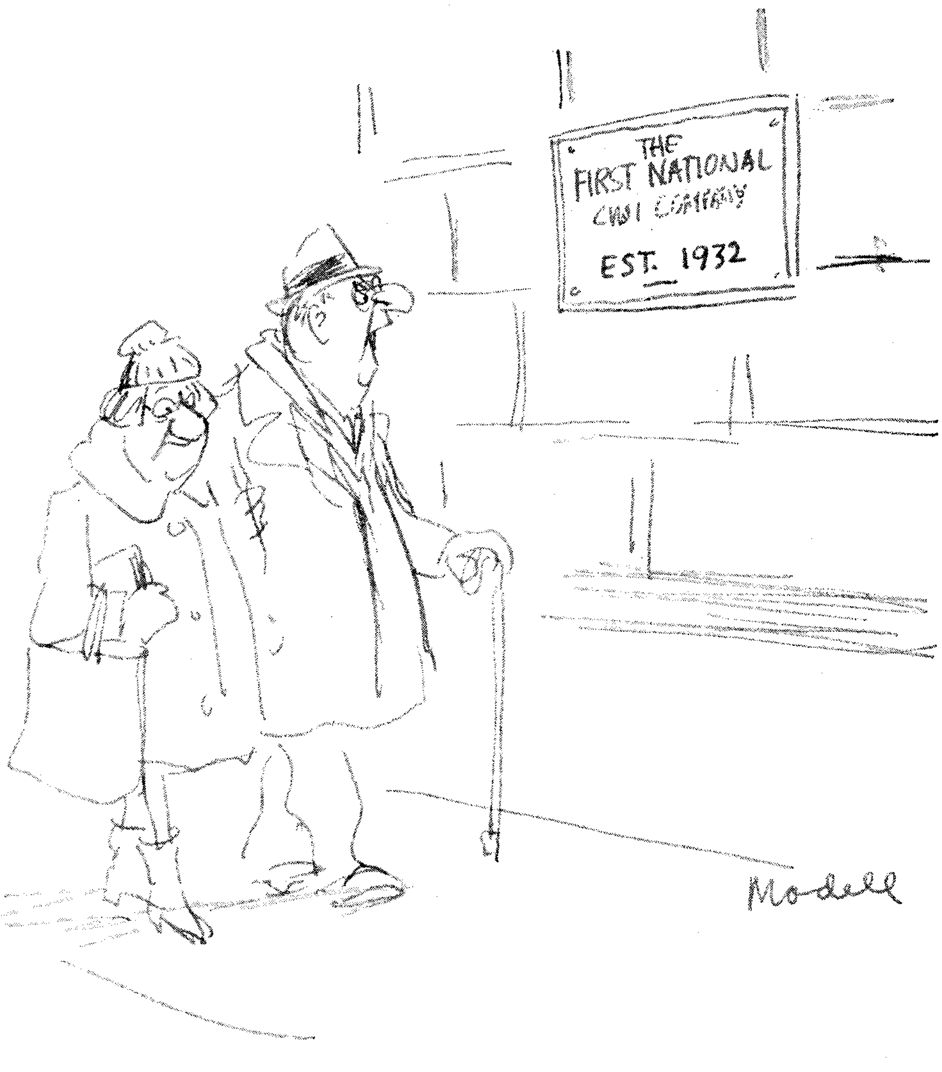
I WAS driving back to New York from Boston last Sunday and I stopped in a restaurant to get something to eat, and as I sat there waiting for my order to come, looking at my ice water and my silverware and the paper placemat, suddenly something struck me: I just might be on a savage nightmare journey to the heart of the American dream! I wasn't sure exactly what savage nightmare journeys to the heart of the American dream required, but I knew that since America has a love affair with the automobile, it was probably difficult to pursue a nightmare journey on public transportation. Fortunately, I had my own car, a 1970 Maverick. Beyond that, I couldn't think of any hard-and-fast requirements, so I decided that I *was* on a savage journey to the heart of the American dream, and I was glad that it was a Sunday. That made it more convenient for me. Once I had accepted this possibility, it was amazing how I saw all of America in a new light. Insights started coming to me one after the other, and I decided to reveal them in a voice as flat and affectless as the landscape that surrounded me (I was in a relatively flat part of Connecticut at the time).

First, I realized that discount stores—you know, the discount stores you see all over the place in America—well, I realized that discount stores equal emptiness. Beyond that, I realized that different discount stores represent different shades of emptiness—Caldor's equals an emptiness tinged with a sad, ineffable sense of mourning for a lost American innocence, while Brands Mart equals an emptiness much closer to what European philosophers call "anomie," and Zayre's equals an emptiness along the lines of Sartre's "nausea." Next, I realized that the interstate highway system equals nihilism. Have you ever been on Interstate 75 north of Berea, Kentucky? If you have, you know the stretch I'm thinking of—it's one of the most nihilistic stretches of four-lane possibly in the whole world. Although there certainly are lots of nihilistic interstate highways in every state in this country. In California, every stretch of road—I don't care whether it's interstate or a state highway or a county road or gravel or asphalt or oil—all of it is nihilistic.

Thinking about California led me to dizzying thoughts about L.A.—L.A., where sometimes on the signs advertising used-car lots they actually spell "car" with a "k." . . . L.A., a place that is so different from the East Coast. New York City, of course, is a woman. In fact, the entire tristate area, including New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, is a woman. But L.A.—L.A. is the City of the One-Night Stands. Or at least that's what I had heard. Just to be sure, I decided to call L.A. long-distance, my voice crying through wires across the vast, buffalo-scarred dreamscape of a haunted republic. I told L.A. that I was coming out for four days, and could I possibly get a three-night stand. They said no, sir. They said I had to get three one-night stands. Q.E.D.

I paid my check and left the restaurant and got in my car. Luckily, it started. I began to drive—to drive to nowhere on a vast blank ribbon, to drive without direction or purpose (beyond getting home sometime that evening), surrounded by other Americans, my partners in the dream, all of them sealed off from me and each other by metal and glass. It got dark and began to rain, and still I was driving. I turned on the windshield wipers, and it wasn't long before I saw in the windshield the images of all my fathers before me. I saw my great-great-grandfathers' faces—not all eight of my great-great-grandfathers' faces but, say, maybe five of them—and then I saw my great-grandfathers and my grandfathers and my father, and all the faces merged into my face, reflected in the blue light from the dashboard as the wipers swished back and forth. And then my face changed into the faces of people who I guess were supposed to be my descendants. And still I was driving, stopping only occasionally to pay either thirty cents or twenty-five cents for tolls. I was on that stretch of 95 where you have to pay tolls every ten miles or so.

I stopped at a gas station to buy cigarettes. I put eighty cents in change into the machine, and pulled the knob for my brand—Camel Lights. Nothing came out. Then I pulled the knob for Vantage. Nothing came out. Then I pushed the coin return, and nothing came out. Then I pulled all of the other knobs, and nothing came out—a metaphor. —IAN A. FRAZIER



"Big deal!"

LIVE A LITTLE

October 13th:

WHEN I visit Ma today, she is dressed in a black velvet skirt with big flares. Her white blouse is embroidered with orange daisies. On our way out of her room, she tells me she has joined the Women's Committee to Save Lives—a group of residents of the Home who go around the building to persuade the dying to fight harder and continue to live.

"Nobody dies, Ma?"

"Better ten times sick than once dead," she says.

We meet a Mrs. Klein in the hallway. "Drezzle," she says to Ma, "Abrams from Room 439 tried to take his life yesterday. He dressed up in a full suit to throw himself out of the window. He got stuck, and they picked glass out of him all morning. Go up and talk to him. He's in a bad way in the infirmary."

Most of the Women's Committee to Save Lives are already in Isaac Abrams' room, sitting around his bed, rocking back and forth ever so slightly. Abrams, a large man, is even larger all bandaged up. Recognizing Ma, he fixes his eyes on her. Mrs. Adler, a woman in her seventies wearing a *sheitel*—a wig worn by some orthodox Jewish women—drones from Hosea. "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

"I have no one left," Abrams says to Ma, "and now that my wife, Hilda, is gone, the shadow is on me."

Ma puts a hand on his arm and tells him that in killing himself he is killing her. Tears roll down her cheeks. "Isaac, we are all living under one roof."

Mrs. Adler touches his other arm and chants, "Isaac Abrams, we will never forget or forsake or cast you out of our presence, amen."

Abrams, somewhat astonished at all the attention, mutters, "A man here can never know whether he is in a Home or a madhouse."

October 20th:

WHEN I come to visit today, Ma tells me that Seligman, the director of the Home, was standing in the lobby at noontime—a chance for her to catch his ear. She told him that she'd been in the Home four months already and was troubled by the bronze plaque over each doorway, with a dedication to the late So-and-So who lived in such-and-such a room and contributed this-and-that sum. A memento mori, a constant reminder of the last mile. Ma noticed that Seligman was ignoring her, perhaps deliberately. She then walked away slowly, to give him a chance to call her back.

October 25th:

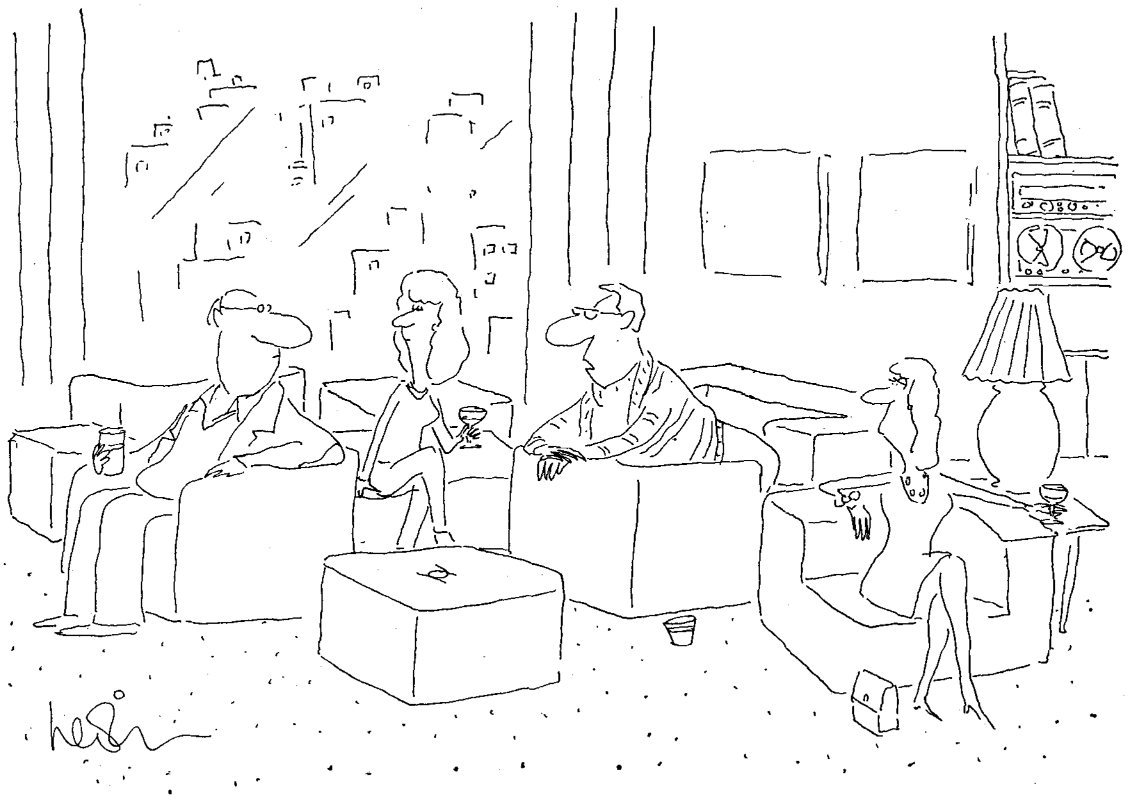
MA is very busy in her new role. She thinks of herself and the Women's Committee to Save Lives as "healers." Today when I visit with her, she takes me to Mrs. Malle's room in the infirmary—the fifth floor. Mrs. Malle has had surgery and is "recovering." She cries when she sees Ma, and colored streams run down her face from her makeup. Her room is spick-and-span, but there is a smell, pungent and lingering. Once you catch it, you smell it all the time.

Ma assures Mrs. Malle that she's on the verge of recovery and better times: "Tsipke, dear, you look better than before you got sick."

We cross the infirmary to Room 509, where Max Wilkins has been bedridden for the past month with a broken hip. He tells Ma that in the Home a woman who is still a girl at eighty is an old maid.

Ma laughs. "Max is a bachelor," she says.

Max responds, to me, "I knew your mother would make it here the first time I saw her. After her first appearance I remember saying to her, 'Drezzle, you've got as much chance to get to Hollywood as I have.' Look at me. How did I land in the Home? It was raining outside."

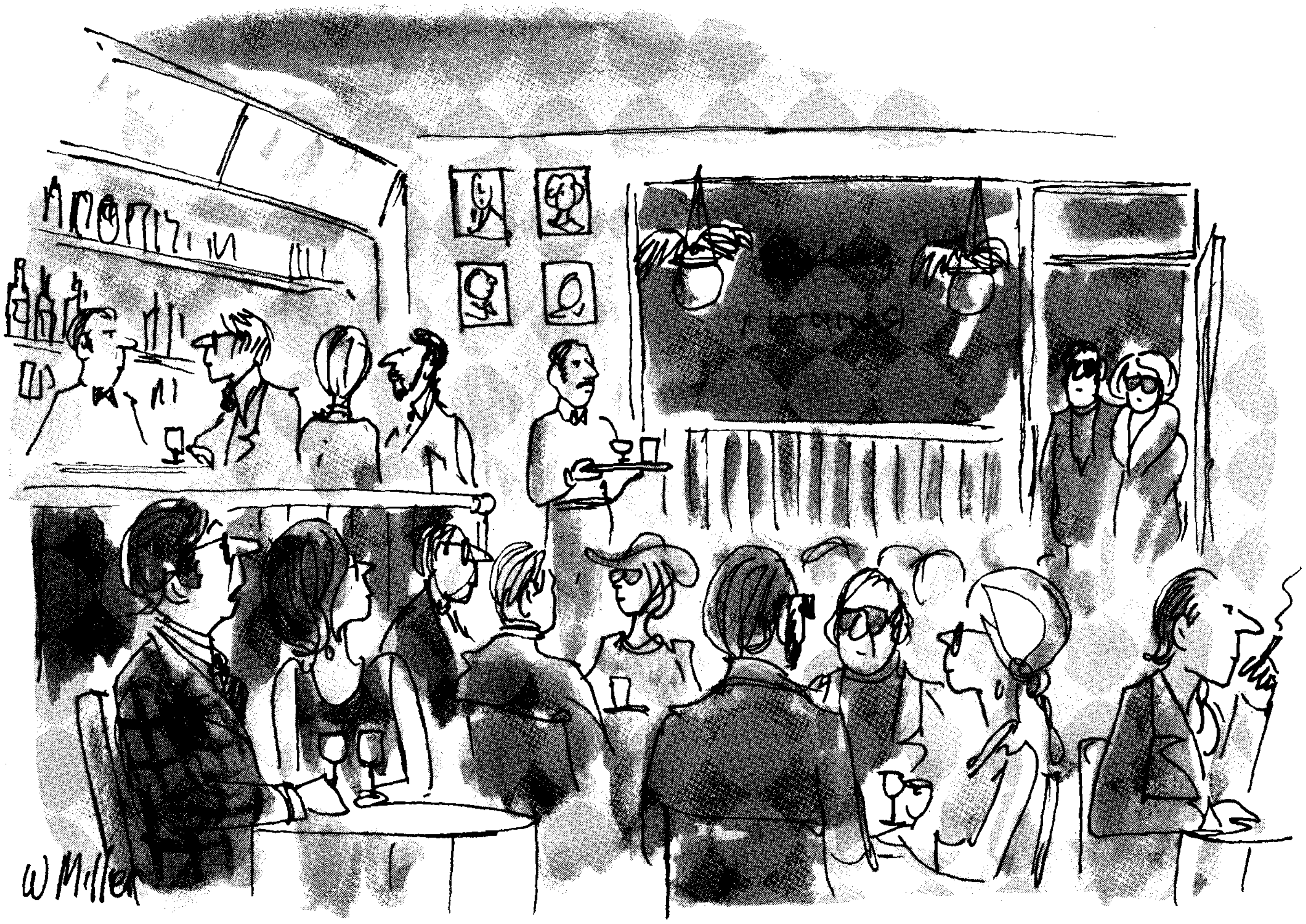


"It's a nine-piece modular sofa, but we could never quite get it together."

October 30th:

A NUMBER of women from Ma's old fraternal branch of the Workmen's Circle in the East Bronx join her to go up and speak to Isaac Abrams, who has lost the will to live. They gather around Abrams, who is lying down in knickers and a red sweater, of all things. He has been crying, but on seeing me again he checks his tears and tells me that if he wants to raise his right leg, it's his left that reacts. "I have a decayed body and a dying face," he says, starting to cry again.

A Mrs. Bloom chides him. "Isaac, what you did was stand yourself at the



"Everybody's already here. Who are they?"

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gate leading out of this world."

Ma shakes her head, saying, "Seventy-six years in this world and you can't wait to leave it. Life is a gift."

Abrams tells them that his life no longer makes sense. "I'm past all hope of recovery. The longer I live, the worse it is."

Mrs. Katz, a dynamic little woman, says, "One fool more or less in this world. There is no return match, Abrams."

Sally Stein, Abrams' social worker, pops her head into the room to say that Mr. Abrams is tired and ready for sleep, and we have to leave him to recover, more or less—to resume the life he led before. The women are slow to get up, and the social worker stage-whispers that Abrams has already lost one third of his total body weight.

Abrams complains that he can't stand the sight of her. "A person from three failed marriages and she gives me advice. I shake her out of one sleeve."

NOVEMBER 5TH:

SELIGMAN has agreed to see Ma. I go with her to his office. They face each other in silence. Seligman stares fixedly at her. His stare is already trying to dominate anything she might say. Ma says that she's been trying to see him for weeks.

"In general," Seligman says, "interviews are neither deliberately accepted nor turned down. I must assume, Mrs. Mehler, that you know what this conversation will be about, and am therefore convinced that it would be to nobody's benefit if it actually took place."

NOVEMBER 12TH:

WE are on the fifth floor and drop in to see Abrams. The rest of the Women's Committee are already there. Seeing Ma and me, Abrams produces a bottle of port from under a pillow, opens it, and serves a little to each of us. With the first sip, gaiety overcomes the women. But just as suddenly sadness takes hold of them again, mingled with their pleasure, as their own happiness and miseries are remembered. They toast each other, and Ma salutes Abrams with "Isaac, may all your troubles be little ones." Their glasses clink. Mrs. Adler adds to the toast. "Here's to us all! God bless us, every one!"

Ma says, "Isaac, we love you as a father and esteem you as a man of honor."

Sally Stein, the social worker, runs into the room and takes away the bottle of wine from Abrams, saying, "Mr. Abrams, aren't we a great favorite with the ladies." A general growl of disapproval rises from the women, who were only a moment ago nostalgic and sentimental.

"The doctors are worse," Abrams says. "They make things easy for themselves distributing sample pills. 'A discharge? Well, take some of these. Aching joints? Hemorrhoids? And how about your bowels?' Just as long as they've got some slop to put in your mouth and get you out of their office in a hurry . . ."

NOVEMBER 29TH:

ABRAMS is talking to himself when Ma and I drop in. "I'm not with whom I want to be with, and then I don't know whom I want to be with. I don't want to be here. I want to be somewhere else. I want to be out there. I want to be where I am free again. I'm stripped of everything. I'm not what I used to be. I forget how to spell my name. I thought I was seventy-six, then counting the years backward I discovered that I'm eighty-two at least."

Last Tuesday Abrams gave away his gold watch to Sam Hirsh, his friend from Room 410. That night Abrams swallowed a dozen one-inch nails. The doctor pumped his stomach and, after Abrams vomited a lot, got most of them out. I told Ma not to worry. "Chaz Chase, a vaudeville comic some years back, managed to eat everything from matchbooks to nails and broom handles." Ma wasn't amused. She feels that she's losing the battle with Abrams, that he is indeed bad news.

Down in the lobby, Seligman appears. Ma approaches him. "Mr. Seligman, isn't it possible to move Isaac Abrams downstairs to the first floor so that he can eat with his old friends in the main dining room?"

With lacklustre eyes, Seligman looks down at Ma, saying, "Old friends in the main dining room? There are those here in the Home whose fury and resistance to all our efforts know no bounds and descend like an avalanche upon the heads of the already strained and exhausted nurses and social workers."

As we leave, Ma tells me she feels that Seligman is displeased with her, and worse. She says to me, "This morning I approached him about the possibility of moving Mr. Abrams to a room on the sunny side of the infirmary. He turned his back on me and then walked away without a by-your-leave."

December 4th:

Max Wilkins is still hospitalized, and we find him his usual exuberant self today. "I'm only staying here in the Home to try out new material which I can use later on Broadway," he says, "and when the season's over, I'll go home for a rest." We spend ten minutes with him, and as we leave, he says, "Don't forget to talk to Seligman about room and board for me for next summer."

Abrams is wasting away, and now seems tiny and bent in bed. He stopped eating voluntarily about a week ago. A nurse is putting rice pudding into his mouth and asking him to chew and swallow. The nurse has tried every trick to get him to eat, and their battles have grown furious and exhausting for both of them. Dabbing her tears, she says that Abrams has been throwing chicken behind his chest of drawers and that last week the cleanup man moved the chest and found dozens of rotting pieces of chicken.

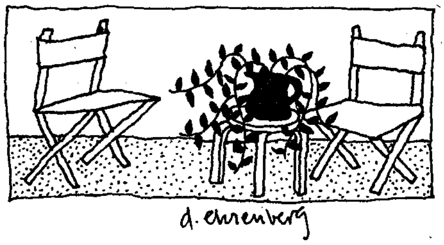
Mrs. Hester, in Room 515, looks like Voltaire, as do many of the others: very old. Mrs. Hester is in a bed with guardrails. She is playing with a rattle attached to an overhead cord. Like an infant she taps the rattle, and it goes up and down, and she taps it again.

December 14th:

Abrams is still at it. "I've lived out my time, and I've done my share of good and bad. Weeping and wailing will not be heard when I go. When I'm finished, I'll leave here in a whisper."

Ma tells Abrams he is an opera star—to get up and come down and eat in the regular dining room, four at a table.

He replies that he's sick of watching everything around him change. "Where is my wife, Hilda? She more than anyone understood me." Abrams' face is broken up. He seems on the brink of letting go all his pent-up sorrow until he notices me sitting up against the wall. "So," he says, "at her age, your mother—Drezzle—is invited to find a place here in the Home and begin life all over again."



December 23rd:

Seligman is talking to Ma near his office off the lobby. "These are dark hours here in the Home, of course, such as come to everybody, in which people think they've achieved nothing in a lifetime at all. Where everything seems doomed to failure and then suddenly it starts to straighten out in spite of itself—without outside interference."

At one o'clock I follow Ma up to the infirmary dining room, on the fifth floor, where she feeds lunch to an old friend, Mrs. Alcorn. Mrs. Alcorn, a palsied woman with fixed blue eyes, says "Hook" when she recognizes Ma. Ma tears pieces of white bread and dips them into the yolk of a soft-boiled egg. She pops them into Mrs. Alcorn's mouth. Ma is very patient as she feeds Mrs. Alcorn the rice pudding. She holds the spoon in midair, waiting for Mrs. Alcorn to open her tightly compressed lips. Ma keeps a steady drone going. "Eat, Sophie, swallow, Sophie, and down it goes, Sophie!"

January 7th:

Ma won't give up on Abrams. "At least first write goodbye letters to your friends here in the Home.... Don't hurry to become nothing.... What is alive?... Dead you think you're a hero?"

FIRST DAY OF SPRING

My shoes are in their firing-squad position
In the closet. My dog's dead,
But if he were here, he'd be snoring on the floor.
Accidents will happen. If you make them happen,
So much the worse. Yet

Everything goes by so quickly! The first stanza's
Already as old as any high-school history,
And sudden absences like those leave sudden holes.
When I got cracked in the nose with a baseball bat
Playing grammar-school softball,

I saw angels, Lyndon B. Johnson, and doctors
For the next three years, until my nose
Stopped bleeding and started breathing again.
You could say my nose went on a strike.
Now it veers toward Portugal

No matter where I'm headed. I'm talking
About my generation, or regeneration.
I saw my best hand-patched jeans
Hit the heap, then reappear, miraculously,
On angels walking down Main Street.

—Robert Long

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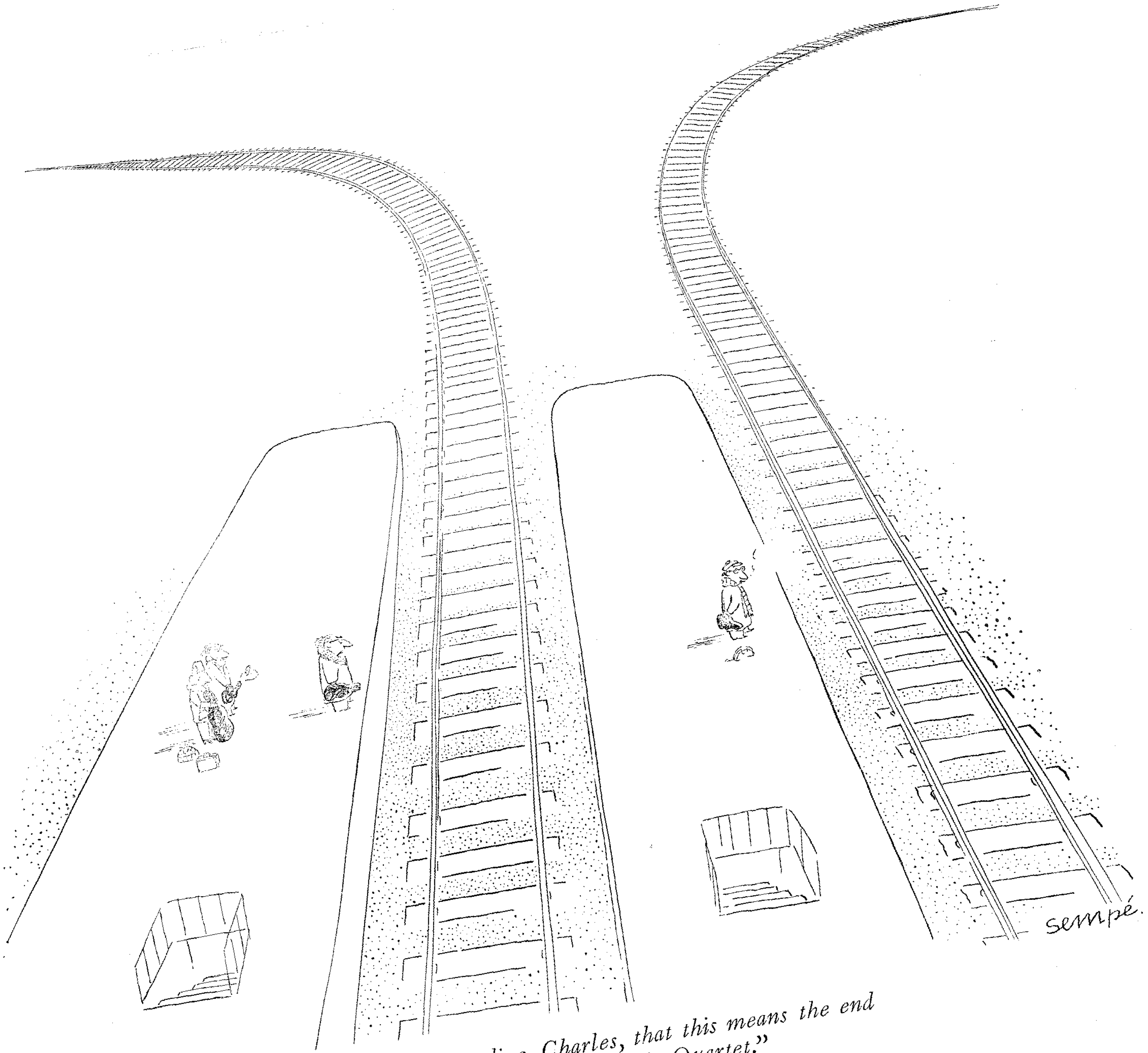

"Of course you realize, Charles, that this means the end of the Eternal Harmonia Quartet."

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Abrams tries to change the subject. "So this is your son," he says, pointing at me.

Ma is relentless. "Life is a gift," she warns.

Abrams complains that yesterday his social worker bounced in, whined, and held him tight, telling him to throw himself into life again. "Her despair reeks of cheese. I wanted to give her a good kick in the ass—" He stopped and burst out laughing. "Drezzle, you here for a visit? Why can't you leave me alone? What have I done to deserve this?" He is in tears again.

An old woman in a wheelchair reaches out and grabs my wrist as I pass with Ma. Her arm is noodle-thin, and I am afraid to pull loose from her, for fear of tearing it out of its socket. I am surprised at the strength of her grip as I unfold one finger at a time.

Ma says, "Mrs. Levy, you're gaining weight, and you will soon be up and around—maybe even go outside in the sunshine again."

I add to Ma's rhetoric. "And maybe even dressed in tights and running shoes, jogging up to Boston Road and back."

As we leave, Ma scowls at me. "What was that?" she asks. "You're not so clever, Leon. Mrs. Levy knows what's going on around her. It's just that the poor dear has lost her possibility as a total person. She certainly knows a dummy when she sees one."

JANUARY 15TH:

THE women drone Abrams a headful. "In the world, the way it is, one cannot be enough afraid to live. . . . It's not the stock-market crash. Take yourself in hand. . . . You must be dragged from your black thoughts. . . . Do you want them to say, 'Why him?' . . . In the afternoon you retire to death without self-pity. . . . What is alive? . . . All life is a dream. . . . Don't hurry to become nothing. . . ." Mrs. Adler reminds us of Isaiah, Chapter 32. "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place."

Abrams says, "I turn my back on yesterday. I am beyond your reach. I am at an end."

Max Wilkins has his nurse in stitches as Ma and I come in. He is telling her about his father, who was always banging his head on something. "At least twice a day. My mother and my aunt knew he would get angry if they laughed in his face, so they used to run into the bedroom, shut the door, and cry with laughter. We used to hear a thump from the other room, a shriek of pain, and a 'God damn,' and my mother and aunt would jump into the bedroom like a shot."

JANUARY 23RD:

ABRAMS has been everywhere, seen everything. He says life was marvellous years ago. The women hang on every word. He speaks of characters from his past, coming and going. Ma recalls that he used to be a ladies' man, and he replies that he also remembers the bedbug bites. He says to Ma, "Drezzle, yesterday you crossed my room and your feet didn't touch the floor. You left by the window out into the open air. How did you do it?"

Ma thinks him poetic as well as scatterbrained. As the women prepare to leave, Ma stands up and sings "Glory and Fame to the Men of Old."

There are tears in Abrams' eyes as he turns to me. "How is it, young man, that your mother, a veritable jewel among women, is spending her remaining years living here in the Home? Wasn't there a small place for her in your house? Under the sink? On the piano? In a dresser drawer?"

JANUARY 30TH:

WE meet a Mrs. Moss, who walks one step and stops, one step and stops, with an aluminum brace. She tells Ma that Isaac Abrams tried to take his life again. "Abrams," she says, "is from Warsaw, where people very often destroy themselves in the middle of life."

Abrams had put his head into a plastic bag and nearly succeeded in suffocating himself. Ma and I go up to the infirmary and find him with a tube in a nostril. He is being fed medicine through one intravenous and fluids through another. His swollen face is lighted by two gray eyes. His smile dissolves incessantly into expressions of bitterness. Ma sits there looking at him as the other women come in and gather around in silence.

FEBRUARY 3RD:

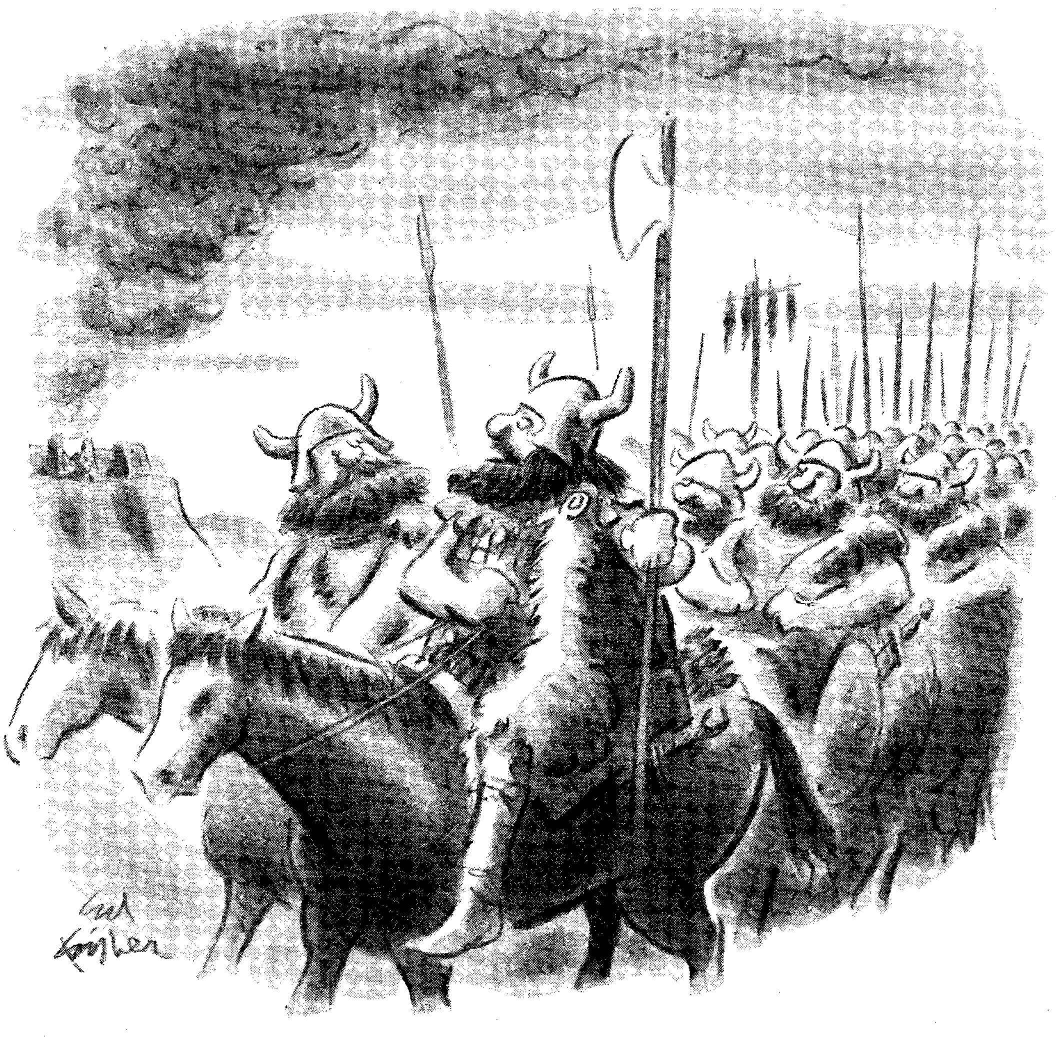
DURING the week, Ma wrote a letter to Gabe Pressman, the street-wise reporter from Channel 5. I don't even want to know what her brief was about. My hope is that Pressman doesn't show up at the Home, for Ma's sake. I warn her that she's flirting with removal from the second floor to the fifth floor.

FEBRUARY 12TH:

AFTER his last attempt at suicide, Abrams has never recovered his full size. His pallor is ghastly. He stands at his bedside, lost in his clothes. I look at Ma. She is trembling. She can't hold back her tears. I begin to bawl, too.

FEBRUARY 16TH:

TODAY Abrams is out of bed, dressed in a 1924 sports outfit. He's lost so much weight that the clothes he has pulled from a satchel in his closet have him looking like a vaudeville attraction. He doesn't seem to recognize us as he goes around the room in jerks and jolts. He opens his mouth, and a garble of words pours out. His eyelids start to flutter. Ma and I are afraid to stir. We don't want to disturb him. Abrams has developed a tic and is making terrible faces at Ma.



"Well, as I see it, for generations Rome had momentum. Now Visigoths have momentum."

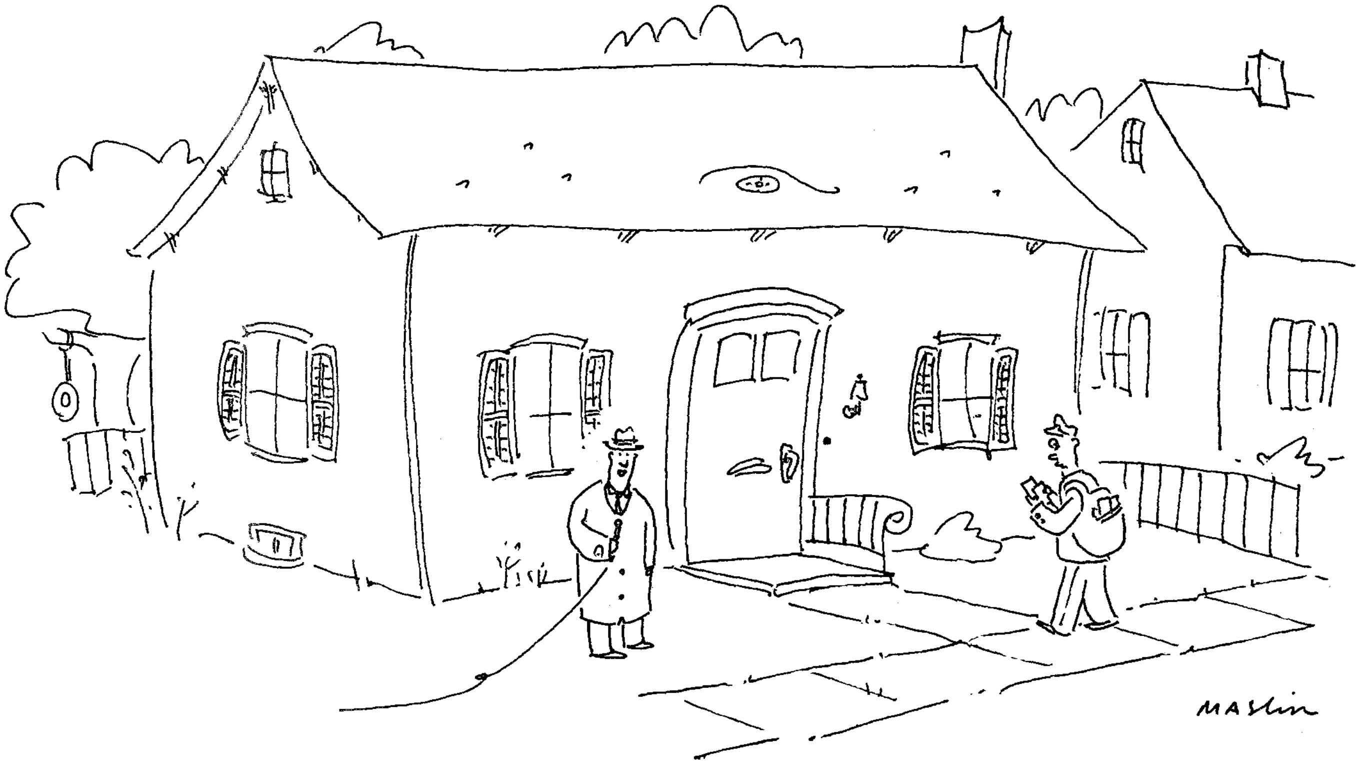
Ma insists that I phone Seligman's office so that she can speak to him. His secretary says that he can give her a minute, and we go down to see him. He is dressed in a black suit and a black tie. Beckoning us into his office without a hello, he opens another door, which leads into a small, oblong room without windows or furniture.

Ma, somewhat nervous, blurts out, "Mr. Seligman, there are sections of the Home, especially on the fifth floor, that are completely cut off from fresh air, and it makes one's head swim."

"Mrs. Mehler," he answers, "things don't happen suddenly. They pile up gradually, and as we can't mention it, we say nothing at all." Baring his teeth, he whispers, "Mrs. Mehler, are you being properly looked after on the fifth floor?"

Ma is alarmed and corrects him, saying that she isn't a patient on the fifth floor, that her room number is 223, on the second floor, that I am her son Leon, and that she has two other children, Ronald and Marion.

We leave Seligman's office. There were only a few wom-



"We're at the home of Jim and Mindy Marks, who are about to discover that their utility bill has gone sky-high. Let's watch."

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en typing at desks before, but now there are a number of social workers, men and women, sitting on a row of seats fixed to the wall. Catching sight of us, they rise, making it difficult to pass through them. Seligman snaps his fingers, saying, "Off with you. Keep the passageway clear."

FEBRUARY 19TH:

MA and I look in on a therapy dance group led by Molly Schwartz, a senility social worker. "Up, down, and around," she calls, slapping her hands together with a small, round bell in each. Eight women and two men shuffle about, repeating, "Up, down, and around." They, too, hold small, round bells, and the tinkles are lively. "Dance it, dance it!" Molly Schwartz calls, showing them a turn. "Dance it, dance it," they call. "Now you're all dancing the charconne," Molly Schwartz shouts. "Now front and now back, now sideways to the left . . . smiling . . . smiling . . . heads up . . . good."

FEBRUARY 24TH:

AT three o'clock, Ma and I go down to the basement to a birthday party. Seligman is presenting a gold watch to Bernard Lester, who is a hundred years old today. "Bernard, you have been with us since this building opened, twenty-five years ago. We grew along with you, and now we celebrate your first one hundred years just as our new annex nears completion."

The tables are set up with cake and wine. Mrs. Katz plays a mazurka on her violin as some of the elderly move about in time to the music.

Bernard Lester sits in a black silk bathrobe, his feet thrust into out-of-shape slippers. Thin as a scarecrow, with large baby-blue eyes, he pooh-poohs the gold watch. "The whole schmear stinks," he says. "The same jokes, the same songs, and the same faces."

Ma shouts into his ear. "How old are you, Mr. Lester?"

"Over twenty-one," he retorts, and everyone laughs.

"How do you like your new gold watch, Mr. Lester?"

"Better than last year's fountain pen."

Rabbi Bernstein comes in and speaks a few words. "Everything is clear. To live to be one hundred is a great gift. What is the justice of that? God created life, and you, Bernard Lester, have no right to complain, as you are so special."

Ma has been expecting Isaac Abrams at the party, but he hasn't come down. Rumors begin circulating. A social worker calls me aside and whispers that they had nailed Abrams' window shut but that he went next door and jumped out of Mr. Rubin's window.

MARCH 4TH:

A STIFF is wheeled into the elevator, the feet sticking out of the bottom of a sheet. A portion of the head remains uncovered, and Ma recognizes Mrs. Davenport, from the second floor, and speaks to her. "Lilly," she says, "I heard you're not feeling so good. We didn't see you at dinner this week." Ma introduces me. "Lilly, this is my son Leon." She tells the dead Mrs. Davenport not to worry—that she'll soon be up and around again.

In the hallway, Mr. Schultz, a smallish man with a limp, reminds Ma that it's four o'clock and that in an hour it will be five o'clock—dinnertime.

—LOU MYERS

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THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*Letter from the Cambridge Arts Council, of Cambridge, Mass.*]

DEAR MR. S——:

I regret to inform you that your poems have not been selected for inclusion in the Davis Square Subway Station. Over 450 poets responded to our request, but we had funding and space for no more than 15 poems. A panel of poets and editors reviewed your work and made selections based on the quality of the poem as well as its appropriateness for a subway floor.

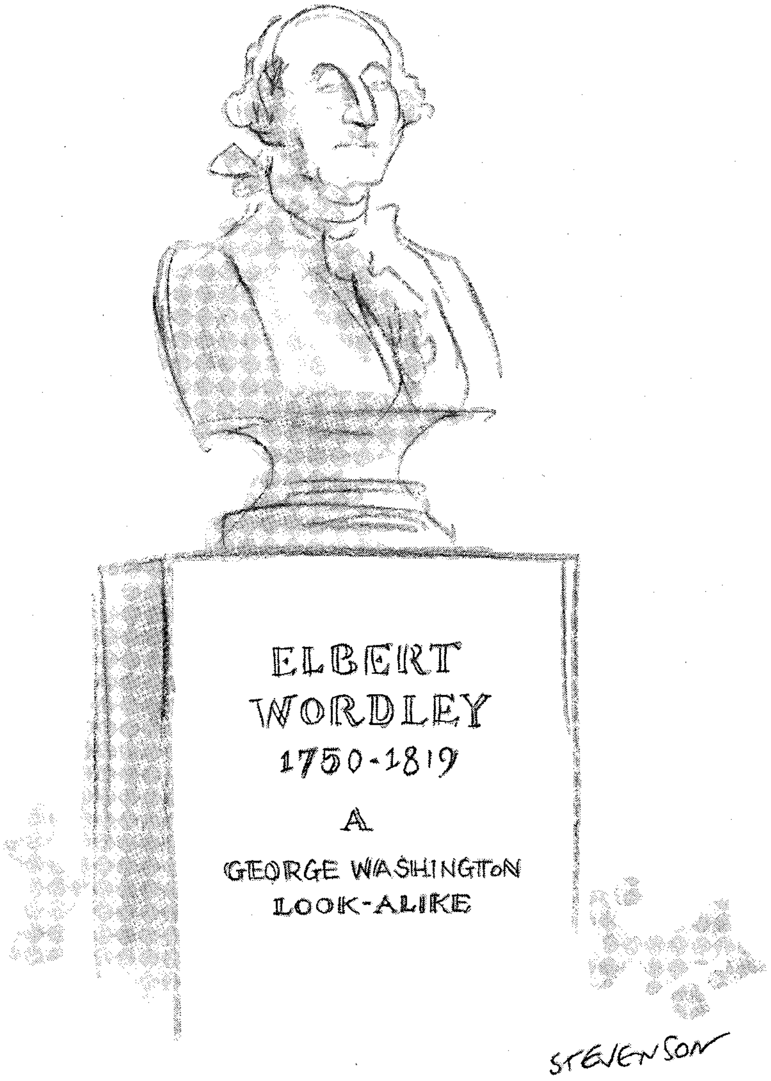
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WORLD'S RESOURCES

II—MINERALS, FOOD, AND WATER

WHAT we call progress is a mysterious marriage of creativity and plunder. Civilization has flowered when human beings have devised ingenious new ways to organize production and social life, but such organization has usually been accomplished with stolen goods. The Greek city-state, the Roman Empire, and Elizabethan England come to mind. Undergirding their extraordinary achievements in art, philosophy, literature, and statecraft were military power and conquest. Rome lived off grain exacted as tribute from Sicily, Spain, North Africa, and Gaul. The civilization of modern Europe was built on the shiploads of gold and silver bullion extracted from the mines of the New World; the slaves, diamonds, copper, and vegetable oils of Africa; and the cotton, rubber, and spices of India and Malaysia—all taken at gunpoint.

The industrial revolution and modern imperialism—an organizational system for selectively integrating non-European economies into an international capitalist order by force—fed on each other. Without the energy and power so swiftly generated in the industrializing economies, the military power to subjugate whole continents would not have developed. Without the cheap and easy access to raw materials on other continents, the industrial expansion and the extraordinary enrichment of the beneficiaries of imperialism would not have taken place. Indeed, reaching for the resources of distant lands was indispensable for the triumph of the technology of terror that has marked the last five hundred years. The Spanish Armada depended heavily on oak from the Baltic, and the nineteenth-century European armies of steel were forged of chrome, columbite, and manganese extracted from Africa by exploited labor. The instrument for subduing spear-throwing or rifle-bearing tribes was a remarkable metallurgical achievement—the machine gun. Imperialism thus rested on an ingenious economy of terror in which the ancient tribal kingdoms supplied the raw materials for their own subjugation.

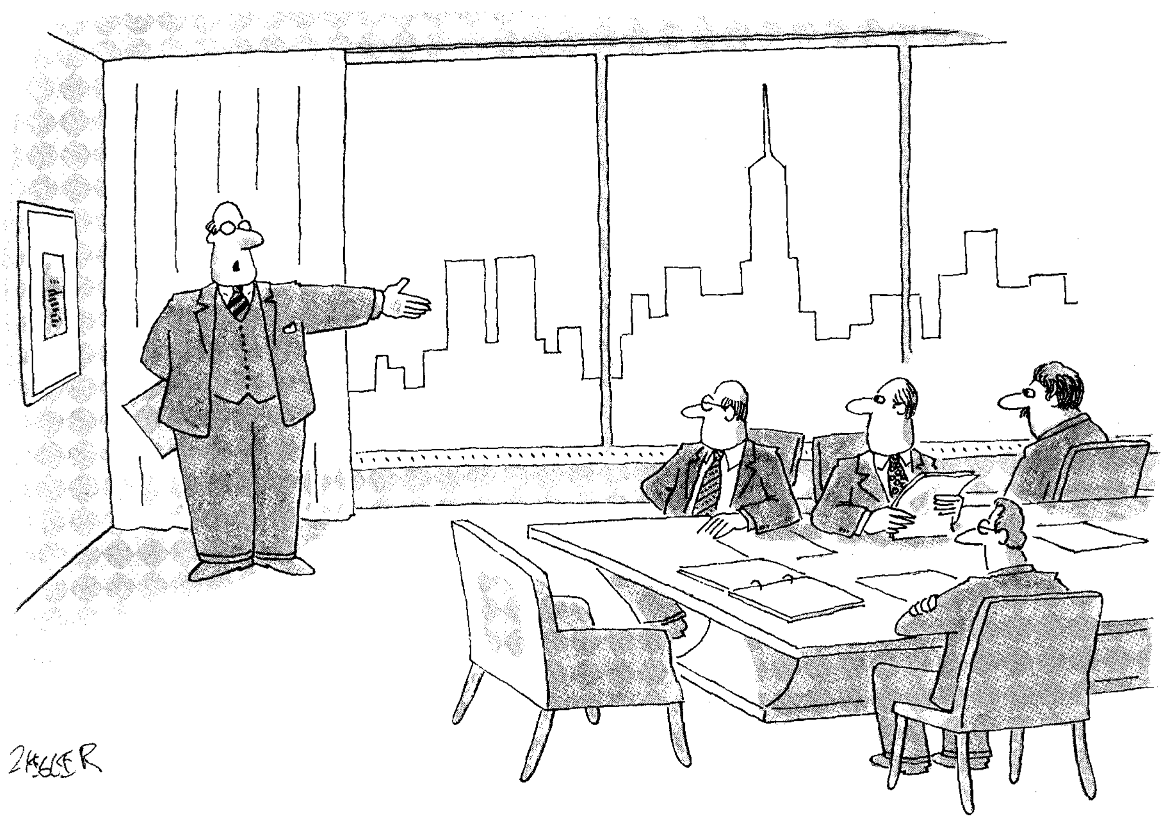


Energy resources have been at the center of the transformation of civilization, but the non-fuel minerals have been the conductors and facilitators of that transformation. There would be no railroads without iron, no steel without manganese, no modern airplanes without aluminum, no electric plants without copper, no jet engines without nickel, and no nuclear bombs without uranium. Certain elements embedded in the earth's crust hold the key to the energy systems of the post-petroleum era.

The universe is fifteen billion years old, and the geological underpinnings of the earth were formed long before the first sea creature slithered out of the slime. As for human history, it is, as the Cornell astronomer Carl Sagan has put it, the equivalent of a few seconds in the life of the earth. It is only in the last six thousand years or so that men have descended into mines to hack and scrape at the earth's crust. However, since 1954 Americans have managed to consume more minerals than the rest of mankind in all previous history—a splurge of a millisecond in geological time which alarms those who keep track of the earth's crust, because it cannot be long continued without using up the finite riches of the earth.

Minerals, of course, are not renewable resources. But the world supply of the most important industrial minerals does seem almost inexhaustible. When, or even whether, we will run out of any particular mineral no one knows. The radius of the planet is four thousand miles; our deepest mines reach no more than two and a half miles into the earth; our deepest wells go only six miles down. We have literally just scratched the surface. The problem for the industrial nations is that they are becoming increasingly dependent upon imported non-fuel minerals, and some of the most essential ores are buried in the earth of their former colonies.

CONFLICTS over minerals arise from two facts of life. One is that ores already discovered are concentrated fortuitously in certain geographical areas—there is a great deal of iron in Minnesota and Brazil, considerable copper in Chile, much lead in Missouri, most of the world's chromite in South Africa, and so on—and these geographical areas are, to a greater or lesser extent, independent political units. The second



"Voilà, gentlemen—le printemps."

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fact is that the consumption of materials in the world is grossly unequal. The average Chilean or citizen of Zaire makes a negligible demand on the world's resource stores, because he is poor. But every man, woman, and child living in the United States requires forty thousand pounds of minerals a year, if the individual's proper share of public roads, buildings, and the like is included along with the family car. (The American automobile industry consumes twenty per cent of the steel and iron castings, sixty-eight per cent of the lead, thirty-three per cent of the zinc, eight to nine per cent of the copper and aluminum, sixty-five per cent of the rubber, and five per cent of the plastics used in the United States.) Americans, who make up five per cent of the world's population, have in recent years been consuming twenty-seven per cent of the world's production of materials. Back in 1940, they gobbled up forty-two per cent of the world's consumable resources, but the rise of reindustrialized postwar Europe, the Soviet Union, China, and the industrializing nations of the Third World is changing the world consumption pattern.

Endowed with huge reserves, more nearly self-sufficient than any other nation except South Africa, the Soviet Union, Canada, Australia, and, possibly, China, the United States is nonetheless critically dependent upon imported minerals. The nation mines just over nineteen per cent of the world's copper. It has one of the world's largest iron reserves. It is the largest producer of phosphates and has the second-largest reserves of zinc. It is one of the world's four largest producers of gold, vanadium, and molybdenum. But it imports ninety per cent of its bauxite and virtually all its chromium, manganese, and cobalt, and all its mica and columbium, which are equally indispensable in modern industry.

At regular intervals, there is a cry of panic that the United States is running out of critical minerals. Generally, people worry about mineral shortages in wartime. During the First World War, twenty-eight critical materials were found to be in short supply, and in 1919 a planning office was set up in the War Department to keep track of them. By the time of the Second World War, the economy had become much more dependent on minerals. Alloys of nickel, vanadium, molybdenum, and zirconium were among those now in common use, as were such non-metallic industrial materials as mica, graphite, talc, and asbestos. During the war, two hundred and ninety-eight items were placed on the short-supply list. In the midst of the Korean War, however, the Paley Commission, known formally as the President's Materials Policy Commission, suggested that, given the increasing rate of consumption of critical minerals, "the United States will find it increasingly worthwhile to turn abroad for more supplies of many basic materials, particularly minerals." By that time, the enormous Mesabi iron deposits, in Minnesota, were almost exhausted, and American industry was also importing nearly eighteen per cent of its copper. During John F. Kennedy's Presidency—years before Americans gave a thought to the oil sheikhs—Professor W. Y. Elliott, of Harvard, who was Henry Kissinger's early mentor, warned in a study for the Office of Emergency Planning of possible mineral "blackmail" by developing nations.

The industrial world as a whole is even more dramatically dependent upon imported resources than the United States is. Japan must bring in from abroad over ninety per cent of its iron ore, copper, and tin, and all its bauxite and nickel. Western Europe imports ninety-six per cent of its tin, ninety-three per cent of its copper, seventy-five per cent of its lead, and eighty-nine per cent of its nickel. In the United States, the annual consumption of metallic ores has multiplied six times since 1900. In 1900, nearly forty per cent of the population still lived on the farm; by 1960, only nine per cent of the people were still on farms, and they, too, were increasing their consumption of industrial metals.

The struggle for minerals is becoming more intense all the time, because fear of scarcity is growing. In "The Future of the World Economy," a 1977 study written for the United Nations, the Nobel Prize economist Wassily Leontief concluded that the world could run out of certain minerals, such as lead and zinc, by the year 2000 unless major new sources were found. He predicted that in the next thirty years the world would use three to four times the total quantity of minerals that it had used throughout human history. The most likely consequence, he concluded, was not that the world would run out before the early part of the next century but that most regions outside the United States would remain

ST. KILDA'S PARLIAMENT: 1879–1979

(THE PHOTOGRAPHER REVISITS HIS PICTURE)

On either side of a rock-paved lane,
Two files of men are standing barefooted,
Bearded, waistcoated, each with a tam-o'-shanter
On his head, and most with a set half-smile
That comes from their companionship with rock,
With soft mists, with rain, with roaring gales,
And from a diet of solan goose and eggs,
A diet of dulse and sloke and sea tangle,
And ignorance of what a pig, a bee, a rat,
Or rabbit looks like, although they remember
The three apples brought here by a traveller
Five years ago, and have discussed them since.
And there are several dogs doing nothing
Who seem contemptuous of my camera,
And a woman who might not believe it
If she were told of the populous mainland.
A man sits on a bank by the door of his house,
Staring out to sea and at a small craft
Bobbing there, and that looks nothing like
A boat whose carpentry was slowly shaped
By a history of these northern waters.
Wise men or simpletons—it is hard to tell—
But in that way they almost look alike
You also see how each is individual,
Proud of his shyness and of his small life
On this outcast of the Hebrides
With his eyes full of weather and seabirds,
Fish, and whatever morsel can be grown here.
Clear, too, is manhood, and how each man looks
Secure in the love of a woman who
Also knows the wisdom of the sun rising,
Of weather in the eyes like landmarks.
Fifty years before depopulation—
Before the boats came at their own request—
It was easy, even then, to imagine
St. Kilda return to its naked self,
Its archeology of hazelraw,
Of footprints stratified beneath the lichen.
See, how simple it all is, these toes
Playfully clutching the edge of a boulder.
It is a remote democracy, where men,
In manacles of place, outstare a sea
That rattles back its manacles of salt,
The moody jailer of the wild Atlantic.
    Traveller, tourist with your mind set on
Romantic Staffas and materials for
Winter conversations, if you should go there,
Landing at sunrise on its difficult shores,
On St. Kilda you will surely hear Gaelic
Sung or spoken like a poetry of ghosts
By those who never were contorted by
Hierarchies of cuisine and literacy.
You need only look at the faces of these men
Standing there like everybody's ancestors,
This flick of time I shuttered on a face.
Look at their sly, assuring mockery.
They are aware of what we are up to
With our internal explorations, our
Designs of affluence and education.
They know us so well, and are not jealous,
Whose be-all and end-all was an eternal
Casual husbandry upon a toehold
Of Europe, which, when failing, was not their fault.
You can see they have already prophesied
A day survivors look across the stern
Of a departing vessel for the last time
At their gannet-shrouded cliffs, and the farewells
Of the St. Kilda mouse and St. Kilda wren
As they lapse towards the eyes of specialists,
Ornithological visitors at the prow
Of a sullenly managed boat from the future.
They pose forever outside their parliament,
Looking at me, as if they have grown from
Affection scattered across my own eyes.
And it is because of this that I, who took
This photograph in a year of many events—
The Zulu massacres, Tchaikovsky's opera—
Return to tell you this, and that after
My many photographs of distressed cities,
My portraits of successive elegance,
Of the emaciated dead, the lost empires,
Exploded fleets, and of the writhing flesh
Of dead civilians and commercial copulations,
That after so much of that larger franchise
It is to this island that I return.
Here I whittle time, like a dry stick,
From sunrise to sunset, among the songs
And sighings of a tongue I cannot speak,
Outside a parliament, looking at them,
As they, too, must always look at me
Looking through my apparatus at them
Looking. Benevolent, or malign? But who,
At this late stage, could tell, or think it worth it?
For I was there, and am, and I forget.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

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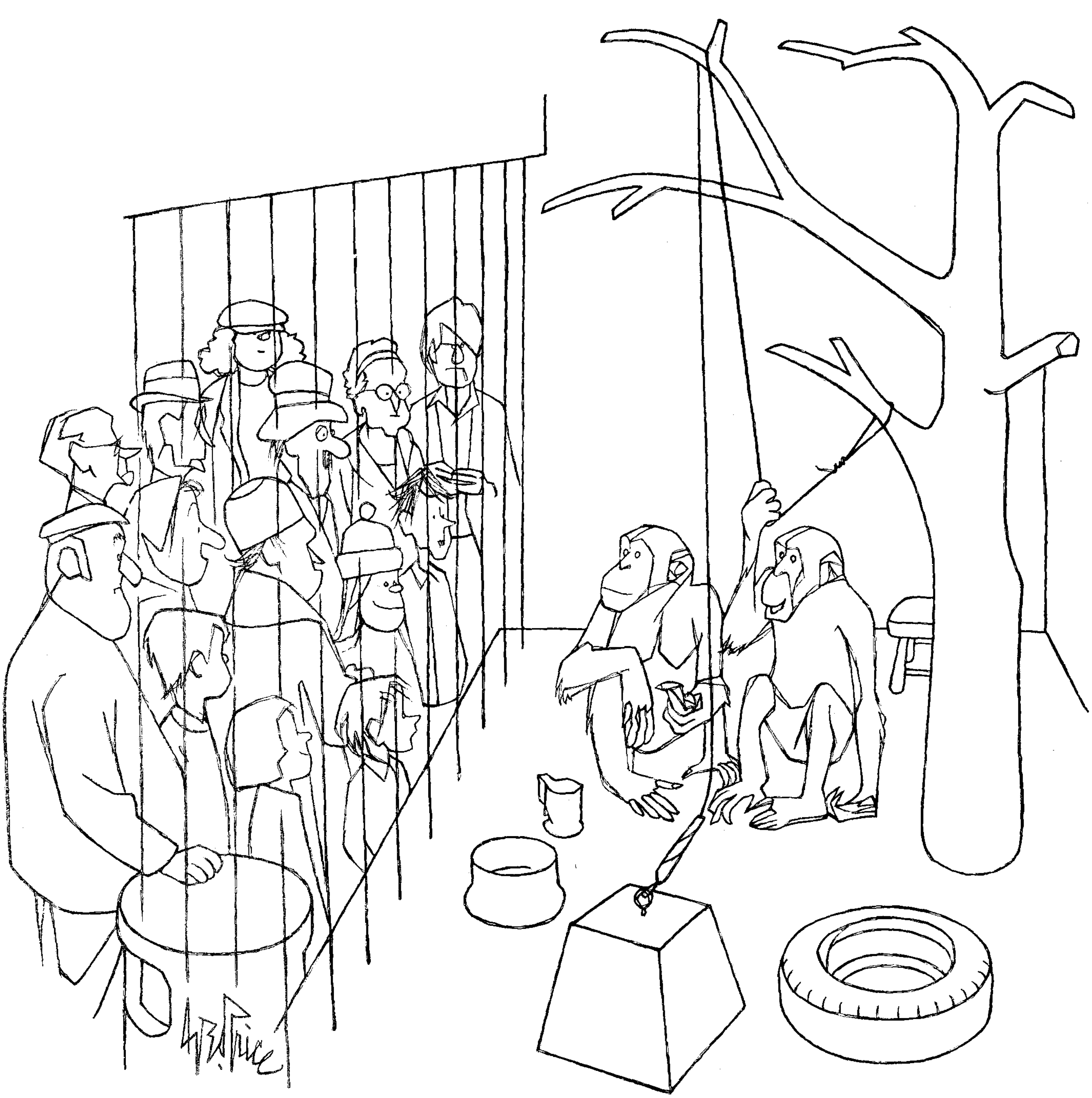
net importers and would face shortages and steeply rising prices. In a Brookings Institution study in 1977, John E. Tilton, a professor of mineral economics at Pennsylvania State University, calculated the life expectancy of current world reserves of critical minerals. Assuming that production will grow at a rate roughly equal to the rate during the first generation after the Second World War, he estimated that world reserves of iron would run out in forty years, bauxite in thirty-three years, mercury in seventeen years, zinc in fifteen years. "At first blush, these findings are disconcerting," Tilton says. But, he argues, the news is not as bad as it appears. Like most mineral specialists, he emphasizes that reserves of important minerals are actually increasing faster than the minerals are being depleted. Not all minerals need be used as extensively as they once were, since many substitutes are now available. New uses can be found for wood—a renewable resource. Materials can be used more efficiently through better processing and recycling. The life of materials already in use can be extended. Much of America's current steel production, for example, goes to replace steel already in use which has rusted or worn out.

In the case of oil, scarcity takes the form of physical depletion: there is not enough oil ready to deliver in time to meet rising demand. For most nonfuel minerals, scarcity is a matter of money: the industrial nations fear that they will lose control of prices. During the greater part of the industrial era, however, minerals have been getting cheaper. In 1952, the Paley Commission issued a study of raw-material prices for the years 1900 to 1950,



"Lots of new faces this year."

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which said that except for timber "real costs of materials production have for some years been declining and this decline has helped our living standards to rise." In 1974, William D. Nordhaus, a professor of economics at Yale, studied the relation of the prices of ten important minerals to the cost of labor from 1900 to 1970 and found that the trend noted by the Paley Commission had continued. "There has been a continuous decline in resource prices for the entire century," he said.

However, capital requirements for mineral exploitation are increasing enormously. Over the next decade, they are predicted to be anywhere from a hundred billion dollars to a trillion dollars. Production costs are steadily rising, because high-grade yields are declining; for example, it now takes twice the ore to produce a pound of copper that it took in 1950. Construction costs for mine sites and processing plants in the United States have skyrocketed. To build a magnesium plant in 1975 cost seventy-five million dollars. A facility to produce a hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of aluminum a year—about half of what the three industry giants produced in 1977—took two hundred and eighty-three million dollars in 1975. A plant to make four million tons of steel a year cost two billion four hundred million dollars in 1975. Environmental problems are enormous. Copper smelters annually emit over a million and a half tons of sulphuric gases and huge amounts of solid wastes. About one-third of the cost of a new copper smelter is for equipment to control fumes and wastes. The steel industry estimated in 1975 that twenty per cent of its total capital expenditures for the year—some nine billion dollars—would go to bring its existing plants into compliance with environmental-protection standards. One way or another, society must pay for all this.

One reason that mineral prices were so low in the boom years of American industrialization is that the true costs

"Think twice before you start anything. Your ego is more fragile than mine."

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of producing and processing the minerals were nowhere reflected. That the non-quantifiable "quality of life" costs were ignored has since become obvious, but the true energy and water costs were not taken into account, either. The heat requirements for removing impurities are significantly increasing as lower-grade ores are mined. To produce a ton of copper requires the equivalent of nearly eighteen barrels of oil. The energy-cost component of aluminum processing is two and a half times as high. The economic costs of fouling air, ruining streams, and polluting the soil often show up only years after the damage is done, and are paid for in a variety of indirect and confusing ways—in hospital bills, in loss of productivity, in compensation to miners. The discovery in the nineteen-sixties of the dangerous effects of emissions from mineral-processing plants created a new tension between environmental protection and corporate growth. Another reason for the artificially low cost of domestically produced minerals in the past was bargain lease arrangements that mining companies worked out with friendly public servants for digging up public lands and Indian territories—the same sort of alchemy that transformed so much of the national wealth in oil and coal into corporate assets. Since the late sixties, however, a new consciousness of such things in the West has made that kind of exploitative arrangement more difficult to achieve. According to a 1975 speech by Jack Carlson, Assistant Secretary for Energy and Minerals in the Department of the Interior, five hundred million acres of federal lands that were once available for mining—about sixty-seven per cent of all federal lands—are now off limits to miners for environmental reasons or because of the claims of Indians and Alaska natives.

THE nation's dependence on foreign minerals, like its dependence on foreign oil, is a consequence of private corporate decisions. The United States government influences private planning in various ways. It has a strategic stockpile of materials, and buys considerable quantities of certain metals at certain times. Its principal role in the metals economy has been to encourage—by tax, military and economic aid, pollution regulation, and other policies—the excavation of the Third World. As a result, some of the most critical elements in the American economy are no longer produced in the United States at all. In 1971, the domestic production of cobalt ceased. Considerable amounts of cobalt can be recovered as a byproduct of lead-zinc or iron production, but because of the peculiar economics of the industry it is cheaper to import cobalt, and so domestic ores are simply wasted. The nation now imports over half of its requirements from the province of Shaba, in Zaire, so, from the point of view of American dependence, Zaire has become the Saudi Arabia of metals.

In terms of the true costs of critical minerals, the national investment in Zaire—the former Belgian Congo—is worth pondering. Almost twenty years of covert operations and military aid have kept a corrupt but coöperative regime in power over the territory from which about fifty-six per cent of the world's cobalt and five and a quarter per cent of the world's copper is extracted. The regime of President Mobutu was put in power in November of 1965, the culmination of a series of covert political and military interventions by outside governments that began in 1960. The Central Intelligence Agency, according to testimony by former agency officials before a Senate committee in 1975, had prepared poison to kill Patrice Lumumba, the nationalist leader, in 1960. Sid Gottlieb, the chief of "technical services" for the agency, testified that he took the deadly potion to Kinshasa, the capital, but it turned out that the agent who was to perform the undercover execution had moral sensibilities that were too finely developed for his job: he was prepared to set up the murder but not to commit it himself. As a result, the circumstances of Lumumba's death are still in doubt. He was apparently beaten to death by a gang of Congolese, but one senior C.I.A. official told a fellow-operative, John Stockwell, that he had had Lumumba's body in the trunk of his car "trying to decide what to do with it." The details of the murder are important, because Lumumba's death has become a symbol all over the continent of the

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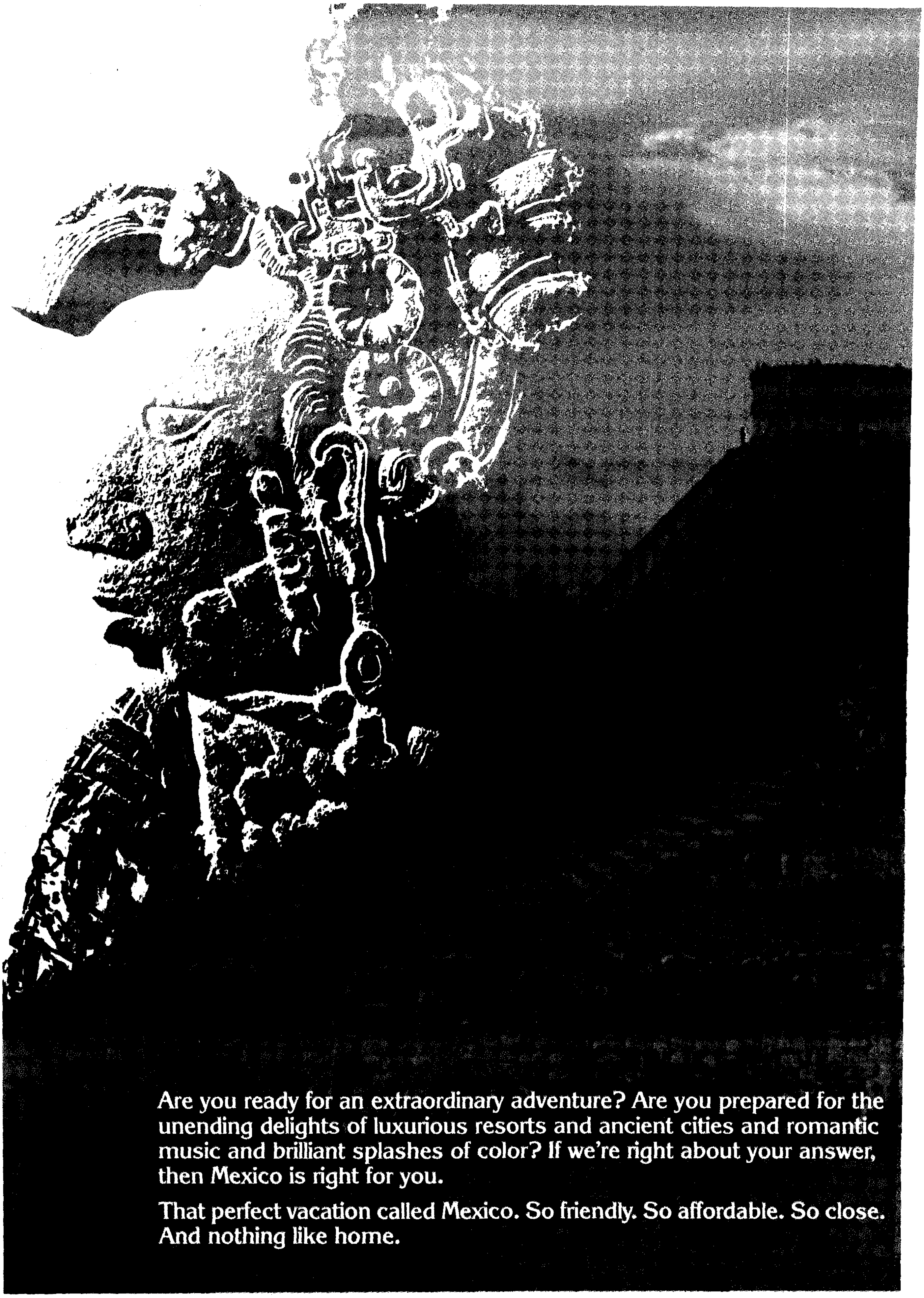

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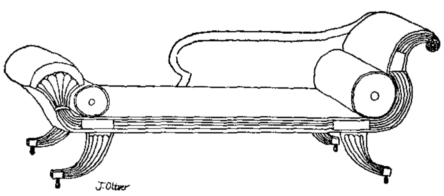
brutal efforts of the industrial powers to hold on.

In 1977, France airlifted Moroccan troops to Shaba to secure the mineral-rich province against an incursion by the F.N.L.C.—the National Front for the Liberation of the Congo. After the French thwarted the incursion, two hundred and fifty thousand refugees, fearing reprisals, fled to Angola to join the F.N.L.C. rebel forces. In 1978, the rebels struck again, this time flooding some mines and driving away the white technicians. French, Belgian, and Moroccan troops flew in to save Mobutu, and again the rebels withdrew. France now has some fourteen thousand soldiers at four permanent bases in Africa. In addition to the Shaba operations, the French have launched military operations in recent years in Mauritania and Morocco, to beat back Algerian-supported rebel attacks in the western Sahara; and in Chad, against a local insurgency supported by Libya's Colonel Muammar Qaddafi.

The economic motives of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization allies for propping up Mobutu with military force are clear. Zaire has a huge external debt, much of it owed to private banks but guaranteed by official agencies, such as the United States' Export-Import Bank. But the problem of maintaining control by military and paramilitary means is much more complicated than is generally realized. In the early nineteen-sixties, it was easy for the C.I.A. to buy the "loyalty" of Congolese politicians by spreading bundles of cash. (At one point, a number of members of the government were on the payroll of the C.I.A.) Such payments, however, while building a temporary enthusiasm for the American way of life, built a culture of corruption as well. Twenty years later, bribery and wholesale theft are so pervasive in Zaire that the country is at a standstill. According to David Lamb, of the Los Angeles *Times*, one of Mobutu's sons, Nywa, has been hoarding American rice that is supposed to be distributed to the poor at a reasonable price, and then selling it to make exorbitant profits. Moreover, a great deal of Zaire's foreign-exchange money never gets into Zaire but is deposited abroad in bank accounts of the Mobutu family and their political cronies. "Steal cleverly" was the admonition that President Mobutu is reported to have delivered to his bureaucrats. The weaker a client regime is at home, the more aid it must receive, and, paradoxically, the less of a puppet it becomes. Dependence upon the United States turns into a weapon to use against the Americans, because undoing commitments is not an easy matter for a great power—particularly when there are no obvious alternatives. There is a long tradition of American diplomats' being bullied or ignored by the most favored recipients of military largesse—Syngman Rhee in South Korea, Nguyen Van Thieu in South Vietnam, the Shah in Iran, to name a few.

In 1967, when Mobutu nationalized the copper mines that had formerly been owned by the Belgian-controlled copper company Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the compensation agreements were exceedingly generous, and Belgians were left in all the key managerial and technical positions. Eighty-five per cent of Zaire's copper is shipped to Antwerp for processing, and twenty-five thousand Belgian jobs depend upon the present copper arrangements. An effort six years later to replace Europeans with Zairians proved abortive, and after three more years the Belgians were welcomed back. Under the so-called Mobutu Plan—it was developed in June of 1978 by the United States, France, West Germany, Belgium, Britain, Japan, and other nations, in collaboration with the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, and the Common Market Commission—Zaire in effect relinquished control over its collapsing economy. In return for nearly a billion dollars in loans, the International Monetary Fund now theoretically runs the Zairian Finance Ministry and the National Bank. It is hoped that these extraordinary measures will moderate the traffic in valises stuffed with money which officials of the government have grown accustomed to taking out of the country.

The military regime in Zaire, brought to power and maintained in power by outside force, demonstrates a kind of shortsightedness in the formulation of policy which prevails in a number of former colonial countries. According to a 1975 World Bank report on Zaire, "about one-third of the rural population suffer from deficiencies in caloric intake; and more seriously, a grave shortage of protein is characteristic of most of the population." Three-quarters of the people are subsistence farmers, earning a per-capita income of twenty-five to fifty dollars a year. The fabulously rich Congo used to be a net food exporter. Now Zaire spends three hundred million dollars a year to import food. The development plan that has been followed has served the interests of the mining companies and the Mobutu family but has been disastrous for the country. About sixty per cent of Zaire's income is derived from copper. A steep decline in copper prices that occurred in 1974 because of a huge buildup in inventories in anticipation of a strike was ruinous, but no effort was made to reduce the country's dependence on the treacherous market for minerals. To protect almost a billion dollars in American private bank loans, official government credits, and investment, the official impulse in Washington has been to back Mobutu up with military power—aid for his army and for military intervention, when necessary, by European and African powers. But a black government that flagrantly ignores the plight of three-quarters of the country and is totally dependent on outside intervention is only slightly more secure than a white minority government would be.



The unhappy coincidence of mineral riches and unstable or repressive regimes also exists in other parts of Africa. A large region that includes the northern Cape Province and northern Transvaal in South Africa and the contiguous area of Zimbabwe has the world's largest concentration of manganese and chromite. Manganese is essential for the production of iron and steel. The United States has no high-grade manganese deposits to mine. South Africa and the Soviet Union have more than one billion six hundred million tons of identified manganese reserves, and South Africa sells the United States about ten per cent of what American industry uses every year. Most of the rest comes from Brazil, Gabon, and Australia. In the production of iron and steel, chromium is almost as critical as manganese. There is no known substitute for chromium in making stainless steel, although in many common industrial uses there are substitutes for steel. Chromium is also used for making steel alloys that resist heat and corrosion; the transportation and construction industries are now dependent on them. The question that will determine the balance of power on the continent of Africa is this: How dependent is the industrial world on the manganese and chromium reserves of South Africa?

In 1827, chromite was discovered in Maryland, and thereafter the United States was briefly the principal world supplier, but domestic production ceased in 1961, because it had become uneconomic. When the Bureau of Mines notes that chromium is "one of the nation's most important strategic and critical materials," it is indulging in understatement. South Africa and Zimbabwe have ninety-seven per cent of the world's identified chromite resources. The Soviet Union is the world's leading producer, but the extent of its reserves is secret.

Nature has been exceptionally bountiful in storing resources under American soil, but the world distribution of chromite provides dramatic evidence of the limits of self-sufficiency. There is a certain irony in the fact that in a recent year the United States imported thirty-six per cent of its chromium requirements from the Soviet Union, its major antagonist; twenty-five per cent from South Africa, the focus of what promises to be the major international political struggle of the nineteen-eighties; six per cent from the Philippines, one of the most defiant violators of human rights; and nine per cent from Turkey, with which the United States has had strained relations since 1974, when the Turks invaded Cyprus.

There are possible alternatives to the huge dependence on South Africa—conservation measures, alternative technologies, increased exploration and mining elsewhere. The problem, as in the case of petroleum, is the transition. According to the National Research Council, a division of the National Academy of Sciences, it would take from five to ten years to adjust to a cutoff of chromium from South Africa. The black African states lack a common minerals policy as well as the technology and the capital to develop their own reserves. They are dependent on South Africa to make their minerals industry work. Thus, Zambia has had to use the South African transport system to ship its copper. Angola sells its diamonds through South Africa's Central Selling Organization. (So does the Soviet Union, because it can get a better price for its diamonds there.)

In addition to chromium and manganese, South Africa (including the territory of Namibia) has about a fifth of the world's uranium supply. The United States and Western Europe have an enormous interest in the incredible riches of South Africa. For example, the British-based multinational corporation Rio Tinto Zinc, in collaboration with its Canadian associate, Algom, and the French government's Total Compagnie Minière et Nucléaire, and others, has been a partner with South Africa in developing the world's richest uranium mine, at Rössing, in Namibia. But there is an ideology of minerals dependence which South Africa uses as a weapon. Just as oil companies have derived power from their exclusive knowledge of oil and natural-gas reserves, enabling them to warn of scarcity or celebrate abundance as their marketing strategies and public relations dictate, so these governments and some of the multinational corporations with investments in South Africa exaggerate the minerals dependence of the industrial world on South Africa. Indeed, Louw Alberts, a vice-president of South Africa's Atomic Energy Board, boasts, "We now have a bargaining position equal to that of an Arab nation with a lot of oil." In "Africa and Western Lifelines," a 1978 article published in the American military journal *Strategic Review*, W. C. J. Van Rensburg, a professor of energy economics at the Rand Afrikaans University, in Johannesburg, argues that the West has no choice but to embrace South Africa, because it cannot do without South Africa's minerals. South Africa, he reminds us, has eighty-six per cent of the world's known platinum reserves, eighty-three per cent of the chromium ore, sixty-four per cent of the vanadium, forty-nine per cent of the gold, and forty-eight per cent of the manganese ore. And South Africa's mineral power is even greater than these figures indicate, because of its hold on the mineral economies of the surrounding black African states. With the exception of the Soviet Union, South Africa is probably the world's most self-sufficient mineral producer. The Soviet Union's increased interest in Africa in recent years, Van Rensburg suggests, is part of a plan to deny the West access to the minerals of southern Africa, for if the source of supply is cut off, the dependence of the United States and Europe on Soviet chromium and Soviet gold will become nearly total.

ABOVE POLITICS
D.F.

These views have dominated official NATO thinking for a decade. Numerous examples of military collaboration between South Africa and NATO countries have come to light during this period, despite rather elaborate efforts to keep them secret. In 1974 and 1975, for instance, the United States supplied South Africa with about a hundred pounds of highly enriched uranium—enough to produce at least five nuclear bombs. Giving in to the protests of the outraged but impotent black states of Africa, it is argued, would expose the West to mortal danger. Eighty per cent of Europe's oil and seventy per cent of its strategic minerals are shipped through the sea-lanes around the Cape of Good Hope. The supertankers heading for America from the Persian Gulf ports use the same routes. A prolonged struggle to control that strategic real estate would cause endless trouble for the American economy, and so would the emergence in power of a more humane but less coöperative regime.

While America's dependence on South Africa is admittedly great, a 1979 study made for the State Department by Robert Dean, a British mining expert, concludes that "the strategic dependence of the West on mineral supplies from South Africa can be lessened" by investing in the mineral economies of the black countries neighboring South Africa, despite the problems of inadequate transportation and a lack of skilled workers. In comparison to the increasing investment that has been pouring into the minerals industry of Zimbabwe and South Africa since the end of the last century, the investment funds going to Mozambique, Zambia, Botswana, Lesotho, and Malawi have thus far been a mere trickle.

How dependent the United States and Europe are on South Africa's minerals, how interested the Soviet Union is in denying these minerals to the West, and how significant the mineral potential of the black states is depend on bits of politicized fact that serve as missiles in the information war. There is no "objective" answer to any of these questions; each issue hangs on the behavior of governments and corporations. If an attempt to reduce America's dependence upon South Africa were seriously undertaken, a higher priority would have to be given to the design of materials-conservation policies and a major investment would have to be made in the development of alternative sources. It is ironic that the United States should have tied its economic health so closely to two of the most anachronistic regimes in the world—South Africa and Saudi Arabia. The more the United States becomes identified with the wrong side in South Africa—morally wrong, and perhaps even politically wrong, because eventually the white minority may lose—the more it will cut itself off from the majority of nations on which it must increasingly depend. If the rate of mineral consumption requires policies that are incompatible with minimum standards for human rights and friendly relations with nonracist regimes, then prudence might dictate retooling our economy rather than fanning the flames of war in southern Africa.

"If you can play hardball, I can play hardball!"

• •

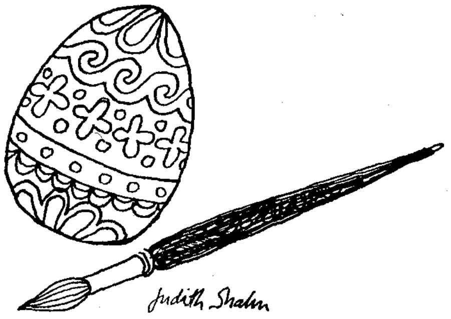
THE nineteenth century ushered in the age of electricity and gasoline. The key mineral facilitators, conductors, and converters of these new energy sources are copper and aluminum. Copper, the crucial metal of the electrical age, has been used by human beings for six thousand years. (Mixed with tin, copper becomes bronze, and in that form it gave its name to an entire civilization.) For more than a hundred years, because it is an extremely effective conductor of electricity, it has been used primarily in motors, dynamos, generators, and wiring. Most of the copper produced outside the socialist world is mined in the United States, Chile, Canada, Zambia, and Zaire, with the United States and Chile by far the biggest producers. In recent years, aluminum has increasingly replaced copper for high-voltage transmission of electricity. Copper is sixty-three per cent better as a conductor than aluminum, but aluminum weighs only half as much and has certain technical and economic advantages. (Aluminum also has huge energy costs. Its commercial production requires an enormous output of electricity—ten to twelve kilowatt-hours for every pound of metal.) Aluminum has changed the face of modern industrial society as dramatically as iron and steel transformed the life of earlier generations. The car, the airplane, and the sophisticated weapon, to name just three growth industries of our time, all depend on aluminum. The most plentiful metal in the earth's crust, it is extracted from a red clay ore called bauxite. Between forty and fifty per cent of the aluminum now produced in the industrial countries comes from the soil of five Caribbean countries—Jamaica, Surinam, Guyana, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. Because the domestic supply is relatively limited, the American aluminum giants import ninety per cent of their bauxite. Half has come from Jamaica.

The marriage of high finance—Morgans, Rothschilds, Schiffs, Bernard Baruch—and the most successful mining entrepreneurs, principally the Guggenheims, in the early years of the century laid the foundation for the minerals oligopolies that control the world market today. The minerals industry lent itself naturally to concentration, because its capital requirements are huge, and also to conglomeration, because a variety of minerals are found in the earth together, and each can support its own division of a mining empire. Thus, the impurities removed from nuggets of gold and lodes of silver became the foundation of industrial-minerals fortunes. Today, the mining, processing, and distribution of each major metal are dominated by a handful of companies, which represent the incorporated legacies of the mining entrepreneurs. The process of merger and takeover is growing dramatically as environmental costs create the need to assemble ever larger amounts of capital.

Because the copper rich and the lords of aluminum had the foresight and the luck to corner two indispensable metals, they have played a crucial role in international politics. In 1976, four companies—Kennecott, Anaconda, Revere, and Phelps Dodge—mined fifty-eight per cent of the copper produced in the United States. About forty per cent of that came from five mines. But the extraordinary growth of the copper companies has come from the control of rich foreign mines. By the middle of the nineteenth century, Chile, which accounted for forty per cent of the world's copper production, had a flourishing copper-export business that was firmly under the control of Chilean capitalists. But the industry collapsed in the eighteen-seventies. In 1890, Daniel Guggenheim secured an extremely favorable concession from the Mexican dictator Porfirio Díaz, and in 1911 he bought Chile's rich Chuquicamata mine, for twenty-five million dollars—ten times what he would have had to pay ten years earlier. By 1920, all the important copper reserves of Chile and Mexico were in the hands of American companies, and the British, the French, and the Belgians had preëmpted the copper of what are now Zambia and Zaire. When the Guggenheims bought Chile's copper, the *Times* predicted that the investment would be "vastly helpful" to the South American republic, but things did not turn out that way. Between 1922 and 1968, the companies invested thirty million dollars and made two billion—almost two-thirds of which was taken out of the country.

For years, the Chilean state welcomed foreign investors and left them alone. Until 1925, the tax it imposed on copper profits was six per cent. In the nineteen-thirties, Chilean copper was all but excluded from the United States, to protect the depressed domestic industry. Then, during the Second World War, as Norman Girvan, a Jamaican economist who has made a detailed study of the Chilean copper industry, points out, Chile was assigned the role of supplying large amounts of cheap copper for the Allied war machine. The copper companies and the American government froze the price at twelve cents a pound, which was below the world price, and Chile—its copper economy totally tied to American needs—lost as much as five hundred million dollars by the forced bargain sales. During the Korean War, the United States needed copper again, and this time Chile was able to negotiate a better agreement. But when the bottom fell out of the copper market after that war, the stage was set for the return of laissez-faire, higher foreign profits, and a reduced tax on those profits. By the nineteen-sixties, the once-prosperous country was almost bankrupt, and Chileans across the political spectrum were opposed to the foreign ownership of the nation's most valuable resource. Even some of the old landowning families demanded that something be done about the copper companies. By the time of the 1970 presidential elections, the candidate of the right, Jorge Alessandri, had conceded that partial nationalization of Chile's copper industry was necessary, while the platforms of both the centrist Christian Democrats and the leftist coalition party Unidad Popular demanded complete nationalization.

The slogan of Unidad Popular, which was headed by Salvador Allende Gossens, was "*Ahora, el cobre es Chileno.*" But the notion that the copper was now Chilean, popular as it was in Chile, mobilized American efforts to prevent Allende's election. When Allende won anyway, and took over the mines almost without compensation—he argued that the companies had already been handsomely paid in repatriated excess profits—American corporations urged the United States government to put pressure on Allende's leftist regime by denying credit, cutting aid, arranging for the withholding of crucial spare parts for industrial machinery, and covertly supporting anti-Allende forces within the country. The companies shared Henry Kissinger's view: "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." Cables between Washington and the United States Embassy in Santiago that came to light in Senate hearings after the coup made it clear that the United States government had followed a "destabilization" policy in Chile along the lines favored by the corporations but on a somewhat more modest scale. C.I.A. money had poured in to support opposition newspapers and radio stations and a six-week truckers' strike. Non-military aid had fallen to a trickle, but three months before the coup military aid, including supersonic jets, had gone to the right-wing Chilean military in a crucial show of support. As Girvan correctly notes, the nationalization of Kennecott and Anaconda properties was not the primary cause of United States intervention in Chile. No one or two companies, however powerful, have that kind of hold on the United States government. Rather, the expropriations were seen as a domino problem, much like the insurgency in Vietnam. If one small country could get away with taking back its mineral wealth, where would it all end? Once the junta had moved into the charred remains of the Presidential palace, it lost little time in settling with the copper companies on favorable terms and announcing that Chile's copper industry would once again welcome foreign investors. Six and a half years later, after a period of brutal despotism—which became a model for Argentina, Uruguay, and other formerly democratic societies—and after rampant inflation, unemployment, the steady impoverishment of the middle class, and abandonment of the poor by the regime, American corporations such as Exxon and Anaconda have taken up the offer and are planning investments of over three billion dollars in the Chilean copper-mining industry.

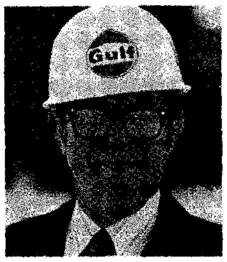


IN the struggle for a new economic order, aluminum ore has become a battleground second only to oil. "Over 40 per cent of the world productive capacity for bauxite, plus over half of the world alumina and aluminum capacity, is operated by six corporate groups, their subsidiaries, or affiliates," the United States Bureau of Mines reported in the 1975 edition of *Mineral Facts & Problems*. Three of the six—Alcoa, Reynolds, and Kaiser—are American companies. A fourth, Alcan, is Canadian. Péchiney is French, and Alusuisse proclaims its national origin in its name. In 1978, the top three American companies produced about sixty-five per cent of all the aluminum manufactured in the United States.

Until the end of the Second World War, Alcoa and its Canadian sister, Alcan, had a total monopoly over the aluminum industry of North America. The monopoly was based on patent rights to the electrolytic production process and on control over bauxite in the United States. After the war, Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum entered the industry with surplus aluminum plants and smelters practically given to them by the government. In their quest for bauxite not yet owned by the monopoly—the bauxite soils of what are now Guyana and Surinam had become Alcoa assets in

"Can [illegible] Gulf people from
Taco[illegible]ght up New York?
We [illegible]ith liquid coal."

"It happened last October," says Gulf Plant Manager J.K. Ward. "During a week of tests, the solvent-refined coal that we made in Tacoma, Washington, helped light up Manhattan.



"It's a lot easier and cheaper to transport liquid coal than the solid, lumpy kind."

"Of course, scores of Gulf people helped create and develop SRCII (that means solvent-refined coal) and the processes we use to make it.

"We're all enthusiastic about the test. SRCII did all we expected. It looks like oil. It pumps like oil. Best of all, it burns as clean as high-grade fuel oil: emissions were well under the new EPA standards. But it's coal, liquefied and with almost all the pollutants left out.

"SRCII is still experimental. Gulf and the U.S. Department of Energy are working on it together to develop a practical alternative to imported crude oil.

"But we know how to make it on a small scale; we know it will burn well. The next step is to find out if SRCII can be produced in large quantities, and produced economically. If this can be done, then liquid coal could be used instead of precious petroleum by utilities, industry and consumers, reducing America's reliance on imported crude oil.

"We've got a few centuries' supply of coal here in the U.S. Some day, instead of helping light up New York, we may be lighting up many of the cities on the East Coast.

"Responsible energy management is a big challenge. Clean-burning liquid coal is one of the ways Gulf is developing energy for tomorrow."

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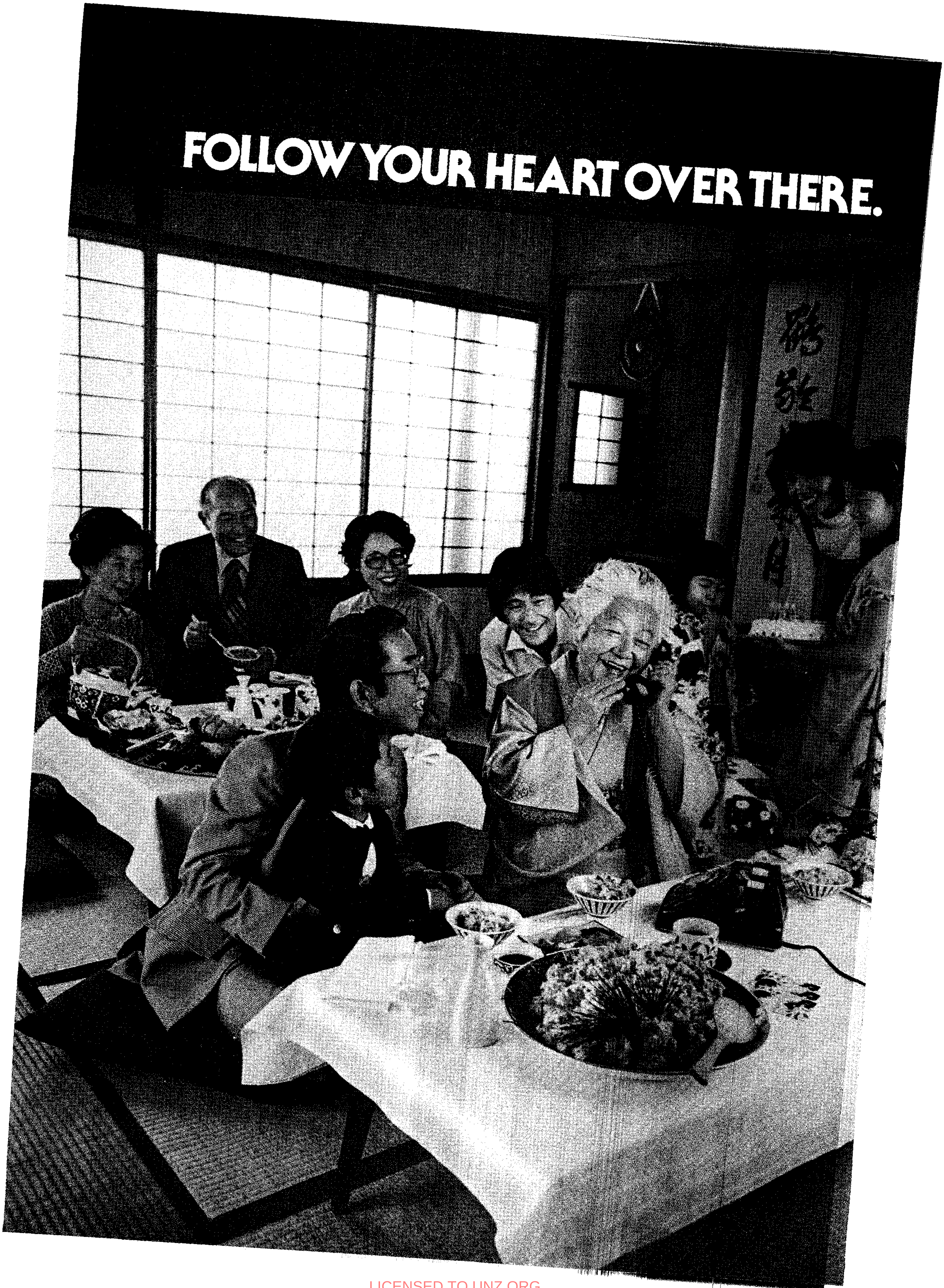
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ifu	582	Niigata	252
amamatsu	534	Nishinomiya	798
imeji	792	Okayama	862
iroshima	822	Osaka	6
waki Tomioka	2402	Sakai (Osaka)	722
agoshima	992	Sapporo	11
anazawa	762	Sendai (Miyagi)	222
awasaki Buzen	9477	Shizukawa	22646
awasaki	44	Tokyo	3
itakyushu	93	Toyonaka (Osaka)	6
obe	78	Toyonaka (Sanuki)	87562
umamoto	963	Yokohama	45
urashiki	864	Yokosuka	562

Bell System

the 1912-25 period—the newcomers happened upon huge deposits in Jamaica. By the mid-nineteen-sixties, Alcoa, Reynolds, Kaiser, Anaconda, Revere, and Alcan had acquired about thirteen per cent of the island—two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of bauxite-rich land. In his 1976 book "Corporate Imperialism: Conflict and Expropriation," Norman Girvan, noting that unemployment in these Caribbean nations runs as high as thirty per cent and that weekly earnings average ten dollars at most, gives an account of the relationship between the companies and these Caribbean countries:

> The Caribbean bauxite industry is a classic case of economic imperialism. It is entirely owned and operated by a small number of vertically integrated North American transnational aluminum companies (except in Guyana, and then only since 1971). These companies also control the bulk of world production and reserves of bauxite and they dominate the world aluminum market. Capital and technology for the Caribbean bauxite industry come from the transnational aluminum companies. There is no "market" for its output other than the plants of the companies. Prices are fixed by the companies according to their convenience. Levels of production and the rates of investment and expansion are matters of company policy, determined by the global economics of the transnational firm. Only a part of the value of the industry's "sales" actually accrue to the Caribbean economies; and only an infinitesimal fraction of the value of the end products flows back to Caribbean people. . . . Thus, the Caribbean bauxite industry is entirely subject to the needs, policies, and authority of corporate monopoly capital based in North America. . . . Bauxite valued at $50, say, yields aluminum products that can be sold for anything up to $2,000. Evidently, the crucial activities in the generation of value and of industrial external economies are the processes of reducing aluminum from alumina and transforming the primary metal into semifabricated products used by manufacturers. But the Caribbean countries, in spite of their possession of some of the world's largest bauxite deposits, have been confined to the simple low-value activities, and particularly to the extraction of the bauxite ore and to that alone.

In 1971, Guyana began nationalizing its bauxite deposits, and in March of 1974, in the midst of the oil embargo, Jamaica took the lead in forming the International Bauxite Association, which included the major world suppliers—Australia, Guinea, Guyana, and Surinam. By then, Jamaica had come to realize that the aluminum companies were engaged in transfer pricing; that is, the monopolies were doing most of their selling to themselves, since they were vertically integrated companies. By the alchemy of the accountant's art, they could arrange to show virtually no profit on processing plants they had established in Jamaica. In 1972, the Prime Minister of Jamaica, Michael Manley, reported that three and a half million tons of bauxite processed into alumina in Jamaica yielded taxes of a million dollars but would have netted nine million in taxes if it had been exported without processing. The government raised its taxes on the North American aluminum companies, adopting a formula that tied the tax to the price of finished aluminum rather than to the price of the tons of bauxite mined. The effect was to restrict the exclusive power of the companies to decide what Jamaica should get for its own soil, and to raise the revenue for the Jamaican government sevenfold. Most of the major bauxite producers, with the notable exception of Australia, followed suit. Through agreements with the multinationals, the Jamaican government also acquired a majority interest in the local subsidiaries of the giant aluminum companies that control the world market.

The transformation of the bauxite industry had begun. Higher taxes throughout the Caribbean—the tax in Haiti rose to eleven dollars a ton from a dollar eighty-eight—increased the participation of the state in production and processing, and greater coöperation among the Caribbean governments began to occur. In May and June of 1974, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, and Guyana announced plans for two jointly owned aluminum smelters, one to be built in Trinidad and Tobago, the other to be built in Guyana. Unlike the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, however, the International Bauxite Association did not become an effective cartel, for a number of reasons, chief among them the fact that Australia, with larger reserves than the Caribbean producers, had close political ties with the United States and little interest in confronting the aluminum oligopolies. As the price of bauxite rises, the economics of producing aluminum from lower-quality clays becomes attractive. In 1974, Alcoa and Péchiney commissioned the construction of a clay-based aluminum plant in Marseilles. In the years since the bauxite industry changed, Jamaica has fallen on hard times. The companies have gone elsewhere. The world market price has fallen. The country has been squeezed by private banks and the International Monetary Fund and has had to institute severe austerity measures to satisfy its creditors.

In 1974 and 1975, more than a

dozen Third World countries nationalized copper, tin, bauxite, and iron mines. Simply by signing his name, the President of Venezuela took over from multinational corporations iron mines that supply ores equal to thirty per cent of the annual American imports. But the Jamaican experience illustrates how limited is the power over the world minerals economy which individual Third World nations can exercise by nationalizing mines and how difficult it is to create cartels for commodities other than oil. In 1974-75, CIPEC—the Intergovernmental Council of Copper Exporting Countries (Chile, Peru, Zambia, and Zaire)—tried to raise copper prices in the manner of OPEC, by agreeing to cut world exports by twenty per cent over a six-month period. The plan failed totally. In 1974, copper prices rose briefly to a historic high and then plummeted, falling from a dollar and forty cents a pound to fifty-four cents in eighteen months. In 1976, prices were slightly lower than the average price for the preceding twenty years figured in 1975 constant dollars. Currently, however, like that of other metals, the price of copper has climbed to around a dollar a pound.

TWO fundamental policy issues are raised by the peculiarities of metals pricing. One has to do with assuring long-term supply. The situation is not so different from the situation in regard to oil. The oil companies bear a great responsibility for the energy crisis, not only because of recent activities—withholding supplies, cutting refinery production, diverting oil from American consumers to the spot market—but, more important, because of crucial decisions made a generation or more ago. The decision to exploit cheap Middle East oil instead of developing alternative-energy sources in the United States was one of the most fateful policy choices of the century. It was made in private, but the consequences are public. So it has been with non-fuel minerals. In recent years, it has been uneconomic to extract copper from most domestic mines. Environmental-protection costs alone run ten cents a pound for copper, and, what with these and labor and other production expenses, the cost per pound for a while exceeded the world market price. Even though the price has risen dramatically, it may not be enough to produce profits of the kind that the copper companies expect. Companies have cut production. Because of long lead times and heavy capital requirements, it is not easy to start up again. Jack E. Thompson, the president of the Newmont Mining Corporation, which finances mining and oil exploration, predicts that "unless we get some help from the government, in the early eighties this excess of copper will turn into a great shortage, and this will put prices up." It is evident that the so-called free market cannot assure adequate supplies. The question, then, is not whether more explicit planning is needed to manage the flow of scarce resources but who should do it and for whose benefit.

The other policy issue has to do with social justice. Mining is inevitably rapacious. In the name of "progress," the earth is assaulted, and hidden treasure is carted away, never to be replaced. The sharing of the fruits of "progress" is an issue that arouses strong political passions. People in the Third World feel more deeply about losing their mineral legacy to foreign control than about losing their sugar or their beaches. The human exploitation that necessarily goes with exploiting minerals is staggering. Miners are always being sacrificed for higher social purposes. Federal officials have determined that the twenty-five thousand American workers who process beryllium—a critical component in the aerospace and nuclear industries—are all potentially exposed to increased risk of cancer. Yet in 1978 Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger tried to prevent the Occupational Safety and Health Administration from enacting stricter regulations to protect the workers, because such protection would "adversely affect national security." There are only two beryllium producers in the United States, and during hearings on the beryllium-exposure standard in the summer of 1977 they both said they might have to go out of production if the workers' exposure to the metal is reduced from two micrograms in a cubic metre of air to one microgram.

Questions of social justice arise in connection with the distribution of rewards as well as risks. The aluminum industry grew to fantastic size in the United States with the aid of cheap, federally subsidized power. The artificial cheapness of aluminum caused the electrical and packaging industries to switch from copper and steel. The steel industry is currently depressed, and workers are laid off. In one form or another, the bill is being picked up by taxpayers. The country has become heavily dependent upon a metal, aluminum, that is a devourer of electricity, and power rates are no longer low. It was another momentous planning decision made by people we never knew.

Now a further planning decision with respect to aluminum is being implemented. Smelting and refining are shifting to Third World countries. "The cheaper power overseas will offset the cost of transporting the metal to the United States," John Stamper, a physical scientist in the Division of Nonferrous Metals of the Bureau of Mines, explains. The Export-Import Bank has given preliminary approval of a large loan to finance a vertically integrated aluminum industry in Zaire to be owned by Reynolds. Kaiser owns a smelter in Ghana financed by the Export-Import Bank and the American Agency for International Development. For the power, which comes from the Volta Dam, the Ghanaian government charges one of the lowest electrical rates in the world. This dam, financed by the World Bank and American aid agencies, directs seventy per cent of its capacity to the smelter. Ghana produces bauxite, but Kaiser and Reynolds bring in bauxite from the Caribbean. The smelter is a huge, capital-intensive project employing only seven-tenths of one per cent of Ghana's labor force.

Underdeveloped countries have great needs for power. They are more lavishly endowed with petroleum and hydroelectric reserves than the industrial world. There is a world petroleum shortage, but no shortage in China, Mexico, Nigeria, or, of course, the Middle East. If these resources are preëmpted by multinationals to keep extravagant civilizations consuming at exponential rates, the possibility of rescuing a billion or more people from the grip of hunger may be lost.

Until recently, almost no one we could hear questioned the right of developed countries to bend, burn, or melt as much of the earth's crust as they could take. It was assumed to be the destiny of minerals lying within the borders of primitive peoples to supply the industrialized West. In return, a trickle of industrial goods and some enlightenment would flow to the darker regions of the earth. In such a division of labor, which was established more than four hundred years ago, in the age of European exploration and colonization, rich and poor, it was thought, would grow rich together. In the last fifty years or so, however, a huge change in consciousness has occurred. Imperialism, proclaimed first as a divine right and then as a political achievement, is now seen in a different light; the word has become an epithet. The demand for a more equitable sharing of resources grew increasingly insistent as colonial armies departed, white settlers fled, and collections of tribes and villages around the world set themselves up as nations. The "new nations," as they called themselves, became a majority in the United Nations. The demand for "a new international economic order" was put on the world agenda. Third World statesmen now regularly call for an end to the "bleeding and looting" of their natural resources. Non-renewable resources are, by definition, things that can be lost forever. If they are taken without fair value, to that extent they have been stolen. But what is fair value? And who is to decide?

The prevailing view in the industrial nations is that the market dispenses justice—supply and demand set prices. This notion is a comfortable one, because the market, after all, has treated the consumers of minerals well. But the market in the mineral-resources world is a metaphysical construction. Market sharing, price fixing, speculation, monopolization, manipulation of credit, and, sometimes, military power set the terms under which the Third World is relieved of its minerals. Visible hands with guns, money, and a tight hold on the world distribution system determine the minerals economy while Adam Smith's "invisible hand" still provides the ideological music.

The north-south trade, in which minerals play a significant role, is producing a redistribution of wealth which favors the rich. According to Jan Tinbergen, the Dutch Nobel laureate in economic science, ten per cent of mankind now consumes twenty-five times as much as the remaining ninety per cent. Because manufactured goods are rising in price much faster than minerals (which in many cases are actually declining in real terms), the gap

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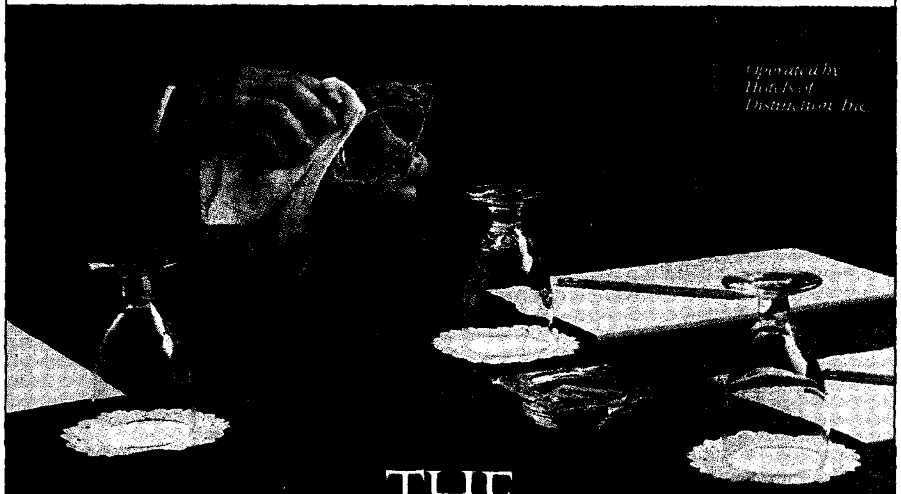

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steadily widens. In a speech at Howard University, Julius K. Nyerere, the President of Tanzania, illustrated the point with sisal, an agricultural product: "In 1965, I could buy a tractor by selling 17.25 tons of sisal. The price of the same model in 1972 needed 42 tons of sisal." Neville Kanakaratne, the former Ambassador to the United States from Sri Lanka, has made the same point with respect to rubber. In a speech in Washington, he noted that in 1960 twenty-five tons of rubber would buy six tractors; fifteen years later, it would buy only two. Identical calculations could be done for most minerals. For this reason, one demand that the Third World countries have been making is for "indexation"—some formula for tying the price of natural commodities to that of manufactured goods.

The response within the developed world varies in tone and degree. In general, Europeans have been somewhat more flexible than the United States in responding to the demand for a new international economic order. The Lomé Convention of 1976, a five-year aid and trade agreement between the nine European Community members and a group of fifty-seven African, Caribbean, and Pacific states, made more concessions to the resource producers than the United States has yet been willing to make. But in comparison with what the poor countries are asking, or with what would be needed to reverse current trends, the reforms of the international system to date have been marginal.

The Third World demands fall into three main categories. First, these nations want some machinery to be set up which would stabilize the prices of minerals and other commodities—a "common fund," for instance, to support mineral prices when they fall. Second, they want their own manufactured goods to have preferred access to the markets of the developed countries. Third, they want financial aid, primarily in the form of debt relief and the extension of new credit on favorable terms. Within the industrial world, there is strong resistance to all three demands. Indeed, things are moving in the opposite direction, for the industrial countries, facing tougher competition among themselves for their primary exports, are in no mood to welcome large quantities of cheap goods from the Third World, even when the goods are manufactured there by their own multinational corporations. They are tightening, not loosening, the terms of credit. And as oil prices rise further the

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industrial countries will more fiercely resist efforts to raise the prices of other minerals. Ironically, the pall of recession over the world economy tends to moderate militant Third World rhetoric and to discourage dramatic public confrontations even as it aggravates the systemic problems that gave rise to the demands in the first place.

THE more one looks at the five resource systems—food, water, human energy, non-human energy, and non-fuel minerals—that undergird our civilization, the more forcibly one is struck by their mysterious connections. Energy is the currency with which we pay for the others. Agriculture is the world's largest solar-energy system—a way of converting the sun's rays into animal energy. It is also the vehicle for introducing metals into the human body in infinitesimal amounts. Without such trace elements ingested in food, human beings would wither and die. It has long been known that iron, magnesium, molybdenum, and copper atoms play a crucial role as activators of vital enzyme reactions in the human body. More recently, it has become clear that inadequate traces of zinc and other metals cause stunted growth, sexual underdevelopment, and liver disease. To grow food takes truly astounding quantities of water. The food system stands squarely in the center of the resource chain that supports life and civilization. Throughout history, there have always been famines.

Every day, the world produces two pounds of grain for every man, woman, and child. That is sufficient to provide three thousand calories a day for everyone, even without the enormous quantities of meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits that are also produced. (Twenty-seven hundred calories, according to the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council, is what a moderately active adult male should eat.) The fact that people are hungry is due less to insufficient food production than to maldistribution. Most people who are forced to stop eating do so not because there is insufficient food grown in the world but because they no longer grow it themselves and do not have the money to buy it.

What would a photograph of the present world food-production and distribution system look like? There would appear half a billion people who are malnourished. Over half of them are children under five. Eighty-three million of them live in Africa, three hundred million in the Far East, forty-six million in Latin America, and twenty million in the Near East, and twenty-eight million are scattered through what we call "the developed regions." Of course, the numbers change from day to day. These figures were put together by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization in the early seventies. Since that time, acute starvation in sub-Saharan Africa has eased, but in Ethiopia, Cambodia, and parts of Latin America it has increased. Of the world population of four billion five hundred million, about one billion three hundred million are chronically undernourished. In 1985, the situation will be much worse. Because of expected population increases, there may be a need for forty-four per cent more food in the world than was needed in 1970. Over seventy per cent of that additional needed food will have to go to the poor in underdeveloped countries to avoid mass starvation of unimaginable dimensions. According to some estimates, the developing countries will need to produce during the next twenty-five years an additional six hundred million tons of cereals over and above their current production of about four hundred million tons. This would require annual production increases of four per cent, but in recent years the increases have averaged no more than two and a half per cent.

This goal is probably unreachable under present conditions, and therefore developing countries will have to import somewhere between ninety-four million and a hundred and eight million metric tons. Two-thirds of the seriously food-deficient countries have annual per-capita incomes of less than two hundred dollars and lack the foreign exchange for these huge grain imports. To maintain the 1970 import level (eighteen million tons), many poor countries have already mortgaged themselves. According to an estimate made by the World Bank, if present trends continue even Mexico, with its oil wealth, will be using the bulk of its foreign-exchange earnings from petroleum to pay for imported food in 1985. Only two Third World countries—Argentina and Thailand—are now net exporters of grain, but Brazil and Pakistan are expected to join that select company by 1985.

The newcomers to the age of hamburger and steak—Japan and Western Europe—are devoting increasing amounts of grain to finishing off beef. (It takes six and a half pounds of grain to produce one pound of beef.) The industrial countries are therefore be-

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coming more dependent on the international grain market, and by 1985 the grain deficit in the industrial world may double. Global grain reserves that once provided something of a cushion in times of famine were largely wiped out as a result of the poor harvests of the early nineteen-seventies, which themselves were a result of bad weather. By the end of the decade, these reserves were being built up again, but lean years follow fat years with such regularity that the reserves offer no long-term security for food-importing countries. Increasingly, the world food system is being integrated into the international industrial economy, and agriculture will soon become another product line created by the global factory. In quite specific ways, this internationalization of food production and distribution is aggravating world hunger. Modernization and development are the official goals of the élite in every poor country. As these goals are conventionally understood, they are strategies for replicating the economic history of the industrial world by shifting local economies from agriculture to industry and commerce. More and more of the world's food is passing into international commerce, and fewer and fewer farmers are producing for larger and larger numbers of eaters. Around the world, food self-sufficiency is declining. People who used to grow food for themselves and their families no longer can. At least fifteen of the poorest countries in the world, because their land has acquired value for growing export crops, devote more acres to those crops than to fruits and vegetables that could feed their own hungry people. Only twelve per cent of the world's food is exported, but because of declining self-sufficiency in industrial and underdeveloped countries alike the international food-distribution system now plays a critical role. This is a major new development of the postwar world.

The United States produces more than a quarter of the world's grain. It currently exports forty-four per cent of all the wheat in international trade and sixty-three per cent of all the corn. Canada comes next, exporting twelve per cent of the world grain exports. In good harvest years, the Soviet Union, which produces about one-fifth of all the world's grain, exports grain, and so does India, but only the United States, Canada, Argentina, Australia, and New Zealand regularly export more than they import. Canada, like the Soviet Union, has a short growing season and so must make use of marginal land. The power of the United States over the world food-distribution system is unrivalled by any other nation. The basis of American food power is the extraordinary fact that the richest industrial countries in the world and also some of the poorest countries are heavily dependent on agricultural imports to supply the proteins and calories needed by their populations.

In the mid-nineteen-sixties, Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, West Germany, and Norway were growing only between a third and a half of what their people ate, and Japan was importing eighty-three per cent of its domestic food requirements. In the nineteen-seventies, Britain, West Germany, Belgium, Norway, and Japan, along with Libya, spent more per person on imported food than any other countries. Nevertheless, it is for poor countries such as Chile, Lebanon, and Trinidad and Tobago that the dependence on imported food is a huge burden, which exhausts meagre foreign-exchange reserves. For India and Bangladesh, the degree of dependence is completely determined by their own harvest. On a world scale, neither nation ranks as a major importer of agricultural products, but in a bad year emergency imports—which are badly distributed—mean the difference between life and death for hundreds of thousands of people.

With subsistence agriculture declining everywhere, more and more countries lose the ability to feed themselves and become dependent upon the international grain traffic. For many years, that traffic has been dominated by five family grain corporations. Four of them trace their origins to the nineteenth century. The Continental Grain Company is the legacy of a grain business started by Simon Fribourg in Arlon, Belgium, in 1813. Now a multinational, with world headquarters in New York City, it is still run by the Fribourgs, and is believed to be one of the two largest privately held companies in the United States. Leopold Louis-Dreyfus, an Alsatian grain trader, founded the huge Paris-based firm that bears his name (and that Pierre Louis-Dreyfus now runs) by taking over much of the Russian grain trade in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. The Bunge family of Antwerp established a trading monopoly over Argentine grain. A century ago, Georges André, from headquarters in Nyon,

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Switzerland, began what has become a global grocery store and multinational bank. The fifth corporation was created by Will Cargill, a Wisconsin farm boy who in the second half of the nineteenth century built and bought up grain elevators; today, Cargill Incorporated, of Minneapolis, is the biggest grain empire of them all.

The international grain trade, as Dan Morgan, of the Washington *Post*, has shown in his pioneering 1979 book "Merchants of Grain," is even more intensely concentrated than the international oil business. (Although the Seven Sisters of oil may be better known than the five companies that dominate the grain industry, they do not exercise the same degree of control over their market.) Cargill's annual sales exceed those of Sears, Roebuck, and its profits in the bonanza years 1974 and 1975 exceeded those of Goodyear Tire & Rubber. In 1976, North Dakota's Commissioner of Agriculture, Myron Just, described the power of the grain companies before the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations:

> The pyramid of power, as I see it, is 30,000 North Dakota farmers selling through about 500 grain elevators in North Dakota, farmer-owned but discreetly Minneapolis-run in my estimation, into one grain exchange which in turn sells mostly to six large exporters. So, you know, the grain moves in that direction. And, the marketing power and marketing information really concentrates as it moves on up. You could say that we really have 2½ million farmers that feed into this thing and that the power really becomes concentrated at the top.

By and large, grain companies do not grow grain. They buy it. The risk remains with the farmer. Because they are virtually the only buyers of grain for large international shipments, the five corporations of grain effectively set the prices. Their power is derived from control over the entire process of growing, transporting, milling, and consuming grain. Continental has mills in Guadeloupe, Ecuador, and Puerto Rico, and has a contract to run the state-owned flour mill of the military regime in the Congo, at Brazzaville. Cargill owns or leases several hundred grain elevators and runs hundred-car shuttle trains for grain to various parts of the United States. According to Dan Morgan, Cargill and Continental control "about half of all the grain storage space in the sixty-seven elevators at American ports."

Between 1955 and 1965, Cargill quadrupled its exports of American grain and more than doubled its assets. As the dollars accumulated abroad and the balance of payments worsened, the United States government began to subsidize the grain trade, so that American wheat could be sold at a discount from world prices. The Department of Agriculture, in coöperation with the companies, became an aggressive merchant of soybeans and wheat. The Food for Peace program, a plan for distributing surplus grain to the hungry, was the instrument. "Once we get into this market with our soybeans, no one can get us out," Charalambos Stephanides, an American agricultural attaché for "market development" in Iran, wrote his superiors at the Department of Agriculture in the late sixties. In the Congo, another American agricultural attaché was noting that bread was "winning against chilwanga [manioc] at breakfast," because it had been "the staple diet of the colonial masters and was adopted by the élite," and said, "Because of the effect of imitation, bread consumption identifies with progress and modernity for the masses." Thus it happened that the internationalization of the grain trade made possible the exercise of food power by companies and countries.

POLITICAL power still comes out of guns, but the relationship between guns and power is shakier than it once was. In a time when oil-producing countries that do not grow enough food to feed their populations can humble the most advanced industrial nations of the world, "No crude, no food!" becomes an obvious battle-cry. The United States has controlled about thirty-five per cent of world wheat exports over the last generation. Only about twenty per cent of world production is exported, but when "food deficits" are critical the power represented by these wheat stocks becomes considerable. How has this power been used? When OPEC imposed its embargo in 1973, American officials immediately talked of "food power" as a response to the new "oil power." Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz said publicly that the threat of food deprivation ought to be used as a "diplomatic weapon," and Henry Kissinger ordered a study of the food vulnerability of various countries. In August of 1974, the C.I.A. made a study called "Potential Implications of Trends in World Population, Food Production, and Climate." Agency analysts noted that the world's increasing dependence upon American grain reserves "portends an increase in U.S. power and influence, especially vis-à-vis the poor, food-deficit countries." It was quite possible, the study said, that through food power "the United States might

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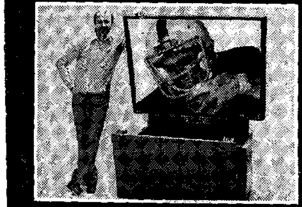

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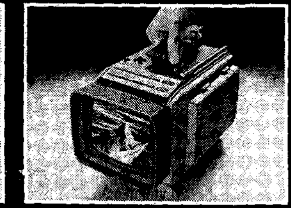

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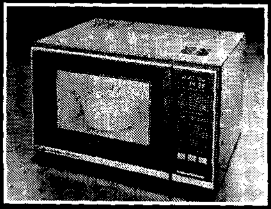

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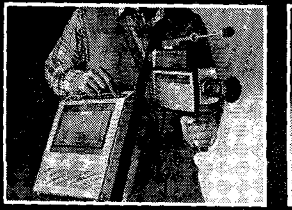

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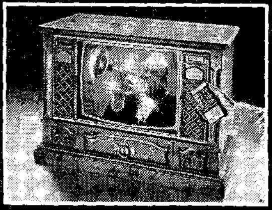

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regain the primacy in world affairs it held in the immediate post-World War II era."

The increasing food dependency of many countries on a few countries is a reality of the contemporary world. Only the United States, Canada, France, Argentina, and Australia have wheat surpluses year in and year out, and the United States has by far the most wheat to export or to withhold. Except for Brazil, which is increasing its export crop, all the soybeans for export come from the United States. The United States dominates the rice trade and has the biggest corn surpluses. The nation thus has a role in the international food economy which dwarfs Saudi Arabia's role in the international oil economy. The United States supplies five and a half million of the seven million six hundred thousand tons of corn that Japan uses, virtually all of East Germany's corn, and almost eighty per cent of Venezuela's wheat, almost half of Brazil's, over half of Israel's, and virtually all of South Korea's.

The United States has used its food power as a diplomatic weapon on several occasions, but without spectacular success. In 1975, Kissinger tried to use the threat of an embargo on grain to the Soviet Union to persuade the Russians to sell oil to the United States at a ten-per-cent discount from the OPEC price, but the Russians regarded the proposal as extortion and said no. The stay that the Ford Administration imposed on grain sales to the Soviet Union in August of 1975 was supposed to set the stage for tough bargaining on the grain-for-oil deal, but it backfired, because it alienated the farmers; in fact, the clumsy attempt to use food power may well have cost President Ford the 1976 election, for it is doubtful whether he would have picked a relatively unknown farm-belt senator as his Vice-Presidential running mate—a distinct liability in the rest of the country—if the farmers hadn't been so upset by the Administration's interference in the grain trade.

The United States imposed a trade embargo on China in 1950, but in the early nineteen-sixties, when the People's Republic needed to import grain, there was a world surplus, and Canada and Australia were happy to supply several million tons. In 1962, President Kennedy called for a total trade embargo on Cuba to overturn Castro's revolution, but the Canadians kept selling grain to Cuba anyway. Perhaps the most successful application of food power was against the Allende government in Chile, because Chile was especially dependent upon food imports. To carry out Kissinger's "destabilization" policy, American food credits for Chile were cut off. Credit sales of American wheat to Chile had been as high as two hundred thousand tons a year. The cutoff of credit from most international organizations compounded the problem for Allende. Though domestic food production increased slightly in 1970-71, the subsequent stranglehold on wheat imports helped to generate the political crisis in Chile that led to Allende's downfall. Within a month of the military coup of September 11, 1973, food credits resumed, and over the next year more than seven hundred thousand tons of wheat went to Chile. Ordinarily, food power is used more subtly. The American rapprochement with Egypt in 1974 was proclaimed along with a pledge of a hundred thousand tons of wheat to President Sadat, whose political survival was being threatened by a food crisis. By 1978, Egypt was the largest recipient of P.L. 480—that is, Food for Peace—assistance, receiving more than a million tons of wheat a year at subsidized prices.

Rice, too, has been used as a diplomatic weapon. The embargo on food shipments to Cuba in the early nineteen-sixties hurt the Louisiana and Arkansas rice industry. The government thereupon began to buy large amounts of rice under the P.L. 480 program and stockpile it, and in 1971 it exchanged a hundred and seventy-five million dollars' worth of government-surplus rice for a promise by South Korea to reduce its textile exports to the United States. Thus, P.L. 480 rice played a double role in Richard Nixon's 1972 "Southern strategy": it was used to subsidize the rice farmers of Louisiana and Arkansas and to protect the dressmakers of South Carolina. By 1974, almost the entire P.L. 480 rice program was being used to feed Vietnam and Cambodia—the last aid in support of the war that Congress was then prepared to cut off.

Since the Second World War, relief programs, Marshall Plan aid, and the Food for Peace program have financed a significant portion of America's agricultural exports. This was especially true in the early postwar period, when federal funds "financed over 60 per cent of total U.S. agricultural exports,"

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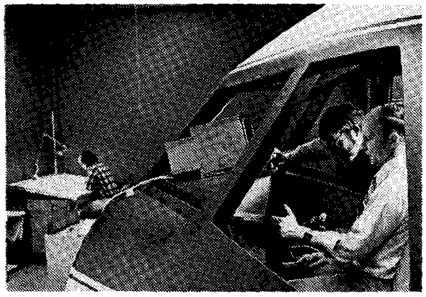

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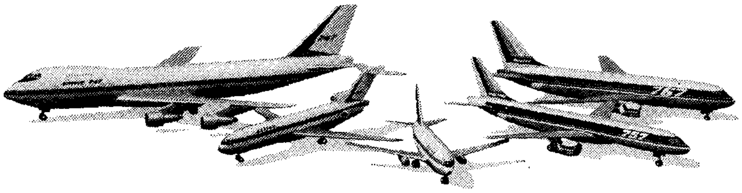

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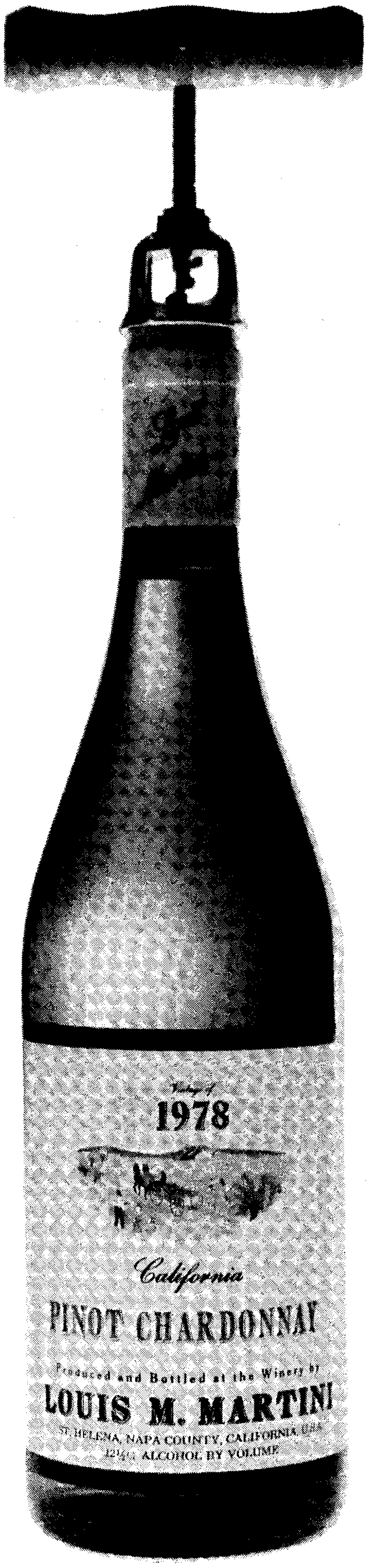
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according to a congressional study on "Use of U.S. Food Resources for Diplomatic Purposes." The P.L. 480 program was designed, in the words of the enabling legislation, "to develop new markets for American farm products, to dispose of surplus U.S. agricultural commodities, to combat hunger and malnutrition, to encourage economic development in developing countries, and to promote the foreign policy of the United States."

Of course, countries that have become heavily dependent on American food aid are also quite vulnerable to the threat of a cutoff. In 1966, for example, India, which had been receiving food aid for years, was warned that such aid would be curtailed unless serious efforts to increase the production of food and limit population growth were introduced. "This use of food power," a Congressional Research Service study concludes, "appeared to convince the Indian leadership of the necessity to redirect the resources of that country toward activities leading to increased food production and improved storage."

The major political effect of food aid has been to create long-term dependency. The introduction of cheap surplus American wheat has changed dietary habits around the world and created popular expectations that local governments must fulfill from the private grain market once the government surpluses are exhausted. (Diet creates dependency in curious ways. Thus, French "soft" wheat dominates the market in the former French colonies, where the *mission civilisatrice* succeeded in leaving a legacy of croissants and brioches. American grain and American-owned flour mills control the market in countries—Nigeria, Liberia, Sierra Leone—that are now addicted to Wonder Bread or its local variants.) Food importation by Third World countries has grown dramatically in the last few years. A country such as Iran, which only a dozen years ago was nearly self-sufficient in agriculture, was importing almost eight hundred million dollars' worth of food in the final years of the Shah. In 1966, Iran, a major recipient of P.L. 480 wheat, had been a mere fifteen-million-dollar customer of the American grain companies. By 1975, it was spending three hundred and twenty-five million dollars on American wheat.

As Dan Morgan shows in "Merchants of Grain," the grain companies have been able to use food power more effectively than governments have. One reason the American government has had scant success using food as a weapon is that it controls neither the grain nor the grain companies. The reason the companies are more successful is that when they use wheat as bullets their targets are more modest than changing a foreign policy or a government. Continental Grain opened a flour mill in Zaire in 1973 to import and process its own grain, only to find that because of severe foreign-exchange problems President Mobutu was defaulting on his grain payments. Also disturbing was the news that the President's uncle was going into the grain business as an importer of European wheat. Morgan describes Continental's decisive reaction:

> Its patience exhausted, the grain company took simple and direct action. It held back its monthly wheat shipment to its Zaire facility, and the mill at Matadi, on the Congo River downstream from Kinshasa, reduced its daily output of flour. As John Williams, the American agricultural attaché in Kinshasa, explained Continental's action in a December 3 letter to the Department of Agriculture: "They diverted a shipload of wheat destined for Zaire to help the Government of Zaire realize just how important wheat is to their urban population."
>
> The realization was not long in coming. "The lines and hoarding that occurred at various bakeries were almost spontaneous. The mill did not shut off the flow of flour to bakers—they just merely slowed it down to put pressure on," Williams wrote home.
>
> Zairean officials hastily convened with representatives of Continental and agreed to all the company's demands. It promised that the Central Bank would pay cash for all subsequent wheat shipments; that Zaire would start repaying its old debt at the rate of $1 million a month; that only American hard wheat would be imported, except in some special circumstances; that Continental would have exclusive rights to mill flour in Zaire; and that the company would have the right to approve or disapprove all requests by others to import flour into Zaire. In other words, the company became Zaire's sole importer of wheat and sole manufacturer of flour, and it received authority to control imports of any competing flour almost as if it were a government agency.

MALNUTRITION is the hidden holocaust of our day. It is avoidable, and because it is avoidable it is as much an indictment of this generation of bystanders as Hitler's holocaust was an indictment of the last. Wassily Leontief, in "The Future of the World Economy," concluded that hunger could be eliminated with a five-percent increase in world food production. The "technological revolution" needed to feed the anticipated global population in the year 2000 is within our grasp, he wrote, but "political, social, and institutional" conditions stand in the way:

> The success of the new technological revolution in agriculture of the developing regions depends to a large extent on land reform and other social and institutional changes, which are necessary to overcome non-technological barriers to increased land use and productivity. It also depends on creating, by special measures of agricultural policy, a favorable economic environment for agricultural development, including incentives directed towards eliminating inefficiencies in the use of land, labor and technology.

Well-fed people exhibit the same need to avert their eyes that the good Germans did. Occasionally, famine strikes the front pages, and the listless stare of a child with a bloated belly faces readers at the breakfast table. The death rate in the North Indian state of Uttar Pradesh rose twenty-five per cent in one year, 1971-72. Lester R. Brown, president of Worldwatch Institute, calculates that deaths that year that were caused by more acute hunger than usual totalled "an estimated 829,000" in just three states of India. In the sub-Saharan famine of 1974, according to Michael Latham, a Cornell nutritionist, the lives lost from hunger ranged between a hundred thousand and two hundred and fifty thousand. No one knows for sure how many such deaths there were. In mid-1978, the Ethiopian government announced that a million and a half people in that country faced death from famine. If the death toll reaches these levels, there may be forty-five seconds on the evening news of piled corpses, emaciated cattle crawling away to die, and spindly-legged toddlers too weak to move. But for the most part the non-starving have taken effective measures to put the starving out of sight. New Delhi, the capital of India, has been cleaned up, and the hungry have been removed, so as not to offend tourists and diplomats. In 1979, hungry beggars in Puebla, Mexico, were hustled off to jail for a few days during the Pope's visit, so as not to dishearten either the Holy Father or the representatives of the world press. From April to November of 1973, there was what amounted to a conspiracy of silence, both national and international, over the famine in Ethiopia. Perhaps as many as half a million people eventually died of hunger. Starving nomads wandered across the border into Kenya, Sudan, and Somalia, among other places. The Emperor of Ethiopia denied that there was a problem. Voluntary relief agencies and

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the American government were aware that a drastic relief program was necessary, but they participated in a cover-up. The international community is not prepared to deal with famine.

The French historian Jules Michelet said more than a hundred years ago that no one would understand the history of the nineteenth century until someone wrote the history of hunger. The statement is even more apt in our own century. Deliberate starvation has been a recurring political weapon. In the early nineteen-thirties, Stalin confiscated the grain of several million previously prosperous peasants, called kulaks, and effectively starved an entire class. Seven weeks before the German invasion of Russia, the Nazis prepared a memorandum outlining the planned starvation of a whole population. "There is no doubt that as a result many millions of persons will be starved to death, if we take out of the country the things necessary for us," it noted.

However, the hidden history of hunger affects our civilization more profoundly than these sporadic outbreaks of politically induced food terrorism. The pain of hunger has driven men to riot at critical moments in human history: the cry for bread helped launch the French Revolution; rotten meat served aboard the Potemkin incited the famous mutiny that helped foment the abortive Russian revolution of 1905. Yet the usual social effect of hunger has been not revolution but passivity. The most serious energy crisis in the world is the depletion of human energy—a depletion that comes about because the brain receives too few calories or too few proteins to think, and the body too few to act. Damaged adults produce damaged children, generation after generation. "The Inter-American Investigation of Mortality in Childhood," a study of child health in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, El Salvador, Jamaica, Mexico, and California which was published by the Pan American Health Organization in 1975, concluded that nutritional deficiency was the most serious health problem of the hemisphere; among children who died under the age of five, the principal cause of death was malnutrition. The effects of hunger include irreparable brain damage and a significant increase in infectious diseases. Malnourished mothers give birth to small, underweight children who easily fall prey to disease. Those who survive a childhood seriously deficient in calories grow into listless adults, unable to mobilize the energy to change

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the conditions that perpetuate their hunger. So the cycle continues for another generation. Hungry people are a liability and a potential threat to governments. Passivity can give way suddenly to anger. Food riots have erupted in recent years in Egypt, Poland, and many other places. But more often inert masses of hungry humanity pose problems for leaders just by existing. There are too many of them. There is nothing for them to do. It takes only a small intellectual leap for a government to conclude that the surplus population must be controlled or eliminated for the benefit of the productive citizens. Thus, hunger lies at the very heart of the global human-rights problem.

MORE food is being produced today than ever before. There have been dramatic increases in yields. Around the world, a middle class is increasing in numbers as it is eating better. But hunger is also increasing. Why should this be? Paper solutions to problems of underproduction and maldistribution abound, but they are not acted upon. "Political, social, and institutional" obstacles are blamed. It is true that the global migration of the poor from farm to city ghetto has cut off millions of people from their traditional source of food and left them scavengers in an urban world in which they have no productive role. But the contemporary food system—a chain linking producers, distributors, and consumers—is set off from food systems in the rest of human history by two spectacular developments in food production that have culminated in our own generation: internationalization and industrialization. These two inexorable processes of agriculture are probably responsible for more hungry people than either cruel and unusual whims of nature or acts of war. The cost of land, the cost of fertilizer, the mechanization of agriculture, and a credit system that encourages agribusiness and big farms at the expense of the small farmer are making an increasing proportion of the world peasant population "marginal"—a polite sociological term for being reduced to some form of peonage.

A survey of eleven coffee-growing plantations in Guatemala which was carried out by the Institute of Nutrition in Central America and Panama offers a glimpse of ordinary hunger. On the global scale of marginality, the coffee workers are by no means the worst off. Adults are not falling down on the street and dying, as they are in Calcutta. They are not nomads on an agonizing search for vegetation to support their collapsing herds. They live on some of the most fertile soil in the world. By law, ten per cent of the plantation must be planted with grain, which in this case means corn, but this is only enough to meet the needs of the workers and their families for about two months of the year. Additional corn is sold to the workers at prices ranging from forty cents a pound to a dollar-twenty a pound. A family with three children earns forty dollars a month except during the four months of the coffee harvest, when it may earn as much as ninety dollars a month. With a maximum income of six hundred and eighty dollars a year, such a family cannot afford enough grain—a plight that is made worse by the fact that some of the plantations charge the peasants as much as six cents a day to grind their corn in the plantation mill. Prices charged the coffee workers vary from plantation to plantation; some plantation owners offer workers substantial food subsidies, but there are limitations on such individual benevolence, because it is common for the surrounding plantation owners who are less disturbed by starvation to retaliate against—even murder—those they consider traitors to their class.

This, in microcosm, is how the political economy of starvation operates. The population of the eleven plantations studied showed exceptionally high birthrates, exceptionally small babies, an exceptionally high incidence of disease, and a high infant-death rate. A disproportionately large number of girl babies die in infancy. Indeed, it is characteristic for poor populations in underdeveloped countries to be predominantly male, although in the world population females at every age have better survival rates and outnumber males. The reason is that in poor populations scarce food is distributed first to the adults and then to the male children, who are considered far more of an economic asset than females. Economics and culture conspire to make little girls expendable, and they account for a huge share of the statistics of hunger.

Increasingly, the worldwide food-production and distribution system is coming under the control of a relatively small number of multinational corporations. The five corporations effectively control the world traffic in wheat, corn, barley, and soy. Two farm-machinery companies control sixty per cent of the farm machinery in the United States and also have a de-

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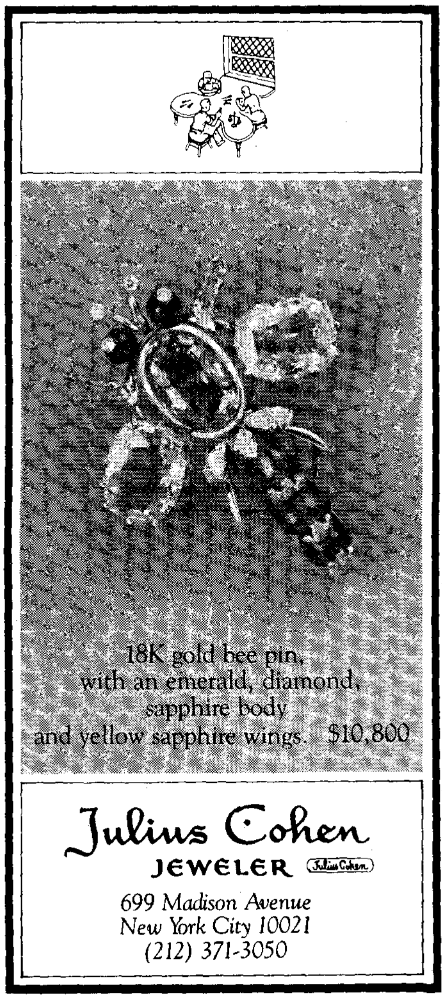
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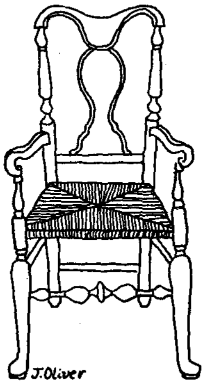
cisive role in the world market. A small number of grain and chemical companies now control the world seed market. Still, powerful and important as the multinational corporations are, they are not, of course, the only factor in the world food system. Local landowners, local governments, local consumers, and the peasants themselves have their own interests, prejudices, and traditions, and these, too, are important in determining who eats and who does not.



The industrialization of agriculture is a process of substituting fossil fuels for human energy in the quest for mass production and high profits. As efficiency has come to be defined, it includes the assumption that petrochemical fertilizers are cheaper and more plentiful than people; the social costs of coping with the ecological damage that the fertilizers do is largely left out of account. For example, "wonder seeds" of the so-called Green Revolution, which in some places have dramatically increased yields, require large amounts of chemical fertilizers. They have transformed the agriculture of some of the poorest countries of the world. In Pakistan, the area planted with the new seeds rose from fifty thousand acres to more than thirty-two million in less than ten years.

The mechanization of agriculture has sharply reduced employment possibilities in the countryside. In the Punjab, which has been a center of the Green Revolution, the amount of human labor needed in the fields has fallen by fifty per cent. According to Donald K. Freebairn, "the introduction of mechanical harvesting will eventually result in an overall decrease of about 90 million man-days of employment in the Punjab, most of it for day laborers." According to "Agricultural Mechanization and Employment in Latin America," a study by K. C. Abercrombie that appeared in the *International Labor Organization Review*, two and a half million jobs in agriculture were lost as of 1972 in Latin America alone, and the trend is continuing.

At the production end of the chain, corporations have had several major effects. High-technology agriculture has led to an increasing concentration of land ownership, an increasing dependence upon imported seeds and fertilizers, and an increasing use of cash crops to maintain the economies of underdeveloped countries. As land becomes more valuable, marginal farmers must sell their land and either work as sharecroppers or go to the city. One reason is that mechanized agriculture requires increased credit. Obviously, wealthier farmers are preferred risks for loans to buy imported seeds and fertilizers. Thus, the gap between the rich and the poor increases within the country. Numerous studies in Mexico, Taiwan, China, and elsewhere show that where land is more equitably shared, production is higher, because the incentive to produce is also higher. Where the poor farmer is less able to control what he grows, because these decisions are made by the moneylender or the owner of the land, he is less able to provide for himself and his family.

With the rise in agribusiness, cash cropping has increased dramatically. From the mid-nineteen-fifties to the mid-sixties, in underdeveloped countries the growing of the principal cash crops—coffee, tea, bananas, cotton—increased more than twice as fast as the rest of the agricultural economy. Coffee production in Africa has increased more than four hundred per cent in the last twenty years. Because export crops are so profitable, they crowd out the non-commercial crops on which millions of poor people once subsisted. In Brazil, land that was used for growing black beans—the staple of the poor in that country—has been converted to soybeans for cattle feed. Black beans must therefore be imported, and the price of the imported beans is prohibitive for the poor. There are similar examples all over the Third World.

When a country turns its agriculture to high-technology export crops, benefits are distributed unequally. The foreign sales of American seed suppliers and fertilizer companies are highly profitable. The consumers of coffee, tea, bananas, and strawberries around the world benefit financially from increased production, and the plantation owners, usually foreigners, derive large profits. "Since the military coup in 1964," the California State University agricultural economist Michael Perelman reports, "U.S. investors have purchased about 80 million acres of farm land in some seven or eight agricultural states of Brazil in chunks of about 1 million acres." In India, K. N. Raj reports in an International Labor Organization publication, mechanization helps the richer peasants to "get rid of tenants and to keep for themselves whatever portion of the harvest (a third to a half) used to fall due to the tenants."

There are several reasons that the growing of high-technology export crops increases hunger. Land, credit, water, and technology are preëmpted for the export market. Theoretically, a country could exploit its comparative advantage to benefit the people. It could make profit the test of what to grow, and invest the earnings in such a way as to keep people employed and eating. But that does not happen. The profits flow to corporations with no interest in feeding hungry people who have no money. Callous though many Third World élites are about hunger in their midst, an executive of a multinational corporation running a local "profit center" is even less likely to worry about the starvation around him. That is not his job, and there is little he can do about it anyway. The problem is that his superiors in the corporate headquarters control the local agricultural economy and the distribution of its earnings. In their book "Food First: Beyond the Myth of Scarcity," Frances Moore Lappé and Joseph Collins summarize a study of the strawberry industry in Mexico by a former official of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization:

> Officially, Mexican growers produce the berries and even own some of the processing facilities. The real control, however, remains with the American investors and food wholesalers. Using production contracts and credit facilities, these American firms make all the important decisions: the quantity, quality, types, and prices of inputs; how and when the crop will be cultivated; the marketing processes, including prices for the producers; the transportation and the distribution; and the returns on capital investments. U.S. marketing control is so powerful that, despite efforts by the Mexican government to develop markets in Europe, all Mexican strawberries pass through American exporters even when ultimately retailed in a third country such as Canada or France.

Contract farmers attached to multinational export operations have become an exploited underclass in poor countries. In Guatemala, according to Ray A. Goldberg, Moffett Professor of Agriculture and Business at the Harvard Business School, seventy per cent of the cucumber pickers are children under fifteen. In one operation, "sorting and grading for export was done by 27 women who were paid $0.80 per day," Goldberg has written.

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tries are now importing more and more of their food from countries with a high rate of malnutrition. Most of the imported food is non-essential—cocoa, coffee, and strawberries. Poor countries, on the other hand, import staples from the United States—chiefly wheat, corn, and rice. This division of labor and trade contributes directly to hunger in poor countries, because the producers of the export crops are paid so little—the farmer in Ghana gets about sixteen per cent of the export price of his cocoa beans—that they cannot afford to pay the high price of imported wheat or rice. A dependence upon exporting food makes poor countries extremely insecure, because they depend upon a world market they cannot control. While the production of tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, and similar commodities has increased dramatically, prices have fallen in real terms, and, compared with imported seeds and fertilizers and manufactured goods, disastrously. Short-term price rises, as in the cases of sugar and coffee, bring on a strong reaction in the world market, because there are many competitive sources of supply. The fluctuation in agricultural exports is a direct cause of hunger in poor countries dependent upon cash crops. Susan George, a Fellow of the Transnational Institute, who writes on world hunger, describes some recent fluctuations:

> The value of Brazil's sugar exports to the U.S. drops from $100 million to zero. The Philippines, on the other hand, export over 800,000 lbs. of sugar to the U.S. in 1975 and nearly three times that much in 1976. Guinea's cocoa exports to the U.S. fall from nearly two million pounds to nothing and Chad's from over five million to nothing; while Liberia and "other West Africa" make up part of the difference by jumping from zero to over four million pounds. Mexico's cotton exports to the U.S. are halved, while India's increase by 400% and Pakistan's drop by 90%. For long fibre cotton, Egyptian exports are multiplied by four and Sudan's by fourteen but Israel's are reduced ninefold. Peruvian cotton exports meanwhile move up from zero to nearly eight million pounds.

THE traditional distinctions between factory and farm are becoming blurred everywhere, and nowhere more than in the United States. The Jeffersonian utopia of a nation of small farmers has given way to agribusiness. Forty-five corporations own nearly half the farmland of California. One per cent of the farms of the nation sell almost a quarter of the produce. To start a one-man farm in the early nineteen-seventies, according to a 1973 report from the Department of

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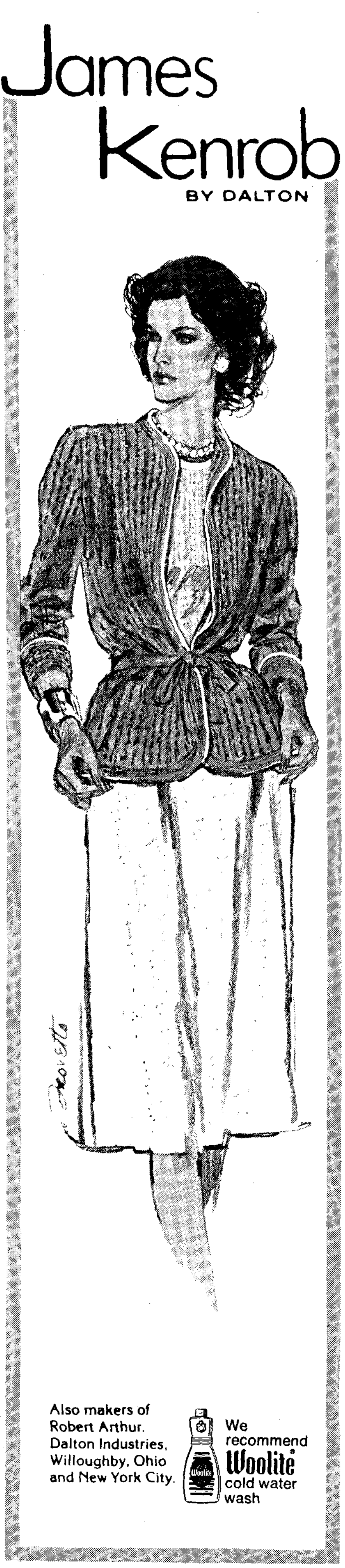
Agriculture, cost well over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Even allowing for inflation, it costs much more today. In the world of corporate farming, the most profitable product is land; in 1975, the value of farmland increased fifty-one billion dollars, while the net income for all the nation's farmers that year was under twenty-nine billion. The rise in land costs and the costs of petrochemical fertilizers and farm machinery has steadily accelerated the disappearance of the family farm.

American agriculture has become a planned system. Government policies and corporate strategies give American agriculture its distinctive cast. The implications for world hunger are considerable. From the days of the New Deal, when little pigs were slaughtered to keep them off the market, a major task of the Agriculture Department has been to keep food production down in order to keep farm prices up. In the present era, government controls have emphasized restrictions on the amount of acreage in production—a policy that favors large farms. In 1971, without government price supports the typical large farm would have earned almost four times what a small farm would have; but in fact supports enabled the large farming operations to earn nine times as much as the smaller ones. (Since then, the supports have been substantially reduced.) Credit policies favor the corporate farmer over the small farmer. The push by government and private banks to industrialize farming has encouraged resource conglomerates to add food departments. Tenneco, which was once known as the Tennessee Gas Company, bought three hundred and fifty thousand acres of farmland in Kern County, California, in 1967. Having previously bought J. I. Case, the farm-machinery company, it could now fuel its own tractors with its own gas, package its own produce through its own packaging division, and market the produce through its own marketing division. The integration of food production "from seedling to supermarket" was defended by an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture in 1973 as a way to "present a solid front to the consuming public." Tenneco later sold off much of its land, having concluded, like most agribusiness companies, that it was more profitable to run its operations in the United States much as it ran those in the Third World—not by owning the farms but by contracting for food production and maintaining control of marketing and distribution.

Being in favor of the family farm is one of the essential political pieties, but the planned obsolescence of the small agricultural producer continues at an accelerating pace. Some experts, like former Agriculture Secretary Butz, celebrate the rise of the integrated food factory; others are more wistful. The family farm is the backbone of the country, they say, but the industrialization of agriculture is efficient. Nowhere does the concept of efficiency deserve greater scrutiny. Modern agriculture is phenomenally efficient in saving labor. One man using a modern feeding system for broilers can take care of sixty thousand to seventy-five thousand chickens, and in a modern feedlot one man can look after five thousand head of cattle. But dependence on machines run by fossil fuels increased a hundred and forty-six per cent between 1940 and 1970, and the use of fertilizers, chemicals, and pesticides jumped seven hundred per cent. In 1950, the average farm was still largely self-sufficient; farmers bought only twenty per cent of the production materials they used. By 1973, outside purchases had risen to sixty-five per cent.

Although large farms do yield a larger gross income per acre than small farms, the small farms show a better net return, because their costs for such expensive supplies as fertilizers and machines are less. There is a considerable literature from underdeveloped countries which suggests that productivity per acre declines as farms expand. In the United States, simply moving food around the country cost more than seven billion dollars in 1974. Before the dramatic rise in energy prices, shipping costs for fresh fruits and vegetables averaged about ten per cent of retail price. They are now more, and sometimes much more. Even in 1973, a carton of California lettuce selling on the West Coast at a dollar and twenty-five cents cost two twenty-five after it was trucked to the East.

In the United States, agriculture uses enormous amounts of energy. The food-processing industry alone is the fourth-largest consumer of energy, according to Department of Commerce statistics. The industrialization of agriculture has multiplied its transportation requirements. About half of all trucks carry food and related items. In the name of efficiency, American agriculture has substituted mineral energy for human energy. According to Earl Cook, the dean of the College of Geo-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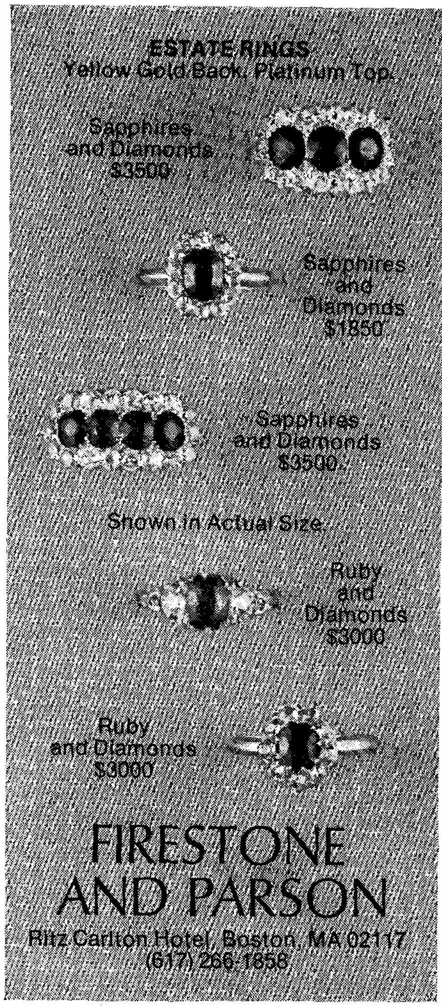
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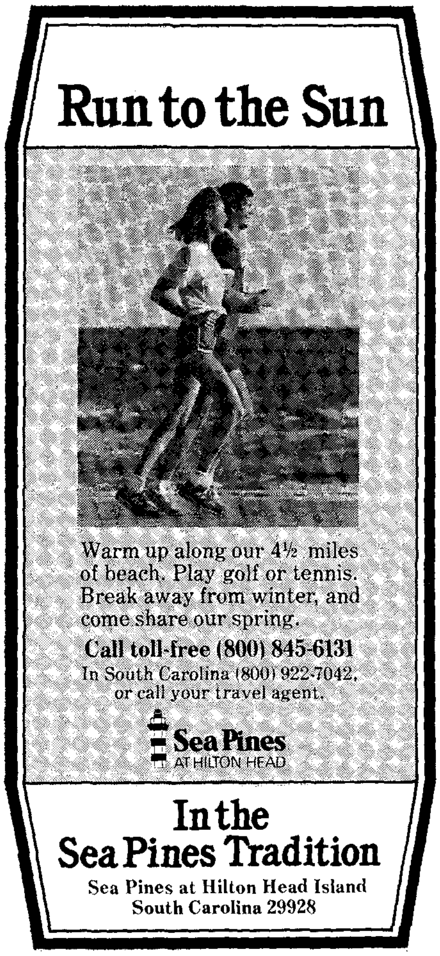
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sciences at Texas A. & M., a calorie of human energy costs four hundred times as much as a calorie of fossil fuel, and the agricultural system operates on the belief that prices signal scarcity. If fossil fuels are cheap compared to human labor, they must be abundant. One American farm worker can now theoretically feed almost fifty-six people; ten years ago, the number was twenty-nine. But the American people are not being fed adequately, because the costs of production and distribution—in energy and, increasingly, in money, too—are higher than many people can afford. Many of these are people who are already malnourished and therefore have little earning capacity. To be sure, statistics on productivity are confused and misleading. But it should not be surprising if a family dependent upon a piece of land that represents their sole property and their sole source of income would farm it better—provided that they had the necessary equipment and access to a market—than would exploited contract cultivators employed by a distant corporation.

The integration of agriculture into industry exacerbates the hunger problem, because it wastes land and energy, the principal resource bases for producing food. One-third of the topsoil in the United States is lost annually to erosion, according to the National Academy of Sciences. The size of the continent has encouraged farmers to plant new land rather than care for the acres already in production. Thomas Jefferson thought that it made no sense to fertilize on his plantation, "because we can buy an acre of new land cheaper than we can manure an old acre." With industrialization, the economic incentives to push land beyond its capacity increased.

WHAT would a serious attack on the hidden holocaust of world hunger be like? What can be done?

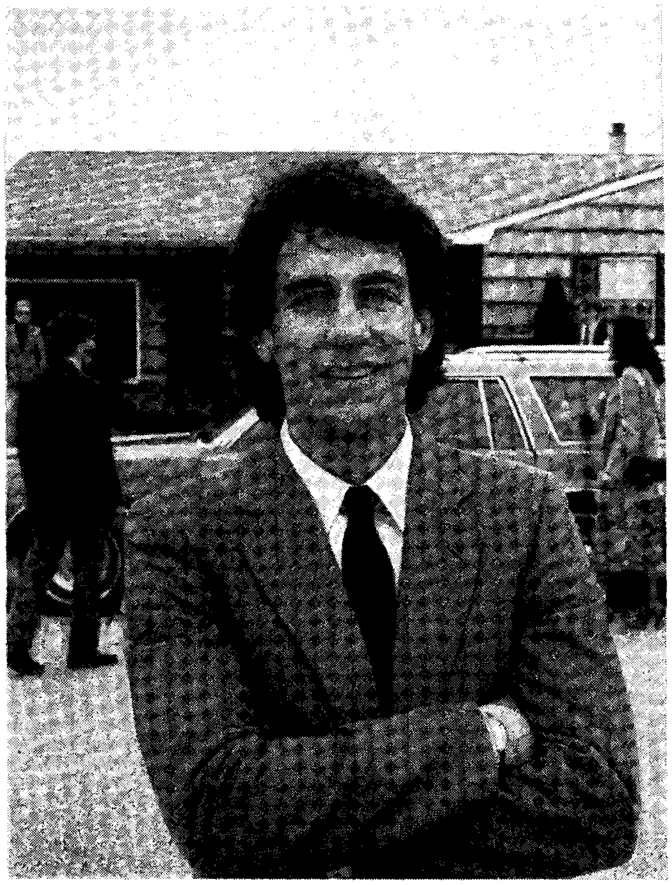
First, any serious effort to feed hungry people ought to begin with the recognition that starvation and malnutrition are symptoms of social pathology. Because people are poor, they do not eat enough. Then, being malnourished, they lack the wherewithal to grow food or to buy it. Extreme poverty is a product of maldistribution of wealth. Any intervention to correct gross economic inequalities, whether it is in the sphere of energy or employment or water policy, has a beneficial impact on the food system.

Second, the United States could take the lead in promoting food security as a human right. The United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, drafted at the end of the Second World War, explicitly promises access to food. Nutrition is the most basic human right. Without it, all other rights, individual and social, lose their meaning. The rhetoric of human rights could be made real. The place to start would be an examination of existing policies—governmental and corporate—to determine the extent to which they keep the present world food system from feeding the hungry.

Third, the goal for the world food system could be the maximum feasible self-reliance of nations and regions. The hungry will eat to the extent that they are able to feed themselves. The injunction to feed the hungry cannot be accomplished with food aid—the modern missionary basket—or with the ethic of the zoo, in which supplies to satisfy "basic needs" are periodically dumped into the cage.

Fourth, to increase agricultural self-reliance in poor countries the terms of trade for the producers of primary products could be improved. To end poverty in poor countries, the rich countries would have to be prepared to pay higher prices for imported sugar, beef, cocoa, and other products. Other proposals for what the Third World calls "a new international economic order," such as reserve programs, buffer stocks, a reduction of tariff barriers, and a common fund for commodity supports, could become the basis for a reordered world food system. Unless producing countries receive a better share of the proceeds, they will not be able to cover their production costs and will not pay decent wages.

Fifth, international pressure on poor countries could change direction. The "austerity" programs of the International Monetary Fund now increase malnutrition and hunger, because they require countries to impose wage controls and higher food prices and to eliminate social services that benefit the poor. International loans and food aid—in limited amounts—could instead be contingent on structural reforms within poor countries which are of a kind to promise an end to hunger. Land reform that would give poor people the incentive and the opportunity to produce for local needs is the key. Political reforms that encourage the active participation of farmers in the developing of new food systems are a necessity. In addition, the internal corruption that siphons off the proceeds of the food system to Swiss banks and Mediterranean villas must be eradicated to make the food system work to eliminate hunger. A



One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

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"planetary bargain" between the rich and the poor should consist of an exchange: from the industrial countries, concessions on terms of trade, financing, and transfer of technology; from the developing countries, explicit commitments to redistribution and development, including austerity programs for the rich, an end to bureaucratic plunder, programs to favor the landless and the poor farmer, enforcement of a minimum wage, a reversal of policies that drive poor people off the land. An international standard on what constitutes minimum development is needed. Governments that do not qualify ought not to receive the concessions available to the ones that do. Some Third World leaders will denounce such a bargain as "interventionism" and "paternalism." But if the development goals are clear—building local self-reliance, strengthening the agricultural economy, redistributing resources to enable everyone to eat—an international consensus on a human-rights policy for food could come into being.

Sixth, because the industrial world lacks the political and moral power to induce such structural changes in the Third World unless necessary structural changes take place in the rich nations themselves, local and regional self-reliance could be promoted within American agriculture, too. Federal policy could favor the consumption of food in the regions where it is grown. If we Americans are to pay the farmers of Third World countries more for primary products in order to keep them from starving, then we must eliminate unnecessary costs that are added to food products on the way to the shelf. Food prices are higher than they need to be because of concentration in the industry. The energy costs in the food system—petrochemical fertilizers, transportation, petrochemical packaging—need to be radically reduced. This would mean changing the present system of incentives under which the American food system operates—specifically, changing federal policies that favor corporate farming at the expense of the smaller farm and encourage wasteful soil-management and marketing practices. Until it becomes more profitable to conserve energy and to produce moderately priced nutritious food than to market expensive processed food, the food system will continue to be biassed against the consumer and the American small farmer and the Third World farmer.

Seventh, the national commitment to agribusiness could be reëxamined. The concentration of the food industry into a highly capital-intensive, energy-guzzling system is producing a declining return for those who grow food and soaring prices for those who eat it. A systematic look at what has fundamentally happened to American agriculture and at the incentives now operating in the food system is crucial to the development of a long-term alternative policy. In order to promote food self-reliance in poor countries, the overwhelming dependence of American agriculture on food exports must be reduced. This can be done only by cutting energy imports and by promoting long-term structural reform in the American food system. Federal policy could encourage smaller farms, because they are more saving of both soil and energy, and should discourage the takeover of strategic farmland by out-of-state or foreign corporations—particularly those primarily engaged in other businesses. Land tilled by local people who make the basic decisions about it and are rewarded for what they decide and what they do serves the interest of consumers better than land that functions primarily as a corporate asset.

THE most essential resource of all for sustaining life is water. In large areas of the world, human beings can get by with primitive shelter and little or no clothing. A strong adult can survive for weeks without food. But without water the metabolism of the body is thrown off balance, and death comes in a matter of days. A fifth of a gallon a day is all one needs, but that need is basic in the most literal sense. Beyond the minimum needed for drinking, much larger amounts are needed for growing food, for mining metals, for producing energy, and for manufacturing anything. It takes thousands of gallons to produce a pound of beef for the table, and more than a hundred thousand gallons to make an automobile.

If we survey the contemporary world and its water needs, the relevance of Coleridge's "Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink" is striking. The earth is about two-thirds water, but less than three per cent of this is fresh water. Theoretically, that is more than enough. The Yangtze River alone, with a mean annual flow of a hundred and fifty cubic miles, has enough water to provide every person in the world with a hundred and fifty gallons a day. The problem, obviously, is a double one. Much of the world's fresh water is undrinkable, and that, unfortunately, includes a considerable amount used as drinking water. And

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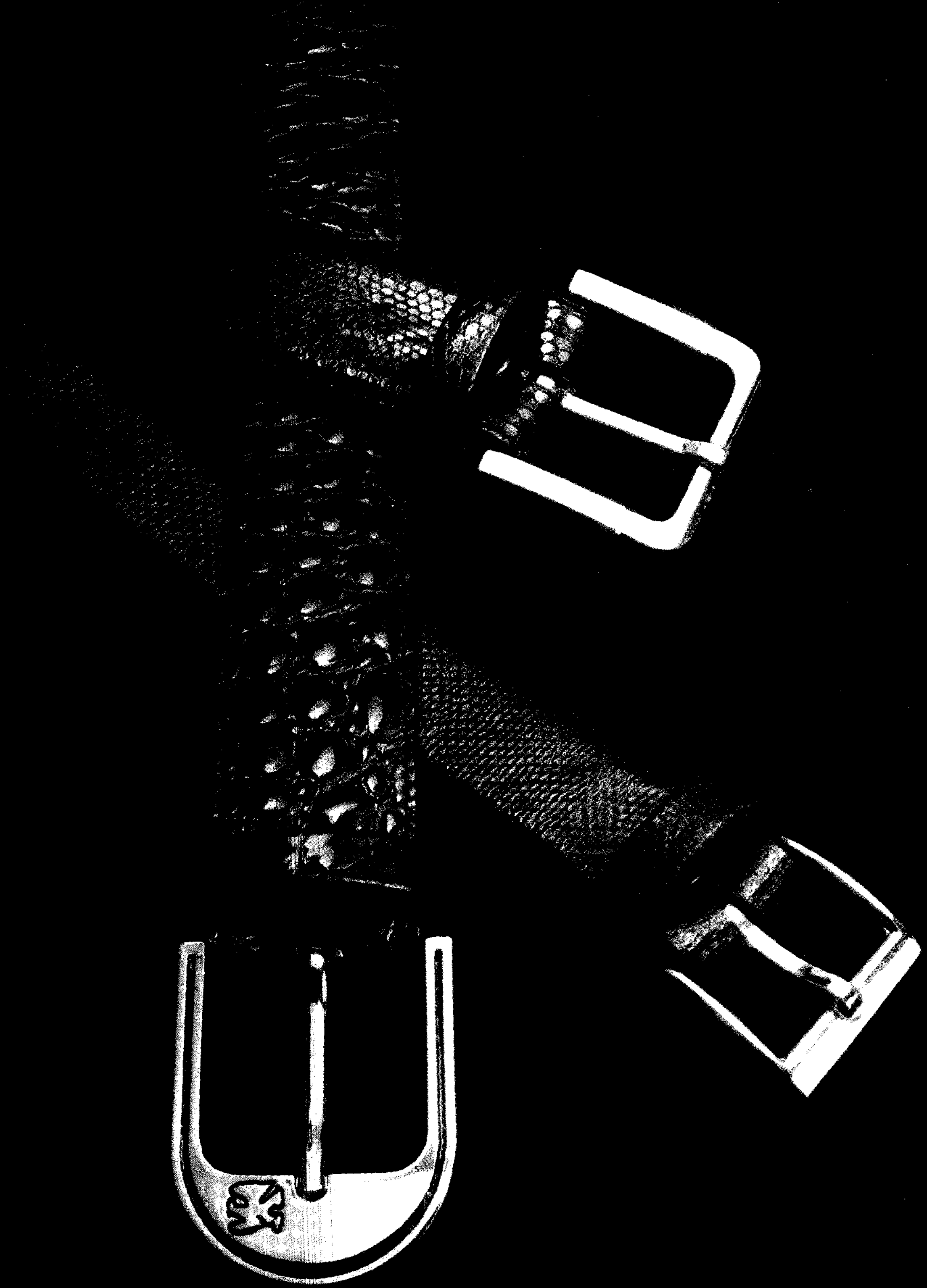

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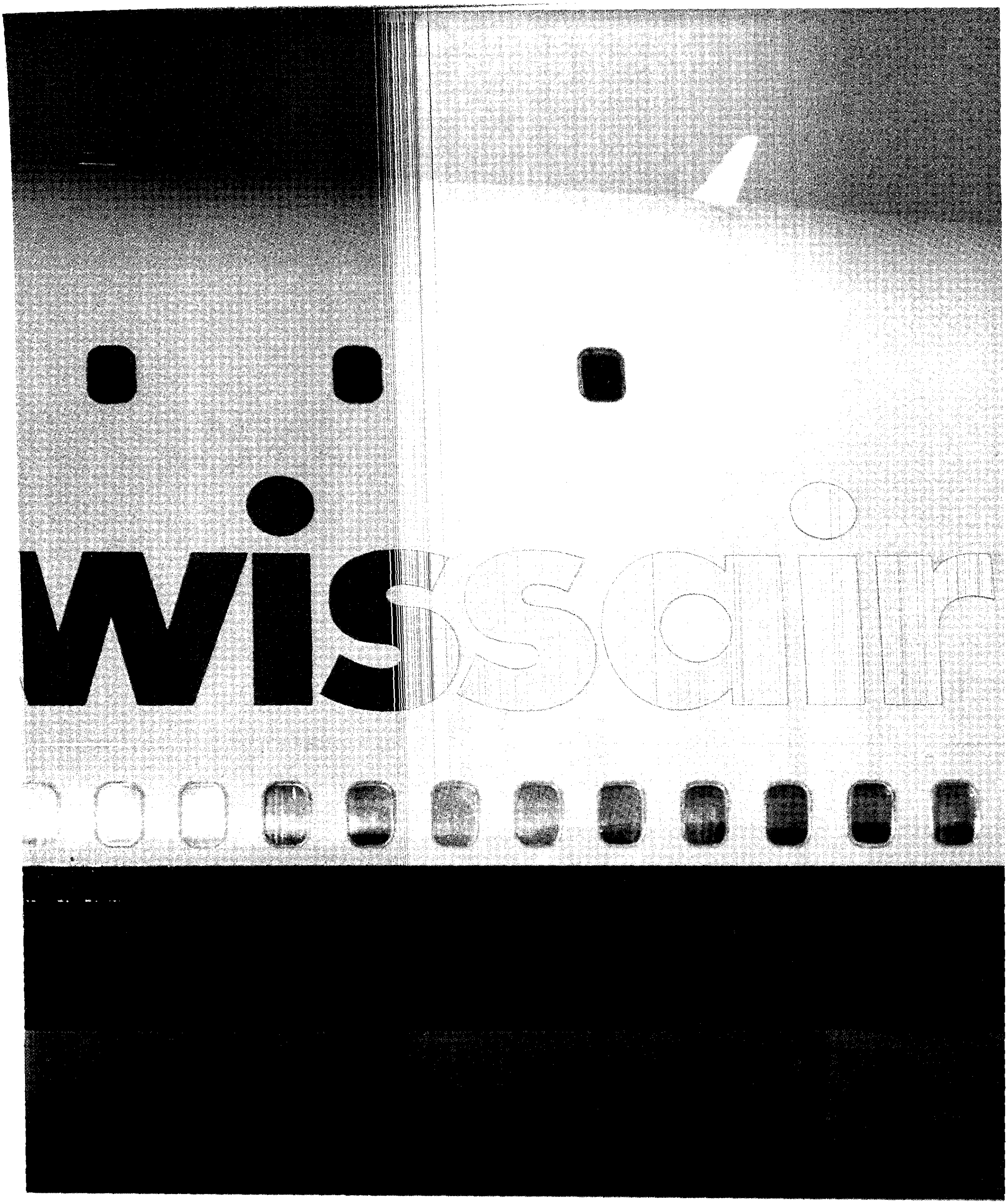

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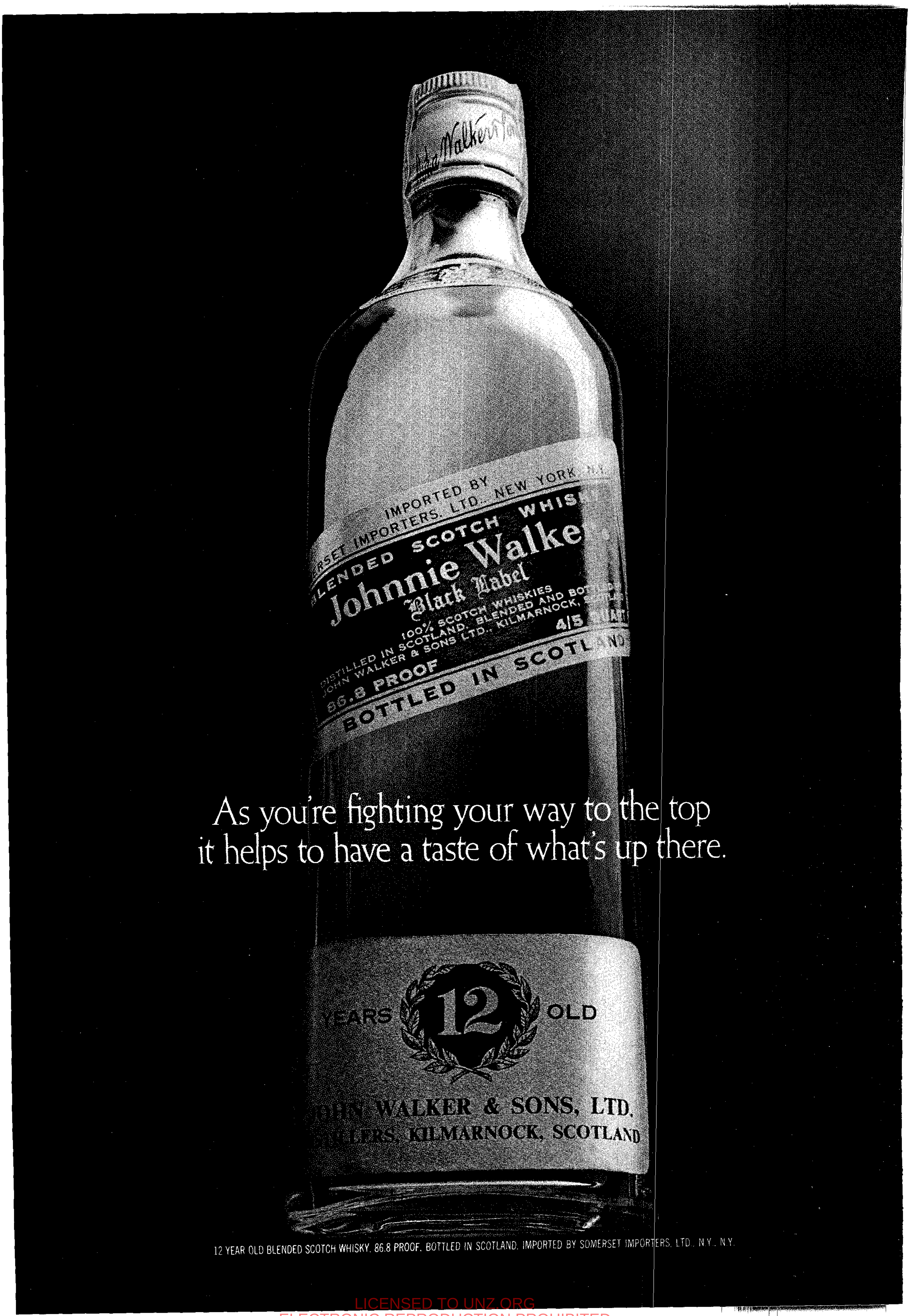
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then there is the problem of distribution. In many areas of the world, the trouble is too much water. In the United States, for example, it is traditional for parts of the Northeast to drown periodically while the Southwest thirsts, although in recent years Easterners have experienced both floods and water shortages. In an average year, floods take more lives than droughts.

The global maldistribution of water is even more pronounced than the maldistribution of either energy or food. The average resident of Phoenix, Arizona, which is in a relatively water-scarce area of the United States, uses, conservatively, a hundred and sixty gallons a day; an inhabitant of one of the semi-arid regions of Africa uses four-fifths of a gallon a day. The escalation in water use in the advanced countries during this century has been enormous. In 1900, the United States consumed forty billion gallons a day. Today, the figure is almost seven hundred billion. Most water for households is reused, but, even so, because of contamination, inefficient industrial and agricultural use, and leakage in transportation, the United States loses a hundred and ten billion gallons a day. In part, the increase in population explains the heavy demand on our water resources. But the most important reason for it is that new uses for water have been found, and these are among the hallmarks of modern civilization: advanced plumbing, large-scale agricultural irrigation, and industrial cooling.

A 1962 study of water use in Akron, Ohio, by a typical family of five illustrates what has been happening in the American home. The Akron family used an average of two hundred and sixty-seven gallons a day: a hundred and thirteen gallons went to flush the family toilet; a hundred and two gallons went for bathing; fourteen gallons were drunk in various ways; sixteen and a half went for cooking and washing dishes; eleven went for laundry; three went for washing the car; and eight went to water the lawn. Typical Akron families in those days did not have swimming pools, but a pool is now an increasingly popular way to use considerable amounts of water. Dishwashers, washing machines, more vigorous toilets, the lawns of suburbia have also made water even more of an amenity in the last two decades, so the Akron figures are now extremely conservative. In many parts of the country, two hundred gallons per person is a reasonable daily average.

Plumbing, which for many people is the sole reason that they would not trade the crime, pollution, alienation, and nuclear threat of this century for any of the quieter but less fastidious ages of the past, is a devourer of water. About eighty per cent of household water use is for toilets, baths, and showers. (The technology exists to cut this in half.) In 1900, less than a third of the American population of seventy-six million was connected to municipal sewer systems. By the mid-nineteen-seventies, a hundred and seventy million were.

But the biggest water user of all is agriculture. Sixty per cent of the nation's water supply goes into irrigation. The process of replacing small subsistence farms with the large, highly mechanized food-producing factories—agribusiness—depends heavily on vast watering efforts. The dramatic increases in yields in various parts of the world are directly related to dramatic increases in water use. A 1976 U.N. study estimates that rises in agricultural production necessary to avoid widespread famine will almost double the world's demand for water by the end of the century.

The industrial use of water is also increasing significantly. Water use in factories has doubled since 1954; however, more than ninety per cent of a total of sixty billion gallons used there daily is recycled. By the year 2000, such water use is projected to be about ten times what it was in 1954, but improvements in recycling technology will make the percentage of this water which is available for reuse even higher. Many modern processes require complex cooling operations. Nuclear power plants are one important example. A crucial element in a series of political setbacks for nuclear power plants in California has been the opposition of farmers, who have objected to the enormous drain on the state's scarce water supply.

As mining becomes more difficult, the consumption of water to produce energy and non-fuel minerals rises. The United States Water Resources Council, an executive agency made up of eight federal agencies, projects an increase of fifty-five per cent in water "withdrawals" for mining by the year 2000—to eleven billion gallons a day, most of which, over hundreds of years, is eventually returnable to the water supply but, of course, is not available while it is being used. Hence the growing fights among mine operators, farmers, and environmentalists in the West. Over ninety-five billion gallons a day are used to produce energy. The

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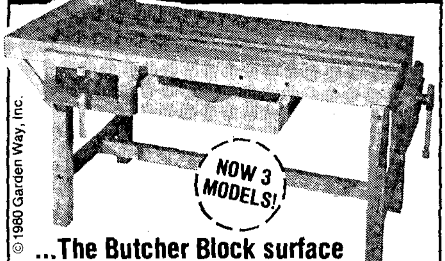

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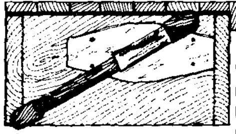

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Water Resources Council projects that water consumption will increase roughly ten times by the end of the century.

The deposit of wastes in rivers and streams is another form of consumption, since it renders the water unusable for other purposes. The publicizing of the death of Lake Erie and other horror stories of industrial pollution that began to appear in the early nineteen-sixties led to a continuing series of struggles over who has the right to pollute water, who has the obligation to clean it up, what is the best way to do it, and who is going to pay for it.

THE term "water famine," Representative Jim Wright noted shortly after the drought of 1965, is not hyperbole. In various parts of the world, there is an acute water shortage, and the availability of water is becoming an increasing source of conflict across the planet. Like the other scarcities, it is most acute in the Third World. By Western hygienic standards, the lack of clean drinking water is catastrophic; by local standards, it is still serious but less urgent. The World Bank estimates that well over a billion human beings are without adequate water. Martin Beyer, a UNICEF drinking-water adviser, puts the figure at two billion. The majority of the people without sanitary drinking water live in Asia, and most of them are farmers. A 1970 survey by the World Health Organization concluded that only fifteen per cent of the rural population in the Third World had access to decent water; in the cities, about seventy per cent of the population was reasonably well served. The W.H.O. maintains that "provision of a safe and convenient water supply is the single most important activity that could be undertaken to improve the health of people living in rural areas."

Where there is no safe well in the village—the typical situation in many regions of the Third World—someone must walk for water. The fetchers of water are for the most part women and children. It is not uncommon, according to Beyer, for mothers of young children in Third World countries to walk fifteen miles daily to the nearest water source. He describes a young woman he met on the road in Sudan carrying a four-gallon tin of water on her head. Eight hours a day, she explained, was taken up with water fetching. The water system imposes its own serfdom. For many women, these are hours away from their children, away from work in the fields, or away from the chance to learn new skills. True, for some even a long walk to the well fills a social need—a chance to stop hoeing or picking, to meet neighbors and talk.

But the fact remains that the water system in poor countries determines who will live and who will die, who will eat and who will go hungry, and how men and women—mostly women—will spend their day. The worst killers of children are the water-borne and water-related diseases that abound almost everywhere in the Third World—diarrhea, malaria, and schistosomiasis, which is an enervating parasitic disease that affects over two hundred million people, mostly children. Children with worms, babies blinded by onchocerciasis, indolent boys and girls with sleeping sickness—transmitted by the tsetse fly—are part of the landscape in many Third World countries. The source of all these diseases is bad water. The traditional aftermath of the floods of India is the cholera epidemic.

Compounding the public-health problem is the promotion of formula for infants by the multinationals in poor countries, for there the formula is often mixed with contaminated water and causes diarrhea, dehydration, malnutrition, and even death—a fact that is well known to the companies. Yet the selling of the formula in the Third World countries continues. Until very recently, "milk nurses" hired by infant-formula producers visited maternity wards in underdeveloped countries and left samples of formula bearing such messages as "Sustains the baby like mother's milk" and "A superior food for the infant." Unsuitable commercial advertising, commented Paulo Luis R. Sousa, a pediatrician at Brazil's Universidade Catholica de Pelotas, is "partly responsible for high rates of infant morbidity and mortality." In response to public criticism, the formulas now are advertised only to doctors, in an "educational fashion." The dependence of infants on the local water supply in such regions has increased dramatically. By 1974, only twelve per cent of Brazilian babies were breast-fed. In the preceding generation, more than two-thirds had been on mother's milk for the first six months of life.

Children who play by open drains or stagnant pools and adults who drink contaminated water or splash in polluted streams or fish in infested ponds are doomed in the same way as victims of poisoned air. A life-supporting element has turned lethal. Sometimes the capriciousness of nature is at fault. A

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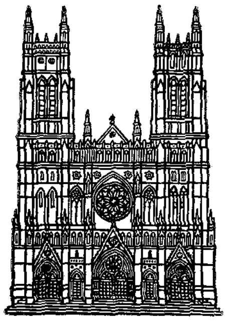

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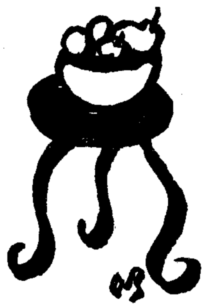
river spontaneously changes course and abandons those who depend on it. Or there is no rainfall. But usually water problems are created by the foolishness of men: either they are tricked by nature into congregating in areas without adequate or decent water or they are determined to improve on nature in ways that won't work. Bangladesh provides an example of the former. Once immensely fertile because of the monsoon, which floods the paddy fields for four months a year, Bangladesh became overpopulated with rice farmers. The logic of Malthus dictates that sewage deposits increase at a geometric rate, and the result is contaminated water, typhoid, dysentery, and the other water-related diseases. As for human intervention in the water system, it often makes things worse from a health standpoint. Great dams, including the famous Aswan High Dam, in Egypt, create stagnant pools, which may mean a huge increase in schistosomiasis. Herbert Bernstein, a physicist who has consulted on water projects for the World Bank, has noted numerous water projects that neglect other human consequences of engineering: the physical and psychological effects on farmers relocated from land taken for dams; the social effects of introducing water meters for what used to be a free good; and the cultural and economic impact of a water bureaucracy suddenly thrown up in the midst of a traditional society.

Although few Americans must walk miles to fill the family pail, there is a serious water shortage in the United States. In parts of the country, water is still free. It is underpriced almost everywhere. But there is not enough water to go around. From time to time, nature dramatizes that reality. There have been periodic droughts in the United States. The human suffering wrought by the dust bowl of the nineteen-thirties was depicted in Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." In the nineteen-fifties, there were several serious widespread droughts, requiring water rationing. Livestock was killed to save feed. In the midst of one of those droughts, President Dwight D. Eisenhower appointed a commission on the national water problem, but its members stopped meeting when the rains came. In 1965, drought struck the East. New York City started fining the owners of restaurants where glasses of water were served without being requested. The West, almost always short of water, experienced two successive years of severe drought, caused by the unusually dry winters of 1975-76 and 1976-77. Two or three years of above-average rainfall, according to the Water Resources Council, could relieve the shortage. That has happened in the past, but there is increasing concern among weather experts that the United States may be headed for an extended dry spell and the end of the era of cheap water.



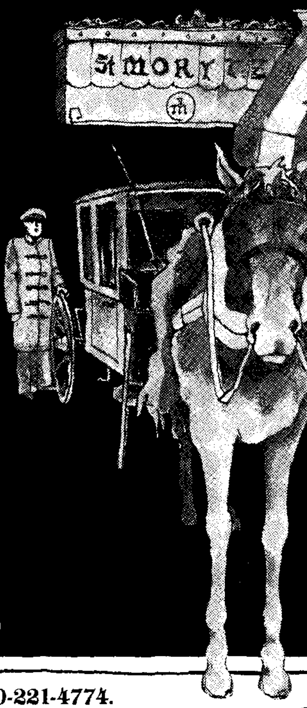
There are optimists and pessimists among the long-range-weather prognosticators, but both are guessing. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., a climatologist with the Environmental Data Service of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, believes that in the next ten years the agency's Long Range Prediction Group will develop thirty-day and ninety-day forecasts that will have more than "the marginal value" they now have, but no one can even guess how long it will be before weather can be forecast several years ahead. Unfortunately, in the absence of such long-range information on future rainfall, prudent planning requires the assumption that unusually heavy rains will not solve America's water problem.

The water problem is in large measure a consequence of our peculiar system of accounting. Because water, like air, is "free"—that is, no one owns it or the state owns it—it is used liberally in the manufacture of commodities that would be more expensive if water use were less profligate. If we ever decided that a unit of water was more valuable than a unit of money, we would presumably arrange our affairs very differently. For example, a mature steer consumes twenty-five to thirty-five pounds of alfalfa a day and drinks about twelve gallons of water. Alfalfa has a "transpiration ratio" of eight hundred; that is, it takes eight hundred pounds of water circulating through the alfalfa plant into the air to bring one pound of alfalfa to maturity. Thus, to feed the steer takes, conservatively, two thousand three hundred gallons a day. Charles C. Bradley calculated in a 1962 article in *Science* that the water cost of the typical beef-rich American diet was twenty-five hundred gallons a day per person. So if we reconsider our typical Akron family of five and see them not as casual faucet turners and toilet flushers but as participants in an integrated system of water use, their consumption rate is enormous. If we rationed each person's water use in accordance with the water consumed to produce his automobile, his synthetic shirt, and his tennis racquet—and, for that matter, to print a book or a magazine—we might get more insight into the gravity of the impending water famine. But here again prices do not accurately reflect supply and demand. Theoretically, factories pass on to the consumer what they pay for water. That is still frequently nothing, but even where municipal water charges must be paid the costs do not reflect the precious nature of the commodity or its scant supply.

THERE are several strategies for increasing and improving water supplies—building dams, restructuring rivers, collecting and storing rainwater, desalinating seawater, harvesting icebergs. Each method for increasing the water supply of one city, region, or nation diverts water that could potentially be used by others; the result has been the water wars in Asia and the Middle East and the political struggles over water in this country.

Probably the most outlandish of the water-augmentation strategies is the notion of towing Antarctic icebergs to coastal deserts. The idea, which had been circulating in oceanographic circles since the mid-nineteen-sixties, was developed in a scientific paper published in 1973 by Wilford F. Weeks, a glaciologist with the United States Army Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory, and W. J. Campbell, a meteorologist with the United States Geological Survey's Ice Dynamics Project. Four years later, the idea received considerable publicity at the First International Conference on Iceberg Utilization, held at Iowa State University—an undertaking backed by Prince Muhammad Al Faisal, of Saudi Arabia. The Prince had been working with Paul-Émile Victor, the head of a French polar expedition, on plans for five to eight powerful tugs to tow a hundred-million-ton iceberg from the Antarctic to Saudi Arabia. (The iceberg, according to the technical studies, would travel at one knot and arrive in one year. The cost of the water once it had arrived could be fifty cents per cubic metre, compared to the present cost of desalinated water, which is eighty cents.)

To be an important factor in solving the severe water problem of the Middle East, the icebergs used would have to be huge. This would require enormously complex technology—satellites to find the icebergs, and possibly such devices as specially designed nuclear submarine tugs to carry the icebergs on their backs, paddle wheels attached to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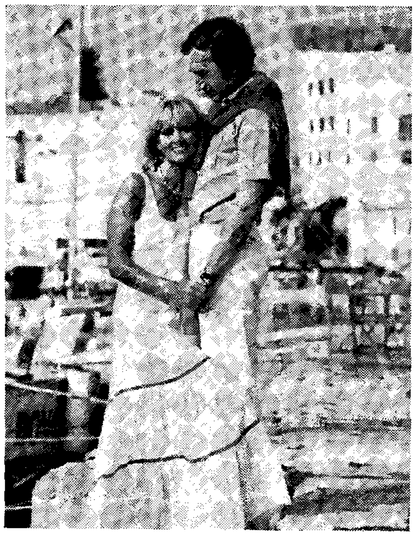
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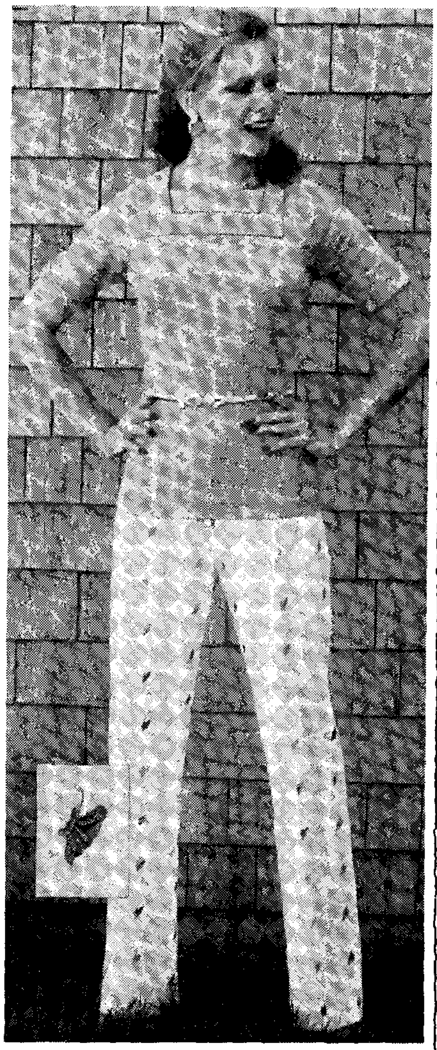

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the icebergs (an idea offered by the Prince at the Iowa Conference), or propulsion units inserted in them. The technical difficulties involved in wrapping, slicing, and eventually melting the icebergs are staggering. But solving the water problem with the dramatic application of high technology is almost as exciting a challenge to engineers as space exploration.

Iceberg harvesting could give rise to a whole new set of military requirements. In 1978, Colonel Roy L. Thompson, of the Air Force, speculated in *Strategic Review* on the "potential for conflict" attached to the harvesting operation: "If two or more countries should be involved in harvesting within the same general area in the Antarctic, how would claims to specific icebergs be exercised and competing claims resolved?" Since seventy-seven per cent of the world's fresh water is in the form of ice caps and glaciers—only half of one per cent is to be found in lakes and rivers—and ninety per cent of this aquatic store is at the South Pole, iceberg harvesting is an enticing technical solution. Whether, given the alternatives, it makes sense as a strategy for increasing the water supply is as yet unclear, but it is plausible enough to be a potential source of political conflict.

Desalination has been promoted as a panacea ever since 1952, when, as the geographer Gilbert F. White put it in his 1969 book "Strategies of American Water Management," it received "sudden, almost hysterical endorsement by administrators and scientists in the United States." Every President from Harry Truman to Lyndon Johnson delivered ringing speeches on the impending breakthrough in desalination research. For John F. Kennedy, the prospect of developing technology to make the deserts surrounding the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean bloom would be "the prime accomplishment of science in improving the life of people in the long history of the world." By 1966, about one-fifth of all United States government funds for water-resources research were going to the Interior Department's Office of Saline Water. Desalination research was fashionable, and grew at a much faster rate than more important research on recycling and decontaminating fresh waste water. While desalination plants are important in the Middle East, where alternative sources are scarce—as of January, 1974, there were a hundred and fifty-three desalination plants in the Middle East and a hundred and four in Africa—the costs of desalination are too high to make it a major solution to the water problem in the United States. In the areas where irrigation is widely used, water costs from one to seven cents per thousand gallons. The lowest costs of desalinated water are estimated to be between fifteen and thirty cents per thousand gallons, and, according to White, that estimate assumes that desalting operations would be "linked with very large nuclear energy plants." Today, there are around five hundred desalination plants in the United States capable of desalting twenty-five thousand gallons a day or more, and a much larger number of smaller desalting plants that together produce a total of two hundred million six hundred thousand gallons a day, but this is only a tiny fraction of the water in use.

If desalination is controversial, huge public projects for managing the storage and flow of water are much more so. Dams, reservoirs, irrigation pipelines, schemes for rerouting streams, and a host of other feats of engineering are viewed by proponents—usually politicians looking for federal money, the Army Corps of Engineers, which builds the projects, and large agribusiness interests and power companies, which directly benefit from them—as modern wonders of the world. Opponents—environmentalists, Indian tribes whose land is taken or ruined, and cost-conscious politicians and bureaucrats (who usually live elsewhere)—denounce the implantation of huge concrete waterworks in the midst of America's wilderness, and the accompanying hydraulic technology, as the worst examples of pork-barrel politics and extravagant waste.

In 1972, at the age of ninety-three, Arthur E. Morgan, who had worked with water problems much of his life—he designed a flood-control project in Ohio after the 1913 Dayton flood and, in 1933, became the first head of the Tennessee Valley Authority—wrote a stinging denunciation of the Corps of Engineers which he called "Dams and Other Disasters." The book is a recital of a hundred years of environmental insensitivity, waste, mismanagement, boondoggling, and the exercise of irresponsible power. Yet it wasn't just avarice and the lust for bureaucratic power that sparked the mighty effort to make the Western deserts fertile. There was also some of the same nobility of spirit that transformed the deserts of Palestine. But the era of the great water projects peaked in the nineteen-fifties, and now it is over. There is relatively little federal money for such projects today. Moreover, there is a growing constituency of dam haters. "If you are against a dam, you are for a river," says David Brower, former head of the Sierra Club and founder and chairman of Friends of the Earth, who in his career has succeeded in blocking a number of high dams.

The great concrete dam—Hoover Dam, on the Colorado, Grand Coulee, on the Columbia—is the American version of the Gothic cathedral. The Colorado writer George Sibley calls it one of those "magnificent, mysterious, monolithically faceless incredibilities," comparable to the pyramids of Egypt and Central America, the Great Wall of China, the temples of Angkor, Stonehenge, or the heads on Easter Island. Hoover Dam contains, according to the official tour guides, "enough concrete to pave a standard highway sixteen feet wide from San Francisco to New York." It was what Floyd E. Dominy, the former United States Commissioner of Reclamation, has called "the first major river plug in the world." As Joseph in Egypt learned to store food against famine, he said in 1937, "we in the West had learned to store water." The technological euphoria of dam-building spilled over into the Soviet Union at an early date—American engineers helped build the great dam on the Dnieper in the nineteen-thirties—and Soviet managers from time to time put their energy into huge cosmetic operations on their rivers.

The great dams of the Colorado have transformed Southern California and, with it, American agriculture. (Eighty per cent of all the water used in Southern California comes from the Lower Colorado.) In the drought of 1977, the Imperial Valley, which had had crop losses of ten million dollars in the drought of 1934, had a normal harvest, thanks to the miracle of irrigation. Hoover Dam also prevented the flood of 1952 from becoming a major disaster. The extraordinary growth of California would have been impossible without the grand schemes for draining, pumping, and storing Colorado River water. Nonetheless, the reality remains that some of the richest agricultural land and some of the fastest-growing population centers in the United States are in a desert. Eventually, armies of engineers and acres of concrete may not be enough to sustain them.

In 1978, Cecil D. Andrus, the Interior Secretary, reported that twenty-

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one of the country's hundred and six water subregions were suffering "severe water shortages" and that by the year 2000 the number would almost double. In the drought of 1977, Florida, Georgia, and Alabama suffered agricultural losses amounting to more than a billion dollars, and California about the same. The water table in parts of California is falling at the rate of six feet a month. (In one year, eight thousand new wells were dug in the state.) And not long ago seventy thousand wells around Lubbock, Texas—an area that produces about twenty-five per cent of the nation's cotton—went dry. The water shortage is mostly concentrated in the West. The Colorado River evaporates under the hot sun at a rate of about six feet a year. Even in non-drought years, there is never enough rain. Sibley points out that west of the hundredth meridian—a line approximately bisecting the Dakotas and extending to Laredo, Texas—nearly all the land below eight thousand feet is too dry for unirrigated agriculture. West of the Rockies, it becomes desert.

BECAUSE water is so obviously a finite and scarce resource, and because there are always competing drinkers, irrigators, and industrial users for any supply of water, conflict is inevitable. In the international arena, water disputes erupt periodically in bitter charges and countercharges, and sometimes in war. After the 1947 partition of the Indian subcontinent, India and Pakistan began to squabble about water. The headwaters of three rivers that feed the rich Punjab region of Pakistan—the Ravi, the Beas, and the Sutlej—lie in India, and the headwaters of the Indus, the Chenab, and the Jhelum, which are of great importance to India, lie in Pakistan. As in many other areas of the world where puckish nature mocks the mapmakers, the position of these rivers spelled trouble. In 1948, Pakistan accused India of diverting water by stopping its flow to Pakistan in canals under Indian control. The skirmishes over Kashmir were further embittered by the fight over water. Eventually, in 1960, with the mediation of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, the two countries signed the Indus Waters Treaty, which more or less settled the problem.

Israel and Syria have come to blows over rival plans to divert water from the Jordan River, and the Iraqis and the Syrians have been in bitter dispute over rights to the waters of the Euphrates. In April of 1975, the Iraqis deployed tanks and infantry units near the Syrian border and demanded that Syria release more water. The Syrians made some military countermoves, and eventually the dispute was mediated by the Saudis. South Africa justified its intervention in Angola in 1975 on the ground that it was protecting the Cunene Dam, which provided hydroelectric power for its protectorate Namibia. In retaliation for the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, Castro cut off the water supply to the American naval base at Guantánamo, but American technology prevailed. Desalination facilities were brought in, and the base remains to this day.

Of the two hundred largest river basins in the world, a hundred and forty-eight are shared by two countries, and fifty-two of these are shared by from three to ten countries. "The incentives for coercive manipulation of water resources are likely to grow as inter-basin transfer systems expand," the Air Force's Colonel Thompson has argued. And, indeed, growing demand for water, reinforced by a growing interdependence of reluctant partners in shared water systems, is increasing the conflict among nations over the most precious resource of all.

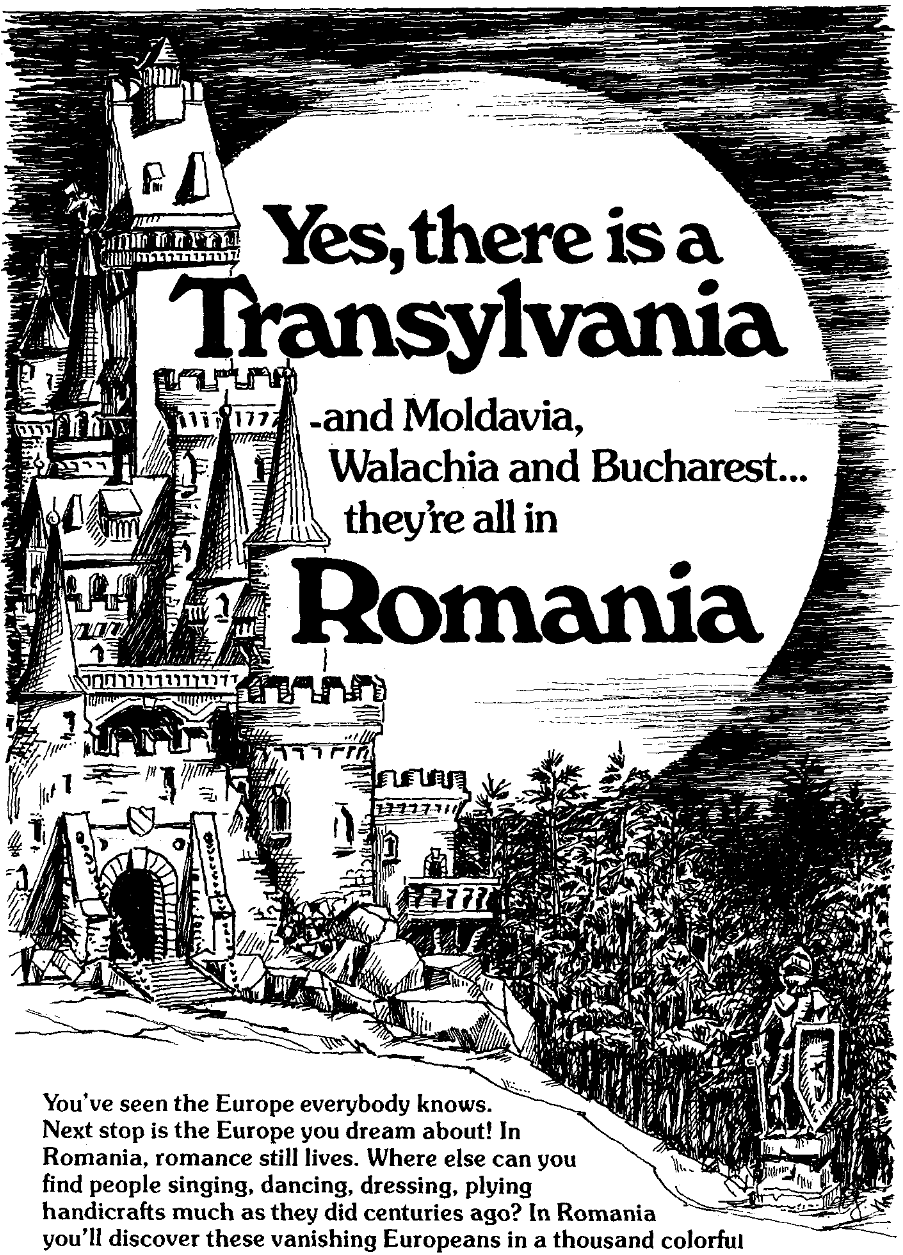
The United States and Mexico have a chronic dispute over Colorado River water. As the river water flows toward the border, it naturally becomes somewhat saltier, because it picks up mineral sediments. But in recent years the diversion of considerable quantities of water for making electricity and the increased pollution of the remaining water have caused a sharp rise in the salt levels by the time it reaches Mexico. Beginning in 1961, an irrigation project in Arizona dumped large saline deposits close to the Mexican border and severely damaged croplands in the Mexicali Valley. The Mexicans protested, and, after several years of negotiation, the United States agreed to desalinate part of the water flowing to Mexico, but the promise is becoming increasingly difficult to carry out. The Colorado River, as Francisco Tomargo and Robert Young point out in the *Natural Resources Journal*, is "water short"—more so, in fact, than any other river basin in the United States. It already serves fifteen million people, and, because it is "one of the largest storehouses of energy resources in the U.S.—including coal, oil, natural gas, uranium, tar sands, and oil shale deposits," it is sure to be drained at an ever faster rate and therefore to spread an increasing amount of salt on Mexican farmland.

Precisely the same sort of conflict

exists within the territory of the United States; several of the fifty sovereign states that make up the Union have disputes with one another over water. In 1964, the Attorney General of Nebraska filed a brief in the Supreme Court of the United States containing language reminiscent of the sort that France and Germany used to employ just before they went to war: "The aggressive policies of the State of Iowa have caused great consternation to the State of Nebraska and its citizens, and have threatened to result in armed conflict on the part of landowners and the State of Iowa and its representatives." At issue were contesting claims to some islands in the Missouri River—a boundary dispute occasioned by a Corps of Engineers water project. After the engineers had finished altering the river course, fifteen thousand acres of Nebraska land lay in Iowa. In 1959, the Supreme Court declared that New York was "on a collision course with Philadelphia" over water. Water battles have erupted from time to time between New York and New Jersey. Regional planning has increased in response to the water wars between the states, but local feelings run so high that water compacts are difficult to achieve.

The conflict over water is most intense, naturally, in the Southwest. There, as in most water-short areas, the law of "prior appropriation" is in force—first come, first served. The law encourages extravagant use, since rights can be lost if the water is not used for its designated purpose. The federal government has tried to encourage changes in local law which would provide incentives to conserve rather than waste water, but reforms can be imposed by Washington only when they are attached as conditions to hydraulic bribes. In an age of austerity, there is no money for big water projects.

The rivers of the Southwest—the Pecos, the Chama, the Vermejo—are all seriously "overappropriated." Rights to the water which exceed the water supply have been sold to competing users. Some years are so dry that irrigation ditches are closed. A Colorado mining company claims water to which New Mexico's Natural Resources Conservation Commission also has rights. Indian claims are senior to all others under the rule of first come, first served—if they are recognized. Richard Simms, chief legal counsel to the New Mexico state engineer, has declared that such claims create "a tap by which Indians or the federal government can just suck all the water



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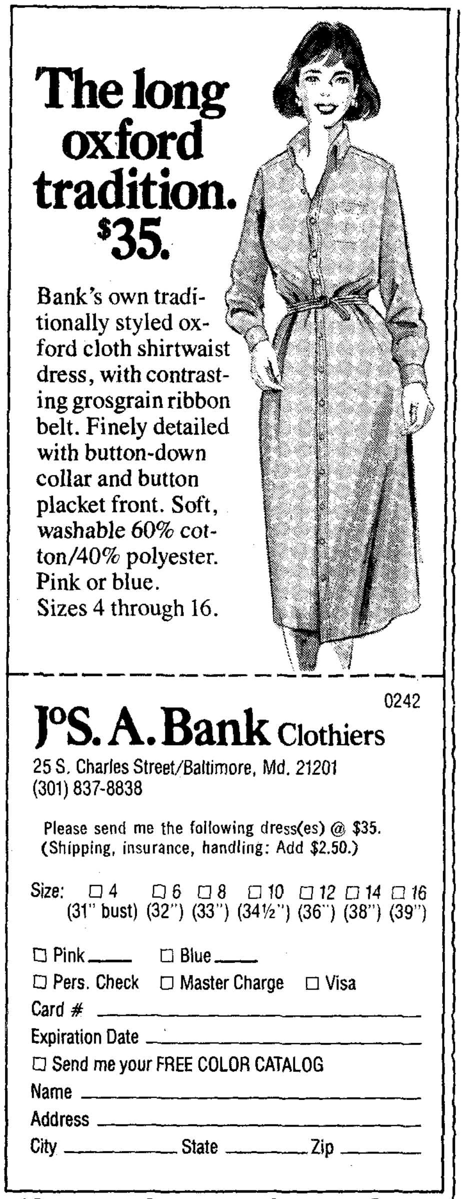

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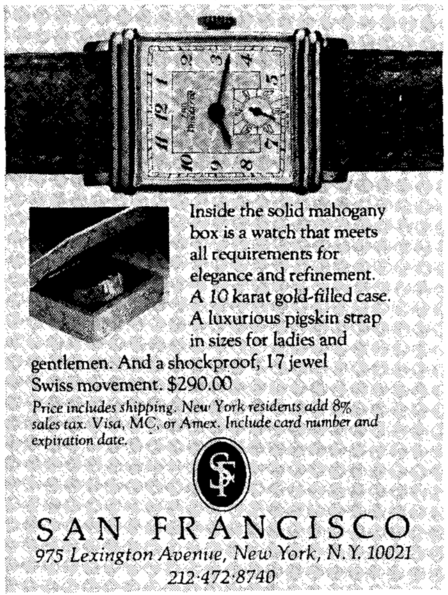

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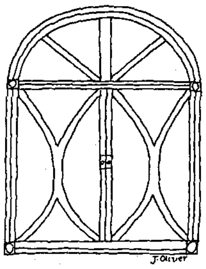
they want out from under people with historic expectations."

The convergence of a variety of political struggles encourages contradictory expectations. Nowhere is this clearer than in California. Overshadowing hundreds of local fights about water are two unpublicized but fierce battles: a struggle between Northern California, which has water and relatively few people, and Southern California, which has a huge population and little water; and a struggle between agribusiness and a much weakened movement to preserve the family farm. On both sides of both struggles, people have made plans on the assumption that they would have water. But there is not enough to go around.



Take the matter of the "north-south dialogue" within the state of California. There are large amounts of water stored in the reservoirs of Northern California which are designated by contract for use in the populous Los Angeles-San Diego region. A prolonged fight has developed over plans to shoot the water south by means of a complex network of projects and waterways slated to cost about seven billion dollars. The project has been delayed because it would divert from the delta north of San Francisco water that would otherwise flow into the sea. At first blush, that might seem to be a good water-conservation measure, if a little expensive. The trouble is that the freshwater flow around the delta is necessary to maintain the ecological balance between land and sea. If the fresh water did not flow out at a certain rate, salt water would flow in and ruin the land there.

How such struggles come out will depend upon what sort of strange new political coalitions can be built around water issues. Increasingly, the costs in money and in energy of moving vast amounts of water are a public concern. The environmental damage caused by rerouting rivers, squeezing streams, and building dams is becoming apparent to groups with diverse interests. The Auburn Dam, to be built on the American River, in California, would destroy archeological sites in the heart of the historic Gold Rush area; the Central Arizona Project, another dam, would threaten bald eagles and other wildlife; the Meramec Park Dam, in Missouri, would flood caves; the Dickey-Lincoln Project, in northern Maine, would inundate timberland; and so on.

Who is to decide whether the alleged power needs of, say, the citizens of Boston justify the destruction of recreation and fishing areas belonging to the citizens of Maine? The answer up to now has been political muscle—theoretically a democratic solution to tough resource-allocation problems but in effect a solution that favored large corporate interests. A few major water issues have become matters for wide political debate. It is becoming easier to stop dams. A coalition of environmental groups has succeeded in killing or delaying over fifty water projects in a decade.

But there is no adequate democratic machinery for the positive planning of resource allocation. In the absence of a coalition dedicated to designing, explaining, and carrying forward alternative programs for supplying water and energy, the victories of the environmentalists and the anti-nuclear coalitions will be short-lived. Like such military hardware as the advanced bomber and the nuclear aircraft carrier, which keep reappearing after being periodically voted down by Congress, high-technology water projects have excellent prospects for being revived. The only weapon that could perhaps prevent their recurrence is the political imagination to design a civilization that does not go on borrowing water.

Developing a rational water policy for the whole United States is not easy, if only because water is such an intensely local concern. There are two major necessities. One is conservation. Although, given the worldwide maldistribution of water, there is something more than extravagant about the use of water in the American home, the places where the most significant amounts of water can be saved are in factories and on farms. Some water specialists have calculated that industrial water use could be cut by thirty per cent—most notably by installing more efficient irrigation systems. But that would take considerable capital. Many processes that waste energy in the course of producing great heat also require considerable water for cooling. A federal commitment to the design and financing of a major industrial-conversion program is essential for saving both energy and water.

The other major necessity is regional planning. The federal government has tried unsuccessfully to promote it.

The Tennessee Valley Authority was a noble attempt that miscarried. Some of the original ideas behind it are still valid, but there is no effective public control over this powerful anomaly in the American system. There are regional planning organizations with impressive powers on paper across the country, but they do not exercise their considerable powers, because competing local interests make it impossible.

The most persuasive students of water politics seem to be those who urge the return to local communities of the responsibility for providing a safe and ample water supply. The federal government cannot make local communities act in their own self-interest. If Washington gets out of the way, communities may well find that they have no alternative but to take three essential steps. One is to raise the price of water to more nearly reflect its precious nature. A second is to take public control of crucial water supplies. Private ownership of the rainfall is beyond reason. A third is for communities to get together and resolve water conflicts themselves. Such regional planning is more likely to emerge from the bottom up than by an elaborate mechanism of ukases and bribes from Washington.

—Richard J. Barnet

(This is the second of a series of three articles. The third will appear in a forthcoming issue.)

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THE GARDEN AT DAWN

1
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of raspberries in the breeze
have risen from the depths
like shadows from a high cloud.

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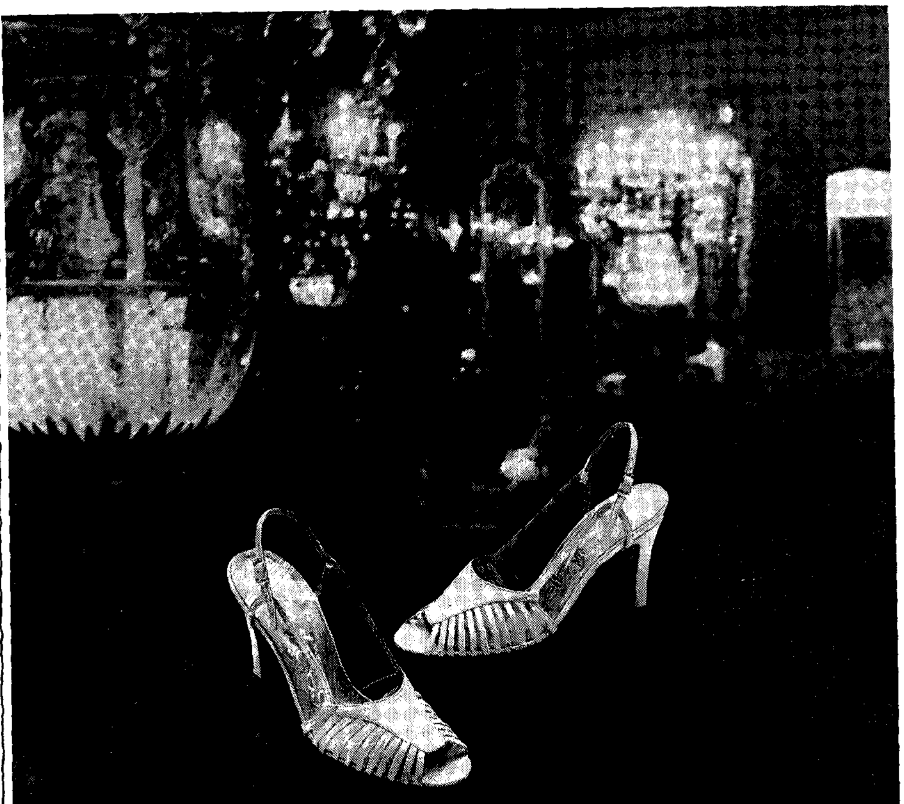
even an absorbed cat.

2
Companions and results of thought,
so calm and new to your shapes,
wet from disappearance and darkness,
perhaps you'll recall rising to light
while standing all day in wind
that dries the eye that closes,
sets us awash and sounding
for what we shall become again.

—Richard Miles



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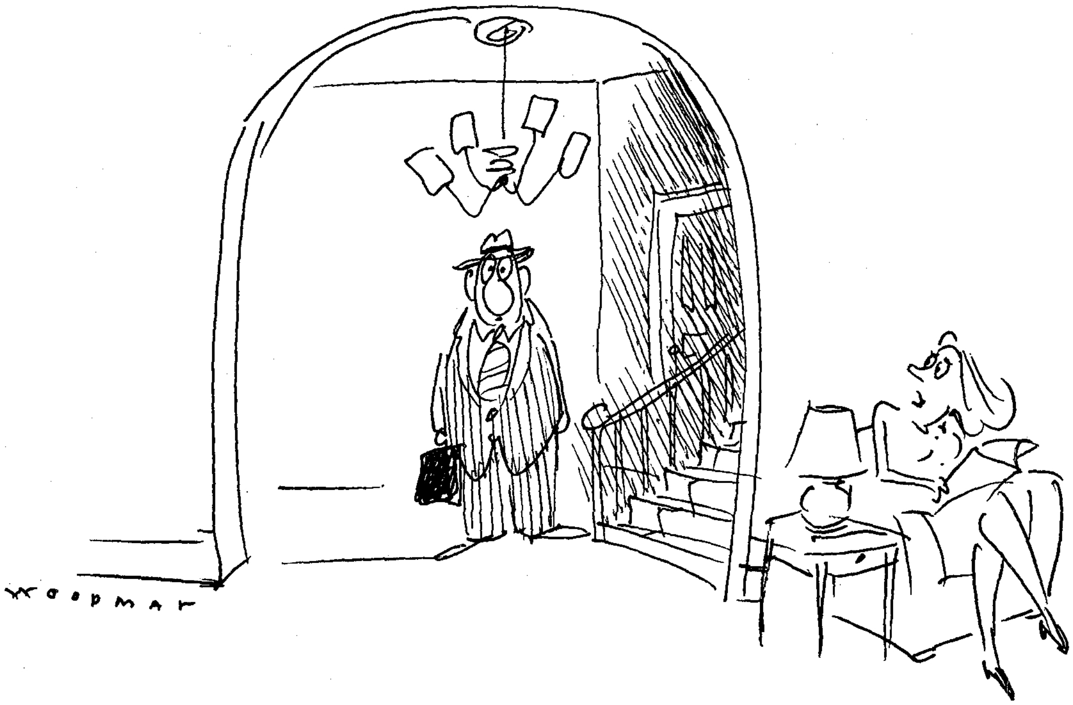
THE THEATRE

Talking Cats

A CURIOSITY called "Heartaches of a Pussycat" came all the way from Paris to Broadway, spent a few days at the ANTA Theatre, and then tiptoed away, presumably back to the City of Light. In a program note, "Heartaches" was described as a spectacle inspired by the drawings of the French illustrator Grandville, in his book "Scenes from the Private and Public Life of Animals," published in 1843; the show was also identified as being based on a story by Balzac. Now, Grandville's drawings are indeed marvellous, and it's pretty late in the day for me to risk saying an ill word about Balzac, but an evening devoted to a dozen masked actors and actresses impersonating cats, dogs, and rabbits was unlikely to seize my attention with a grip of steel. Though the masks were stunning, the actors graceful, and the scenery charming, talking cats are not, in the patois, *mon sac*. The fact of the matter is that I try to maintain fairly formal relations even with real cats; they are pleasing to me solely as aesthetic objects, to be observed at a distance. Because cats sense that I wish to preserve this distance, they are quick to violate it, sidling across a room to me, rubbing themselves against my legs, and leaping up into my lap, not out of affection but in malicious mockery of my distrust of them. No human being is clever enough to outwit the ice-cold calculations of cats, and speech is the last thing they need in order to maintain their tyranny over us. That was the dark thought with which I found myself wrestling at the ANTA, and I mastered it by hastening up the aisle and out onto West Fifty-second Street, where I was relieved to discover that not a single four-legged creature of any species was awaiting me.

THE Colonnades Theatre Lab is putting on a double bill of unusual merit—two one-act plays that are both laid in Ireland in 1921, in the time of "the troubles," when the Irish were seeking their independence and the British were bent upon keeping them by military force within the Empire. The first play is "The Irish Hebrew Lesson," by Wolf Mankowitz, and the second is "Guests of the Nation," adapted by Neil McKenzie from the celebrated short story by Frank O'Connor (a story from which Brendan Behan borrowed heavily in his play "The Hostage"). In the Mankowitz play, a fierce young Irish revolutionary, seeking to avoid being captured and killed by a couple of British Black and Tan soldiers, breaks into an upper room in the house of an elderly Jew, who, in the late hours of the night, has been going over his accounts. The Irishman carries a gun, with which he threatens to take the old man's life. Little by little, the old man leads his adversary from bullying bluster into a tense but amiable discussion of Judaism and Christianity, of bigotry, of the nature of God. Sound of footsteps on the stairs: the Black and Tans have arrived and are searching the house. Hastily, the old man sets about saving the life of the youth who a few minutes earlier had been his prospective murderer. After several twists and turns of old-fashioned melodrama, the play ends as it began, with a rueful, ironic mingling of Gaelic and Hebrew phrases; plainly, we are to perceive that all is one to God, under no matter how many different names. Nicholas Kepros is superb as the old man, and Curtis Armstrong touchingly conveys the impetuousness and ignorance of the young revolutionary. The bleak little set (which also serves for the second half of the bill) is by Johneine Papandreas, the lighting is by Betsy Adams, and the direction is by Michael Lessac.

In "Guests of the Nation," we are again in the presence of warfare and death. In a farmhouse somewhere in the remote Irish countryside, revolutionaries are holding captive two Black and Tans, 'Awkins and Belcher, because elsewhere the British have captured and detained four Irishmen. 'Awkins and Belcher are sunny, gregarious souls, who eat and drink and play cards with their captors; as the days go by, they all become friends together. Suddenly, shockingly, it is learned that the Black and Tans have executed their four Irish prisoners; 'Awkins and Belcher must be executed in retaliation. Nobody in the farmhouse can take in the enormity of the event that confronts them. The captors are as little ready to shoot 'Awkins and Belcher as 'Awkins and Belcher are ready to be shot. The deed must be done, and yet obviously it *mustn't* be done. For the audience, up to then enjoying what has amounted to a comedy, the moral questions raised by this horrifying reversal of fortune are painful ones; they seem to leap the barrier of make-believe and strike us not like so many coups de théâtre but like actual blows in the face. The climax provides a tremendous moment in the O'Connor story, and it is a tremendous moment on the stage of the Colonnades Theatre as well. The directors of this admirable production are Tom V. V. Tammi and Michael Lessac, and the cast consists of Marty Vale, Richard Cottrell,



"Is that you, dear?"

Charlie Stavola, Nesbitt Blaisdell, Curtis Armstrong, Robert Mason, Brian O'Mallon, and Carmel O'Brien. I will be remembering Stavola as 'Awkins and Vale as the narrator, Barney Callahan, for a long time to come.

THE Manhattan Theatre Club is putting on a conscientious, if not very inspired, production of "Biography," by S. N. Behrman—the first New York production of the play since it was a long-running hit on Broadway, in 1932-33. Behrman wrote the play for Ina Claire, easily the most gifted comedienne of her day (a day that is by no means over; at eighty-seven, Miss Claire is living an active life in California). The heroine of "Biography" is a portrait painter named Marion Froude, whose exceptionally vivid personality is, one guesses, a mirror of Miss Claire's. Piper Laurie as Marion Froude is very pretty and has a pleasing warmth, but she doesn't *sail* through the role with the fluttering buoyancy that Miss Claire is said to have displayed. As Richard Kurt, the young editor whom Miss Froude takes as the latest of her lovers, Alan Rosenberg seemed to me miscast—he wears his debonairness in a gingerly fashion, as if it were an expensive hat that he fears will be snatched from him in a subway crush. The title of the play has to do with the fact that Kurt has offered Miss Froude, who is suffering from what we now call a cash-flow problem, a large advance to set down her memoirs, which she proceeds to do, at first with relish and then with qualms. Nothing very dreadful will befall her in the three acts of the play; she will often have delightful lines to speak, and the final curtain will find her in tearing high spirits. The play is very much of the time it was written, and perhaps to our ears it is overzealous in warning us of every approaching curve of plot. Still, Behrman was an excellent craftsman, and the cast (which includes Stefan Schnabel, George Guidall, and Diane Warren) is kept agreeably busy as it mills about in Miss Froude's romantic, skylit studio. The design of that studio is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Jess Goldstein, the lighting is by Pat Collins, and the direction is by Lynne Meadow, a respecter of texts.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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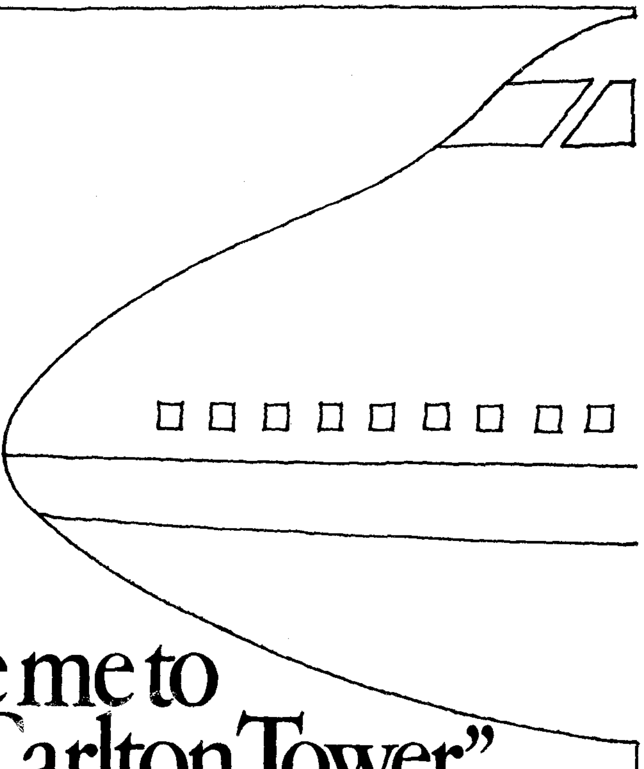

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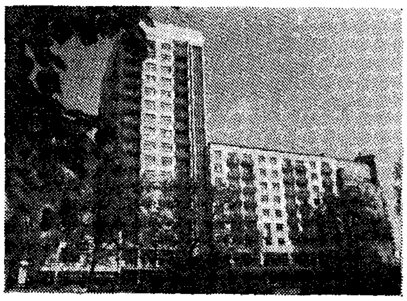

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Eleleleleu!

JOHN EATON's latest opera, "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," a powerful one-act drama, was given its first performance this month by the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington's Musical Arts Center. His previous opera, "Danton and Robespierre," also created at Bloomington, employed very large orchestral and choral forces. "The Cry of Clytaemnestra" has a small orchestra: five winds (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn), two pianos, a well-stocked battery commanded by three players, and nine strings; also, onstage or in the wings, stierhorn fanfares, crumhorns, and drum; and electronic music that can roll around the theatre. There is no chorus. The principal characters are Clytemnestra and Agamemnon; Iphigenia, Electra, and Orestes; Aegisthus; Cassandra. Calchas has a brief, telling role in a scene at Aulis, where six Greek princes provide a semichorus. But "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," which lasts seventy-five minutes, is hardly a "chamber" opera. It makes a big sound. Its gestures are large. It has grandeur and force.

Rash the composer who endeavors to match the "Agamemnon" itself by his music. Demetre Cuclin, G. F. Linstead, Felix Weingartner, and Norman Demuth are among those who have tried; S. I. Taneyev's earnest "Oresteia" trilogy (1895) had some success, and a recording of it has recently been published. Eaton and his librettist, Patrick Creagh, have been bold but not temerarious; their opera, inspired by Aeschylus, drawn from his drama, is not a new "Agamemnon" but, in effect, a long dramatic scena for Clytemnestra. The scene is the royal bedchamber of the Argive palace and the garden below it, the time a few days before Agamemnon's return. In visions, Clytemnestra's mind travels thence back to Aulis and the sacrifice of her daughter, and across to Troy, where Cassandra prophesies to Agamemnon. As if in a dream, the queen imagines her husband's homecoming, and the scene of her murderous welcome to him is enacted *coram populo*. The visions alternate with a "real" present. Waking from the last of them, Clytemnestra discovers that her resolution is formed. As the beacons of Agamemnon's victory blaze out across the backcloth, she prepares to meet him.

The "Oresteia" is a moral and political drama whose large theme is justice and the reconciliation of fate with individual responsibility; as in "The Ring" (which has Aeschylean roots), the workings of a primitive curse yield at last to the workings of human enlightenment. And then—as Philip Vellacott puts it in the introduction to his translation—"there is a second great question which Aeschylus considers in the 'Oresteia;' and it concerns the central figure of Clytemnestra. . . . Clearly the relation of man and woman in marriage must be named, after the 'quest for justice,' as the second great theme of the trilogy." Clytemnestra embodies it. The Choephori restate it: "Our whole sex is cursed, by men disfranchised, scorned, and portionless." Apollo and Athene return to it in the trial scene of "The Eumenides." Omitting the Chorus of Elders and Clytemnestra's and Aegisthus' speeches of self-defense, Eaton and Creagh leave the first theme unstated. The second is implicit in their drama, but the particular character of their heroine, not the "great question," is their first concern. In a preface to the libretto (which is published by the Shawnee Press), the opera is described as "an intense, personal drama showing the agony and sufferings which lead Clytaemnestra to decide to kill her husband," and it is claimed that her decision is "almost unique in ancient Greek theatre" in being reached independently of gods, oracles, or fate. Something has been lost: the mythic, terrible grandeur of the daughter of Zeus hatched with her sister Helen as twin instruments of the curse on the house of Atreus. Clytemnestra is presented as a grieving, indignant mother, a betrayed, angry wife, and a sensual woman; and it may be that in the libretto too full an attempt has been made to explain and "motivate" her. In the Western imagination, Clytemnestra *is*. But it was a deliberate decision, and the libretto, despite a few uncertainties of tone, has enabled Eaton to compose a full-scale and imposing musical portrait. Dramatic mezzo-sopranos should be eager to get their voices and presences into the role, and "The Cry of Clytaemnestra" is, I believe, a modern opera that should find a place on the international stage.

In line 592 of the "Agamemnon," Clytemnestra tells of the triumph cry she gave when the fiery beacon first announced the destruction of Troy. More than one translator has added specific cries of Clytemnestra to Aeschylus' text. In Walter Headlam's version, when the news has been taken to her "her jubilant cry is presently heard *within*." Likewise in Vellacott's version: "A cry of triumph is heard from Clytemnestra within." Later, when Agamemnon sets his blasphemous foot on the purple carpet, Vellacott's Clytemnestra greets the moment with "a prolonged triumphant cry; which the Chorus accept as a formal celebration of the victor's return, while only Cassandra understands its true meaning." In Gilbert Murray's version, Clytemnestra's women raise a triumphant "Ololûgê" at both those places. Eaton's opera opens with a prolonged and terrible cry from Clytemnestra, an outburst and ululation of anguish. She is recalling Iphigenia, and her cry is answered by high, clear arpeggios from an Iphigenia beheld in vision. They are written in C-major just intonation, kept on pitch by a precisely tuned electronic accompaniment, and this seems to invest them with an unearthly purity and radiance. Clytemnestra's cry punctuates the opera, developing and altering with each step of the action, until at the last it has become "a pure and terrifying cry" at once the expression of a fulfilled woman now certain of her path and, as it were, the vocal embodiment of a bright, destructive flame in which grief and fury alike have been consumed.

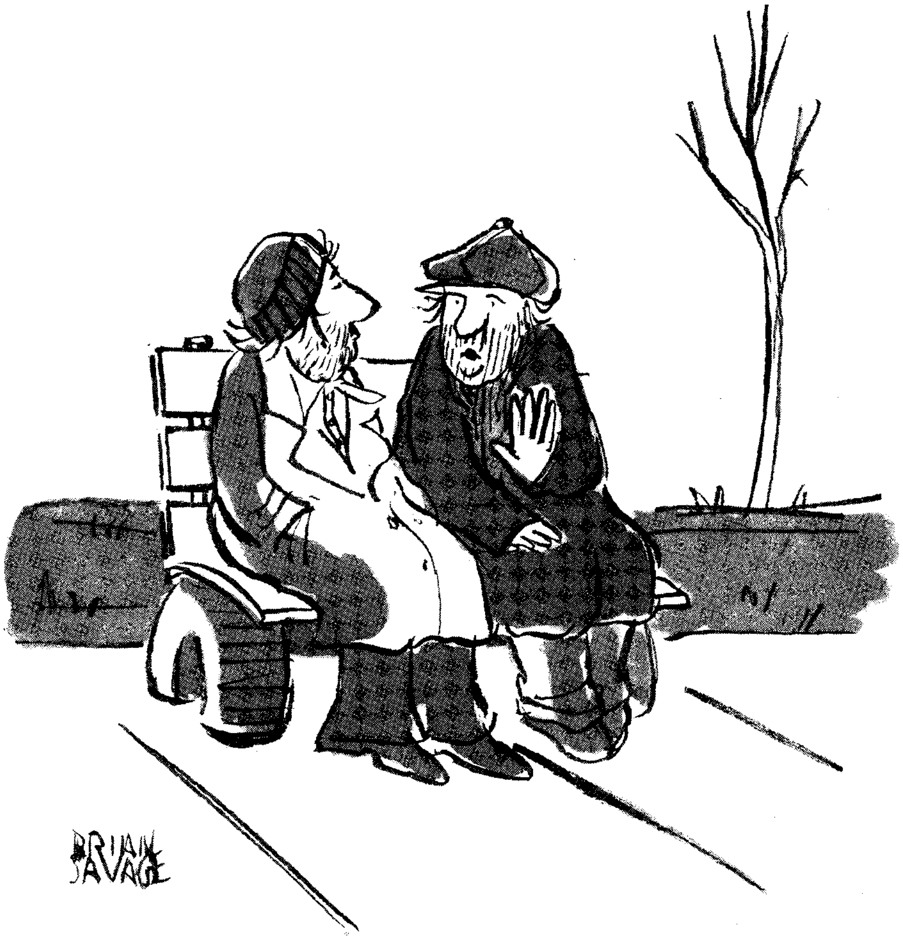
In "Danton and Robespierre," Eaton showed the mastery of vocal gesture which is the mark of a born opera composer, and in "The Cry of Clytaemnestra" his command of it is even more confident. His whole armory of expressive devices is large. It includes different kinds of tuning, which can provide not only consonances truer than those achievable by the twelve fixed notes of equal temperament but also telling inflections of melodic lines, curiously colored harmonies, and tonal oppositions between notes close yet different. Microtones (or "off pitch" notes), voluntary or involuntary, are familiar enough in the opera house. Eaton's fine ear and soaring musical imagination have been able to catch and give precision to that emotional "bending" of pitch which all accomplished singers employ at times, almost instinctively. He has carried the expressive possibilities into his orchestra and has woven them into his harmonic textures. But his controlled enrichment of the traditional melodic and harmonic palettes sounds spontaneous and natural, not calculated. His handling of the electronic devices has the same merit.

Practically, as I have suggested, synthesized sounds can accurately indicate and sustain the unfamiliar pitches for humanly fallible voices and instruments. Other electronic arts can, for example, invest Iphigenia's voice with a radiant aureole of resonance. Electronic music of various kinds steals into or surges up through the score. It sounds natural, necessary, not like applied sound effects. The nineteen instrumentalists are treated as virtuosos, and the range of colors and dynamics that Eaton draws from them is large. The vocal writing looks fiendishly difficult: his four women need each a range of about two and a half octaves. One would have said that the composer had been recklessly extravagant in his demands had not those demands been so ably met—not only by the cast of the first performance but also by a second cast that I heard at a rehearsal. They sang the music as if it were good to sing, and convinced their listeners that it was.

I have not visited the Indiana University Opera Theatre often, but at my visits—for Busoni's "Doktor Faust," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Christmas Eve," "Danton and Robespierre," and now "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," Busoni's "Arlecchino," and "Porgy and Bess" —it has struck me as just about the most serious and consistently satisfying of all American opera companies. The Musical Arts Center helps—a fifteen-hundred-seater, well designed and very well equipped, a match for the best German houses and so far as I know unrivalled in this country. It may seem perverse to prefer these student performances to the international productions of the big houses; and I'll readily admit that on occasion roles calling for seasoned voices have been underplayed. But the high level that Bloomington reaches can be heard on the recording of "Danton and Robespierre" now available on CRI. A campus company can devote to such a work the long rehearsals difficult to schedule—and the enthusiasm difficult to inspire—in the commercial hurly-burly of the ordinary operatic round. "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," like "Danton," was conducted by Thomas Baldner. The performance was confident and—as I discovered afterward when listening to a tape recording of it—astonishingly accurate. The playing was sure. The singing was dramatic, and several of the voices were beautiful. As Clytemnestra, Nelda Nelson was warm, eloquent, strong. Sally Wolf's singing as Iphigenia was pure and radiant. Tim Noble was a powerful Agamemnon. Rebecca Field was an incisive Electra, and Edith Diggory an affecting Cassandra. Joseph Levitt's Calchas was cleverly done. All these parts were played with presence. Larry Paxton's Aegisthus and Randall Black's Orestes were sung with assurance but were less convincingly portrayed. Not altogether their fault: the men's roles are less firmly limned, less roundly conceived than the women's.

Agamemnon is simplified to a monarch blunt, brutal, arrogant, and inwardly weak. He is presented as if through Clytemnestra's eyes—fairly enough, as his only appearances are in her visions. But Orestes and Aegisthus are there in "real time." Young Orestes takes no active part in the drama, and most of his utterances are jejune ("Electra, O Electra, a little charity! Ten years without her man . . . have driven her to this"). Aegisthus' role, which should be important, remains shadowy. In Aeschylus, as brother of the two children Agamemnon's father served in a stew to their own father, he claims responsibility for the murder of his cousin: "I planned his killing, as was just." In the opera, the revenge motif is unstated; Aegisthus seems to be little more than what Electra calls "my own mother's stud." Creagh's libretto, as I said, does slip in tone. Most of it is direct, but sometimes it becomes fancy ("Sad evening jades the day"), stilted ("This last impertinence I cannot stomach"), or unseemly. Sometimes the wordplay ("The army is at Aulis. All is well") is strained and ineffective. Some ambiguities seem more careless than deliberate: the ear asked whether a singer meant "no" or "know," whether an emphatic "lies" was a noun or a verb. An invented scene in which Aegisthus makes lubricious advances to Electra is an awkward and unnecessary diversion from the main line of the action. The "family row" that follows—a quartet for Clytemnestra, Electra, Aegisthus, and Orestes—is musically trenchant but verbally clumsy. Otherwise, the dramaturgy is strong. The sequence of scenes is at once practical (Clytemnestra cannot be singing all the time) and theatrically potent. The lyrical episodes for the royal children in the garden are well placed. Electra and Orestes first appear as tots; the infant roles were very poorly taken in Bloomington, but the fault lay with the performers, not the piece.

Max Röthlisberger designed and directed. His use of gestures was less precise, less communicative than the composer's. One could have wished for a nobler, sharper, more imaginative kind of staging, hard-edged settings,



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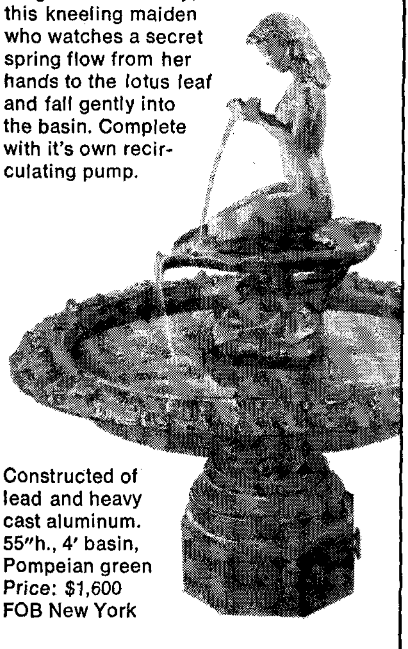

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more revealing light. The singers handled the classical names as things unfamiliar. I offer them this imperfect but possibly instructive limerick:

The chief of the gods would turn puce,
And exclaim, with an oath, "What
  the deuce
  Are these accents barbaric!
  I'm monosyllabic;
My name isn't Zay-oos, it's Zeus."

Musically, all was well. Eaton is an opera composer who is doing something new not for the sake of novelty but because his imagination has reached out to encompass the new techniques of our day. His works—let the "Danton" recording provide evidence for the assertion—are at once challenging to perform, adventurous, and accessible.

"THE CRY OF CLYTAEMNESTRA" was done on a double bill with an enchanting performance of the enchanting "Arlecchino," an opera with a distinct, elusive flavor unlike that of anything else in the repertory. In Busoni's words, the piece "has a tendency to ambiguity and hyperbole in order to place the listener, momentarily, in a position of slight doubt; it adheres consciously to the constant play of color between grim jest and playful seriousness." The composer wrote that in a little essay to which he prefixed a remark of Bernard Shaw's: "From Mozart I learned to say important things in a conversational way." "Arlecchino" is aristocratic, learned, witty, and melodious. Mr. Baldner conducted, Mr. Röthlisberger designed and directed, and they got the tone exactly right. Cast and orchestra were elegant, poised, accomplished. Praise to Jon Farris (Arlecchino), Sulie Girardi (Colombina), Thomas Faracco (Leandro), William Parcher (Ser Matteo), and Lewis Schlanbusch and James Ramlet (Abbot and Doctor). To "The Cry of Clytaemnestra" "Arlecchino" made an ideal companion piece, refreshing, exquisite, and subtly disturbing.

THE Indiana company boasts of the most extended opera season in the Western Hemisphere. In 1980-81, "Prince Igor," "The Love of Three Oranges," Cavalli's "Egisto," and the American première of Martinů's "Greek Passion" are due. A week before the première of "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," "Porgy and Bess" could be seen—and I thought it the most enjoyable and persuasive presentation of Gershwin's opera I've ever come across. There was, as the composer required, an all-black cast. In fact, the campus had been able to provide double casting, through a run of six performances, of which I caught the last. The full operatic score—not the abridged version of a "musical," with numbers, spoken dialogue, and a pit band—was used. The singers were without exception full and forward. There was a wonderful series of rich, warm voices in the women: Diane J. Johnson (Bess), Paula Redd (Maria), Denise Myers (Serena), Luvenia Garner (Clara). Michael Smartt was a striking and poignant Porgy. Ben Barnes was a neat Sportin' Life, dapper, lively, and unexaggerated. There was bright, clear singing from Albert Neal's Peter, the honey man, and from Colenton Freeman's crab seller, and in the threnody one chorister's voice after another poured out movingly. Mr. Röthlisberger, taking advantage of the theatre's movable side stages and retrostage, had created large, elaborately realistic settings that changed swiftly. Ross Allen's direction was both detailed and unfailingly natural. So was Charles Webb's conducting; he inspired cast and orchestra to feel and to fill their phrases, smoothly, freshly. Everything told. Performed thus, "Porgy" revealed its kinship with "Carmen" and with "Peter Grimes." The genre scenes built into a coherent whole; the threads of personal tragedy ran through them unbroken; the sense of a linked community and of the individual sufferings and solaces of those within it was vividly conveyed. The Houston "Porgy" that came to Broadway was less coherent, though it gave some idea of what the opera might be. The Cleveland complete recording, though very much a concert performance, showed that the more of the score that is done the better. This Bloomington "Porgy" is the first to make me add my voice to the chorus of those asking why neither New York house has Gershwin's opera in its regular repertory.

—ANDREW PORTER

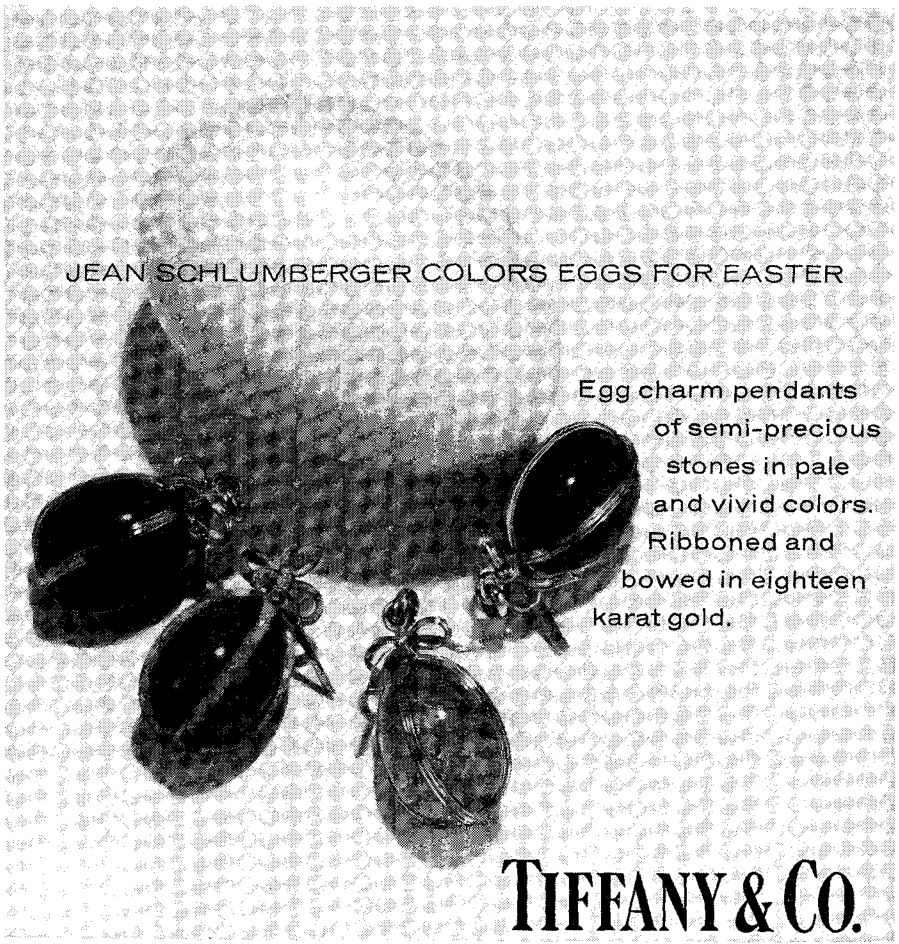
FURTHER EVENTS

Gluck Revived

TWO of the operas that Gluck wrote for performance in Paris were revived in New York within the space of a few days this month. "Armide" (1777), which the Friends of French Opera presented at Carnegie Hall, had not been seen here since the Metropolitan Opera staged it with Toscanini conducting; that production opened in November, 1910, and was last seen in March, 1912. "Iphigénie en Aulide" (1774), which Bel Canto Opera staged at the Wagner Junior High School, on East Seventy-sixth Street, had apparently never been heard here in French; it had had to wait until 1935 for its American première (when it was given in Philadelphia). These facts are surprising, for Gluck's operas are well known, at least to historians, and their revolutionary importance is acknowledged. Perhaps there is a suspicion that performing Gluck's operas—apart from "Orfeo" and "Alceste"—is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance; the music may be easier to respect than to enjoy.

The performance of "Armide" in Carnegie Hall, for all its evident imperfections, revealed a work of sustained power and nobility. The character of Armida, torn between desperate love and destructive hate, is superbly drawn and developed. At the end of Act II, when she tries to murder Renaud but succumbs to love for him, the music moves us to and fro with her uncertainty as violently as in Dejanira's mad scene from Handel's "Hercules," and then wafts us to the skies as Armida transports her love to a distant desert. No sooner are they there than Armida summons Hate to help her destroy her affections. But Hate, after a furious set-piece scene, deserts Armida, and she is left to bemoan her fate in music of utter simplicity. (Both here and in Armida's invocation, obsessive rhythmic figures in the accompaniment reveal the turmoil that lies beneath her simple utterances.) When Renaud is finally taken from her, Armida destroys her palace in music of a concentrated violence which takes us back to Phèdre's lament in Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie." Often during the performance, I was reminded of Rameau and Lully—and not just because Gluck's libretto (by Philippe Quinault) is the one Lully used for his "Armide." Gluck said that he had studied old French opera and had found that "in spite of the trills, runs, and other inappropriate devices . . . there were yet so many genuine beauties in them." Gluck's achievement in "Armide" is to maintain tension and variety without making use of the complexity and elaboration from which Rameau draws such force. To hear "Armide" after "Hippolyte" and "Les Boréades" is analogous to hearing Palestrina after Obrecht, or Webern after Schoenberg: in each case, the musical language has been purged of all display, and reduced to its bare, almost sensual outlines.

I was inclined, then, to agree with Robert Lawrence, who conducted the performance, when he wrote in the program book that "Armide" had "total distinction." I was less inclined to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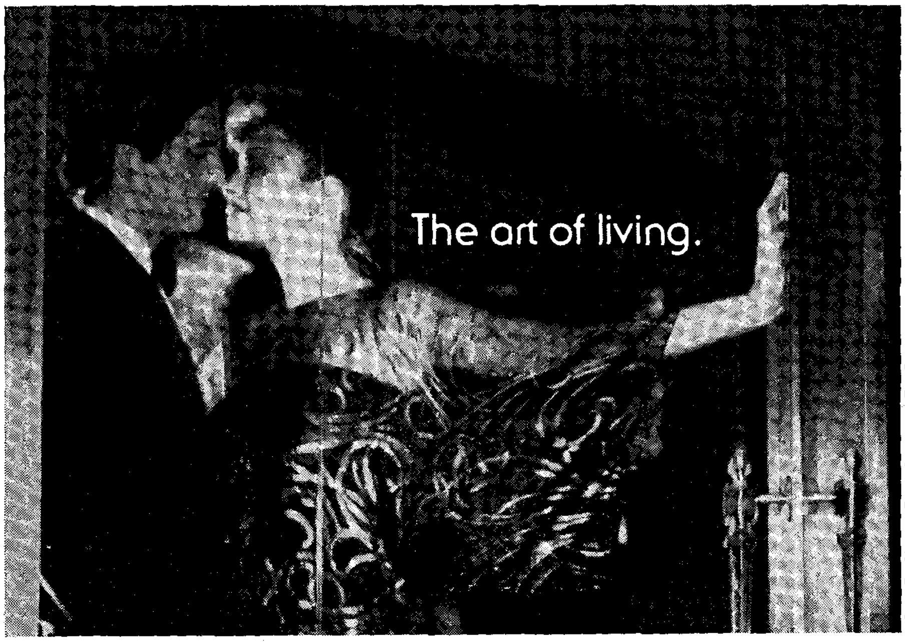
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agree with everything else he did: with Friends like these, French Opera scarcely needs enemies. To perform Gluck slowly is no bad thing, but to perform him ponderously and sluggishly, with scant feeling for the wonderful flow of the melodies, is unhelpful. Still, in the livelier sections the rhythms bounced and the scratch orchestra played with spirit. Martine Dupuy, making her American début as Armida, had a well-rounded, colorful voice, gentle and firm, but could not overwhelm us at the dramatic climaxes. The overwhelming was done by Bianca Berini, a shattering Hate clearly imported from Wagner's "Armide;" and by Kenneth Riegel, who strained and shouted through Renaud's high tenor part. (It demands a *haute-contre*—for example, Bruce Brewer—who can sustain the lines lyrically.) Eleanor Bergquist, Susanne Marsee, and Linda Zoghby were variously pretty, charming, and seductive as maids and nymphs. The opera was "semi-staged" on the front few inches of the Carnegie Hall stage (there even were two dancers for the ballet music); this had the sole advantage that all sang from memory. Most of the action was ludicrous: Aronte, impeccably dressed in white tie and tails, threw himself on the floor with a cry of "O ciel!" and lifted a hand bound in a red-stained handkerchief to indicate that he was wounded.

"Iphigénie en Aulide" was fully staged, modestly but effectively, in the small hall of the Wagner school. There was some excellent, stylish singing, notably from Charles Damsel as Agamemnon, Diana Walker as Iphigenia, and Thomas Mooney as Achilles; the stark conflicts of the drama were strongly drawn. But it was a great pity that economics dictated a piano accompaniment for this important première: for all William Koehler's sensitivity at the keyboard (and Sue Logan's occasional contributions on the oboe), the full flavor of Gluck's score could not be communicated. Rebecca R. Scott conducted; Cynthia Edwards directed. It is long past time for these two great operas (and the companion "Iphigénie en Tauride") to be given fully professional, modern stagings at Lincoln Center.

—Nicholas Kenyon

•

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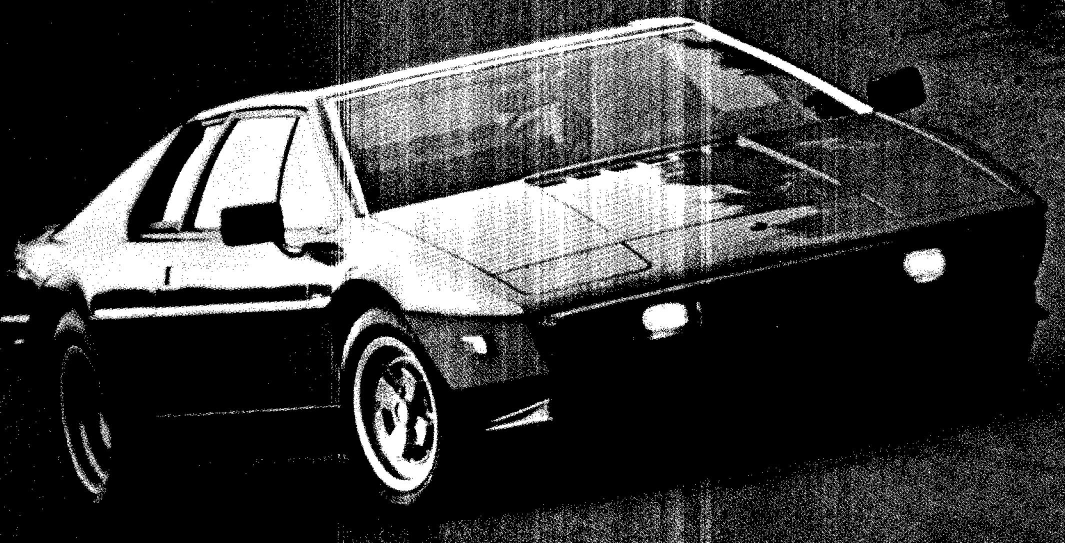

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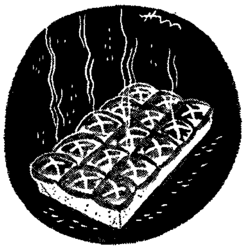
AROUND CITY HALL

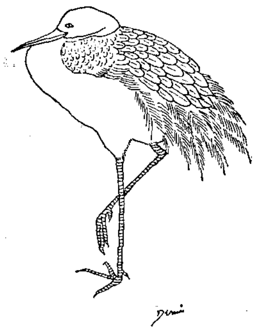
'TAIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS IF I DO

SOME local citizens see this city as having lived up to its reputation for being at the center of things when, for example, the six-o'clock news was full of the latest bulletins about the Shah of Iran's medical treatment at New York Hospital, on East Sixty-eighth Street, and scenes showing crowds of Iranian students across the street from the hospital shouting "Death to the Shah!" and "Down with Rockefeller!" looked very much like those in front of the American Embassy in Iran. For these New Yorkers, hardly anything seems to have happened here since the Shah's departure, in December. It is true that another international political celebrity recently took up permanent residence in the city, but Richard Nixon's move into a town house at 142 East Sixty-fifth Street this winter was, after all, not an event without precedent. Although the traditional view is that, at the end of their strenuous years in public office, American Presidents gratefully retire to the backwater cities and rural areas from which most of them originally came—far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife—many of them have in fact done nothing of the sort. Of the fourteen Presidents from Grant through Nixon (excluding, of course, those who died in office), Nixon is the sixth to live or have an office in this city after leaving the White House. (The others were Grant, Arthur, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Hoover.) Demonstrators have taken note of Nixon's presence here, as they did that of his friend the Shah. A few weeks ago, a group of about two dozen Yippies, who identified themselves as the Committee to Exchange Milhous for the Hostages, staged a protest march in front of his house, carrying signs that read "Pardon Me, Traitor Dick!" and "Draft Tricia!" Soon indignant residents of East Sixty-fifth Street, wearing fur coats and Burberry rain gear, began staging a counterdemonstration with signs that read "Welcome to Our New Neighbors, President and Mrs. Nixon." In his readopted world, Nixon may go back and forth socially with David Rockefeller, who lives next door. It is not likely that he will visit much with the historian Arthur Schlesinger, his neighbor over the back fence on East Sixty-fourth Street, who has said that Nixon's most suitable address would be a federal penitentiary, or with the occupants of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, nearby on East Sixty-seventh Street, or with the next controversial arrival in the neighborhood—Zehdi Labib Terzi, the official United Nations observer for the Palestine Liberation Organization, who is expected to move soon into a town house at 115 East Sixty-fifth Street bought for him by the P.L.O., which he will use as a combined office and residence. The fierce dispute set off last summer by the revelation that the American Ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young, had held an unauthorized conversation with Terzi, followed by Young's resignation after protests from the Israeli government and leaders of American Jewish organizations that he had shown his pro-Arab bias by consorting with terrorist enemies of Israel, led many defiant local blacks to seek closer ties with the P.L.O. In the course of a speech in a Harlem church last September, Terzi reported that the Park Avenue building in which the P.L.O. then had its offices was being torn down, and that he had been unable to find other quarters. He told his smiling audience that an office in Harlem could be the ideal solution to his problem. Instead, Terzi will occupy a house a block from David Rockefeller and Richard Nixon—that is, downtown where the power is.



THERE are New Yorkers who feel that in recent times the city was most at the center of things during that period last year when Jewish leaders were denouncing Young as an enemy of Israel and blacks were convinced that the Jews had forced the resignation of the black U.N. Ambassador. All the historic, unresolved conflicts of the Middle East were suddenly being confronted here—and at very close range, since most of the major Jewish organizations have their headquarters in New York, as do such key black groups as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League. Moreover, members of Jewish and black groups based here had for generations fought side by side for civil rights in the South, and the ending of any long-established partnership has a special bitterness. It was in the office of the N.A.A.C.P. here that two hundred black leaders from all over the country gathered in a summit meeting last August to issue what one of them called "our declaration of independence"—an independence, they made clear, from Jewish influence, particularly in the matter of the unwavering support for Israel that they had given in the past. The exchanges between black and Jewish figures at that time were so hostile that it was considered a blessing that Edward Koch, New York's notoriously outspoken Jewish Mayor, stayed out of the controversy. Koch had also kept his counsel during the Carter Administration's other sharp confrontation with American supporters of Israel—the President's program to sell fighter planes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia. In this case, Koch's restraint may have been related to the fact that the President's program to provide federal loan guarantees to the city was hanging in the balance at the time. In the weeks after the summit meeting, as it happened, it was not black leaders from this city but blacks from such places as Chicago and Atlanta who went halfway around the world to embrace the P.L.O. chief Yasir Arafat and join him in singing "We Shall Overcome." Within a few weeks of the summit, leaders of New York's black and Jewish groups were engaged in a quiet effort at reconciliation. In time, most of the fierce rhetoric subsided, and until this month's United Nations vote on Israel stirred things up again, with some further roiling by the Mayor, tentative rapprochement was the order of the day.

Mayor Koch really moved into the midst of things in the past few weeks, although he was vacationing in Hangzhou on the first of this month, when Donald McHenry, the American Ambassador to the United Nations, cast the controversial vote rebuking Israel for having expanded its settlements into former Arab territory. Koch was in Shanghai two days later, when, after outraged protests from the Israeli government and American Jewish leaders, the Carter Administration announced that its U.N. vote, to the degree that the resolution applied to Jerusalem, had been a mistake resulting from a "failure in communications." Accompanied by ten members of his City Hall staff, the Mayor had departed on February 22nd for a two-week sojourn in the Far East, with China the main destina-



tion. Before he left, he announced that he particularly hoped to bring back with him a Chinese hat he'd heard was available marked "Smash the Gang of Four!" He was unable to find such a hat. Otherwise, Koch judged the excursion—which, as his office pointed out, was only his second trip out of the country since he was sworn in as Mayor, in January, 1978—a big success. Much of Friday, March 7th, his first day back at City Hall, was spent catching up with late developments in the Mayor's office—which had been presided over in his absence by Deputy Mayor Nathan Leventhal—and with rehearsing his part in the musical-comedy lampoon of city government which is an annual enterprise of the Inner Circle, the local fraternity of present and former City Hall reporters, scheduled for the night of March 8th. The Mayor's song-and-dance rebuttal is traditionally performed with leading members of a current Broadway show; this year they were from the all-black cast of "Ain't Misbehavin'." Also by tradition, the rebuttal is off the record, in the interests of a relaxed atmosphere all around.

Earlier on the day of the Inner Circle show, the Mayor had to concern himself with matters of more serious import. Shortly before his plane from the Far East landed in New York, he had received a message requesting him to call President Carter. When he did so, Carter invited him to lunch at the White House on March 8th. With the coöperation of Pan American World Airways, the Mayor had been receiving same-day delivery of the *Times* during most of his trip, and he did not assume that the President's purpose was to see the slides, taken by the Mayor's official photographer, of Koch admiring the Forbidden City. The uproar over the U.N. vote had caused the Carter campaign to be desperately concerned over possible defections among Jewish voters just before Presidential primaries in two states with substantial Jewish populations: Florida, on March 11th, Illinois, on March 18th, and another, on March 25th, in New York, where Jewish votes usually account for about a third of those cast in Democratic primaries. Senator Edward Kennedy was already attacking the President strongly on this issue in all three states. Koch is the highest-ranking Jewish Democrat in New York, and he was also one of the first politicians to endorse the President for reëlection. Last summer, after he made this move, the Mayor predicted that Carter, whose stock was then at a very low point, would look back and say, "You know, when I was out there in the wilderness . . . and they were all running away from me, the Mayor of the City of New York was by my side." If the President was planning to discuss his political problems with the United Nations vote at this month's White House meeting, Koch had to be allowed to bring up New York's continuing money troubles. The tentative city budget for the fiscal year that begins July 1st was balanced with a putative hundred million dollars in new funds from Washington, which had so far not been arranged for either by administrative action or by congressional legislation. On his trip to the capital, Koch took along James Brigham, the director of the city's Office of Management and Budget, and Brigham conferred with two of the President's domestic advisers, Stuart Eizenstat and Jack Watson, to see what could be worked out. After meeting briefly with the trio, Carter and Koch adjourned to the Carter family's private White House quarters, where they were joined by Rosalynn Carter, with Amy doing her homework nearby. The Mayor reported later that during lunch they had given approximately equal time to the city's fiscal circumstances, politics in general, and the crisis over the U.N. vote.

THAT night, the Mayor was so pleased with his performance before the black-tie crowd at the Inner Circle show that he changed the rules and put it on the record. Wearing a kinky Afro wig, he cavorted about the stage of the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, at one point poking fun at the deep anxiety of many local blacks and Hispanics over his proposed closing, for budgetary reasons, of two municipal hospitals—institutions that they argue provide not only badly needed medical care but employment for many of the city's poorer citizens. Touching his wig, the Mayor asked, "Why am I seized by a sudden desire to open hospitals?" And, with another motion toward his Afro, he asked in mock contrition, "How could I have been so wrong about Model Cities?"—a reference to an urban-renewal program in local ghetto areas which has been sharply curtailed in his administration. As part of the dialogue prepared by the Mayor's speechwriters, a member of the "Ain't Misbehavin' " cast asked, "Aren't you ashamed of being so hard on minorities?" Said Koch, "But it's for their own good," and he added that he had the right to tell people what to do and what not to do, "because I'm the Mayatollah." Another of his songs was " 'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do." During one number, he acted out his view of the appropriate way to respond to critics of his choice of budget cuts and other mayoral decisions by twice using the familiar upward-thrusting-fist gesture of contempt and provocation.

Not everyone in the Hilton ballroom joined in the subsequent standing ovation for the Mayor. Joe Bragg, a black reporter for radio station WHN, complained that Koch had used the finale not, as was customary, for a humorous rebuttal to the reporters' satirical commentary on his administration but for a gratuitous attack on the city's blacks. Barbara Margolis, Vice-Chairman of the Mayor's Commission for Distinguished Guests, who had accompanied Koch to China, chided Mary Pinkett, a quiet-spoken lady who is the only black woman member of the City Council, for not appreciating "how talented the Mayor is." Nevertheless, Mrs. Pinkett left in the middle of the Koch performance. Later, she said that she did not see how it would be possible for the Mayor to go on working with the local minorities who make up the largest bloc of his constituents—the city's population is now estimated to be about twenty-five per cent black and seventeen per cent Hispanic—when he habitually demonstrated such a total lack of respect for their concerns. People kept reminding her, she told a reporter, that blacks should not be so thin-skinned—that they were fair game to be satirized, like any other group. Mrs. Pinkett said that she agreed, and that she presumed the next Inner Circle musical would never mention Italian-Americans without making jokes about the Mafia. Or perhaps, she said, there would be a scene that would satirize the concern of Jewish politicians for the interests of Israel above, it often seemed, all other issues. It would feature figures in large false noses, and would show Menachem Begin denouncing the P.L.O. as terrorist bomb-throwers while, in the background, a younger Menachem Begin clowned around throwing bombs—as, she noted, the Irgun had done when he was its leader in the Palestine of the mid-nineteen-forties.

During the Mayor's performance, Manhattan Representative Charles

Rangel, the most powerful local black politician, whose endorsement of the President for reëlection, at the end of November, Carter arranged to have take place in the Cabinet Room of the White House, also got up and left, saying that he had had enough of Koch's offensive anti-black antics. His departure was significant, since Rangel has tended to be a peacemaker rather than a provocateur in the Mayor's troubles with local blacks, who have called Koch a racist. After a furor erupted in such communities as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant last September over the revelation of past Koch remarks to the effect that all blacks were basically anti-Semitic, the Mayor, who is not by nature a peacemaker, did nothing to calm the situation. It was Rangel who made a telephone call proposing that, for the good of the city, they should hold a meeting to try to end the destructive rhetoric on both sides. This month, explaining Rangel's pointed departure from the Inner Circle show, Koch told a reporter for the *Daily News* that Rangel hadn't been upset by what was said—which had been merely humorous—but had left because he'd had a dispute with a waiter. Rangel—who, as chairman of the Health Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, will have a good deal to say about the possibility of more generous administrative provisions that would benefit local municipal hospitals—remarked that the city government "works better when he's in China."

"You sure this is authentic?"

IN the days after what West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt described as the "deplorable" American blunder at the United Nations, Presidential operatives regarded as having credibility in the American Jewish community paid visits to Illinois, Florida, and New York to explain how the disaster could have happened. (In a letter to the *Times* this month, Edward Scher, adjunct professor of quantitative analysis at New York University, proposed a palindrome to describe the current White House regime: "To Last, Carter Retracts a Lot.") On March 10th, two days after Koch's lunch at the White House, Robert Strauss, the President's national campaign chairman, and Sol Linowitz, Special Ambassador to the Middle East, were in New York to do their part. That morning, they conducted what was described as a "pep talk" for local supporters at the Carter headquarters here. The front page of the *Times* the next day showed Strauss standing with Koch's predecessor, Abraham Beame, who was the city's first Jewish Mayor, and Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, who is the President's state campaign chairman. Cuomo, a large man, looked as if he could be Strauss's bodyguard—a retainer whose services, it was agreed, Strauss might have need of while he was here. The critical test came late that afternoon, at the Harmonie Club, at 4 East Sixtieth Street, which is the Jewish preserve among the city's more elegant private clubs. Seventy-five leaders of Jewish organizations had been invited to hear what Strauss and Linowitz had to say for the President. While the tense colloquy was going on, some two hundred people gathered outside, denouncing Carter and "his Jewish lackeys and traitors." Many in the crowd were Yeshiva University students, but most of the leaders seemed to be members of the Jewish Defense League, the militant organization that from time to time takes credit for attacks on members of the P.L.O. or on members of the Soviet Mission to the U.N., who are held accountable for the mistreatment of Soviet Jews. There were loud cries of "Police brutality!" as some of them tried to push through the police barricades to get at the President's men. Ten people were hurt, and six of the demonstrators were arrested, including Rabbi Meir Kahane, the international chairman of the J.D.L. Inside, Strauss and Linowitz tried, in measured tones, to deliver the message that, having admitted error, the President, as a friend of Israel, should be supported no matter how bad things looked. They were assisted in their pitch by Brooklyn Representative Stephen Solarz, who declared that all involved were honorable men, and that it had been an honest mistake, which the President had faced up to, unlike Nixon during the time of Watergate. In view of the great anger in the room, Solarz was running some political risk. Brooklyn's Thirteenth District, which he represents in Congress, is probably the most heavily Jewish in the country. Fearing that his name might be taken for a Hispanic one when he first ran there, in 1974, he handed out his mother's recipe for gefilte fish with his campaign literature. A couple of years ago, discussing the importance of the Israeli cause to his constituents, he said, "In my district, getting money for Israel . . . is the functional equivalent of getting money for a dam out West." He explained after his Harmonie Club appearance that he had defended the President for his mistake involving the "palpably pernicious proclamation" at the U.N. because he had endorsed Carter back in December "and I thought it somewhat cowardly to leave him in a lurch on this one." Despite the deep budget cuts Carter has pro-

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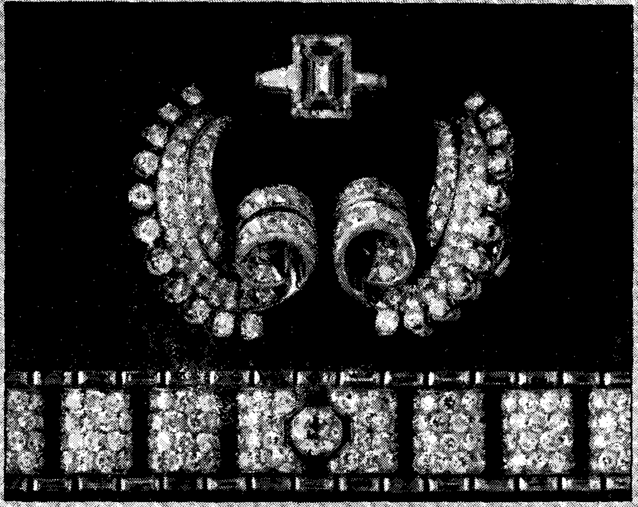

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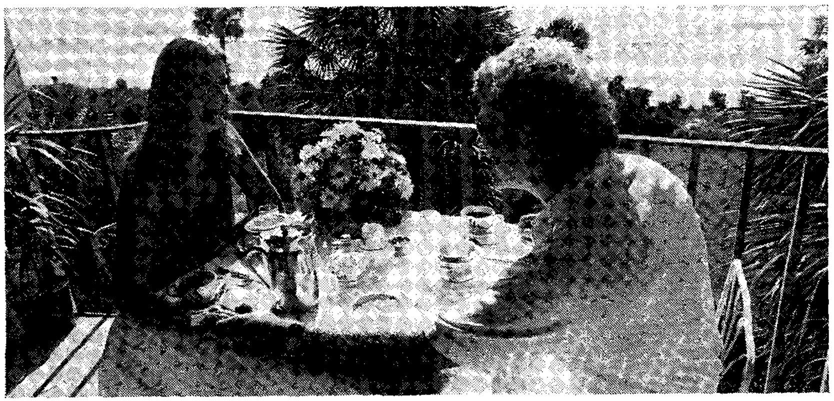

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posed as part of his anti-inflation program, there was a suspicion that an effort would be made to see that none of them unduly inconvenienced the Thirteenth Congressional District in Brooklyn. As the result of the afternoon's pep talk at the Harmonie Club, some of those who attended seemed to be less angry as they left, while others looked as grim as ever.

Mayor Koch was not present at any of the meetings to defend the President. Shortly after 5 P.M., about the time the Harmonie Club session began, he was giving an interview to George Arzt, the City Hall bureau chief of the New York *Post*. Arzt's story appeared the next day under the heading "FOUR CARTER BIGGIES ARE ANTI-ISRAEL SAYS KOCH." Of the four men the Mayor identified, two were black. He named Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and national-security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski as among those who were against the Jewish state, and U.N. Ambassador McHenry and a resurrected Andrew Young—who, of course, is no longer part of the Carter team—as "Third World-oriented and viciously anti-Israel." In a more ominous invocation of Watergate, he declared that mistrust of its anti-Israel policy was "growing like a cancer" on the Administration. By the following day, when reporters for the city's other papers sought further enlightenment, the Mayor had enlarged the enemies list to include Harold Saunders, Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. He called the quintet "the Gang of Five." All the men, said Koch, were "Arabists" and had "a Third World orientation," and he predicted that their continued influence with the President might endanger Carter's winning of the New York primary and perhaps of the general election. Secretary of State Vance, not sounding at all diplomatic, announced that Koch's version of things was "absolute baloney."

On Tuesday, March 11th, the day the Arzt article appeared in the *Post*, some hundred and fifty New York political and community leaders from a variety of ethnic backgrounds gathered at the Executive Office Building in Washington to be briefed by Carter and his staff on his problems as President—quite unrelated, of course, to his problems as a candidate. The meeting, one of several dozen that had been staged for invited guests from many parts of the country, had been scheduled weeks earlier and had nothing to do with the U.N. fiasco. Doubtless, however, it had something to do with the imminent New York primary. From such meetings, guests are supposed to emerge with the gratifying impression that they have had an inside view of the Presidency. In case they don't get it right, they leave with a packet of Carter-boosting literature and also a memo pad marked "The White House" to show off to their friends back home. "STATE BIGS CHECKING INTO D.C.'S PRESIDENTIAL SWEET" was the headline over the *Daily News* announcement of the March 11th event. The meeting was intended to deal with a wide range of Presidential concerns, but, no matter what other subject was brought up, the visitors' questions veered back to the U.N. vote. The company seemed to feel unaccountably better after Carter himself described it as "a genuine mistake," for which—instead of letting Vance take the fall—he accepted "my part of the blame." Among those on hand to assist the President were Linowitz and Brzezinski. Word of Koch's attack on Carter's advisers in the *Post* had already reached the White House staff, which seemed stunned. "Zbig is terribly upset," one aide was heard saying to another. Eventually, the news also spread to many of the visitors to the Executive Office Building. Particularly among the blacks in the crowd, there was serious discussion of the possibility that in his evident animosity toward blacks, as it had been expressed in the Inner Circle show, and his discovery, two days later, of two blacks viciously undermining the Administration, the Mayor might be on the verge of crossing over the line from rationality. Among many Jewish visitors on hand that day, however, the Mayor's rationality was assumed, and was therefore the basis of another sort of worry. Surely he would never have spoken of the influence of a Gang of Five without having solid evidence of a real State Department conspiracy—especially after just returning from China, the last place where such a charge would be made lightly.

At a press conference the next day, however, the Mayor said that "Gang of Five" was just "a colorful expression." This was the day the Florida primary returns showed Carter defeating Kennedy by a margin of sixty-one to twenty-three per cent despite the anti-Israel issue. He was convinced that the President was not against Israel, said Koch, no matter what the Gang of Five had been up to, and, after all, that was what counted. That afternoon, Secretary Vance, as he left the United Nations after a meeting on oth-

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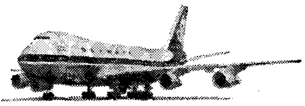

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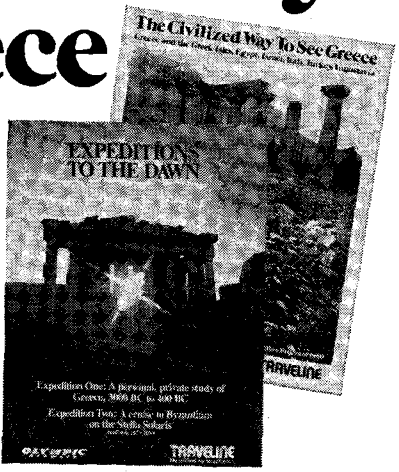
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er matters, felt it necessary to issue a further statement having to do with the responsibility for the controversial U.N. resolution. Ever since McHenry had voted for it in the name of the United States, a rumor had been spreading among members of Jewish groups here and abroad who did not believe that Vance would have tried to put one over on the President—that is, to conceal from him what was actually in the resolution. The culprit, then, must have been McHenry. When Koch put the charge of possible McHenry perfidy on the record, the rumor had come out in the open elsewhere. Vance made a point of telling reporters that all such implications of McHenry's underhandedness were "baseless and despicable" and that he had "total and complete confidence" in the U.N. Ambassador. Observers here with good memories recalled that the last chapter of the story of Andrew Young at the U.N. had included early denials that there would be any resignation. There was no sign of such a move by McHenry. Still, there was considerable anxiety that even the rumor of the possibility that, for the second time in seven months, a black U.N. ambassador might leave the U.N. as a result of Jewish criticism could lead to an upsurge of the racial ugliness that seems never to be far beneath the surface.

Only Harlem's weekly *Amsterdam News* saw Koch's Inner Circle jokes about the concerns of local blacks and the attack on the Gang of Five as, to a degree, aspects of the same mayoral practice of looking upon blacks as suspect and unworthy. On the front page of its next issue, that paper covered the two events as one, illustrated by a picture of the Mayor with portraits of Young and McHenry on one side of him and Rangel on the other. The fact that, in the *Times*, the Gang-of-Five episode, with its dramatic elements—leading Carter supporter sees the President as helplessly in the clutches of a malign conspiracy—was folded into the account of the Washington visit of the hundred and fifty New Yorkers may have been because the story had originally appeared in the *Post*. Although the *Post* has several able reporters on its staff, particularly at City Hall and at the U.N., the managements of the *Times* and the *Daily News* regard the news-gathering abilities of their sensationalist tabloid rival with some disdain. In any event, by the time they got the story, it was a second-day affair. The *Times* takes a stern editorial view of unseemly political behavior, but neither of Koch's recent self-indulgent exercises brought him any reproof from the *Times* editors, with whom the Mayor is a big favorite. The only editorial in the three local dailies on the Gang-of-Five charges appeared in the *Daily News*. The editors there asked if the Mayor meant to suggest "that everyone who questions the wisdom of the present Israeli government's aggressive program of establishing new settlements is an enemy of Israel," and said that if that was the case he would have to include some members of the Israeli government. The headline over the editorial was "NOT HIS FINEST HOUR."

After Senator Kennedy received the grim returns from the Illinois primary, showing that despite his hard campaigning there on the U.N. vote fiasco he had lost to the President by over two to one, Kennedy announced that the result of the New York primary the following week would "send a message" and would "make the difference." In a new campaign commercial, Senator Kennedy denounced the U.N. vote and used the phrase "Never again!," which is the Jewish Defense League's slogan, harking back to the Holocaust. Meanwhile, the Mayor was being featured in a commercial he had just made for the Carter campaign. In it, Koch said, "In spite of all the excitement and upset about the U.N. vote on Israel, President Jimmy Carter is a responsible public man," and added, "So even when he makes a mistake, he admits the mistake rather than covering it up." At a press conference on the day after the Illinois primary, Koch recalled his words of last summer about standing beside Carter in the Wilderness, and he asked with a big smile, "Do you think I'm going to leave him when he's crossing over into the Promised Land?"

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*From the Boston Globe*]

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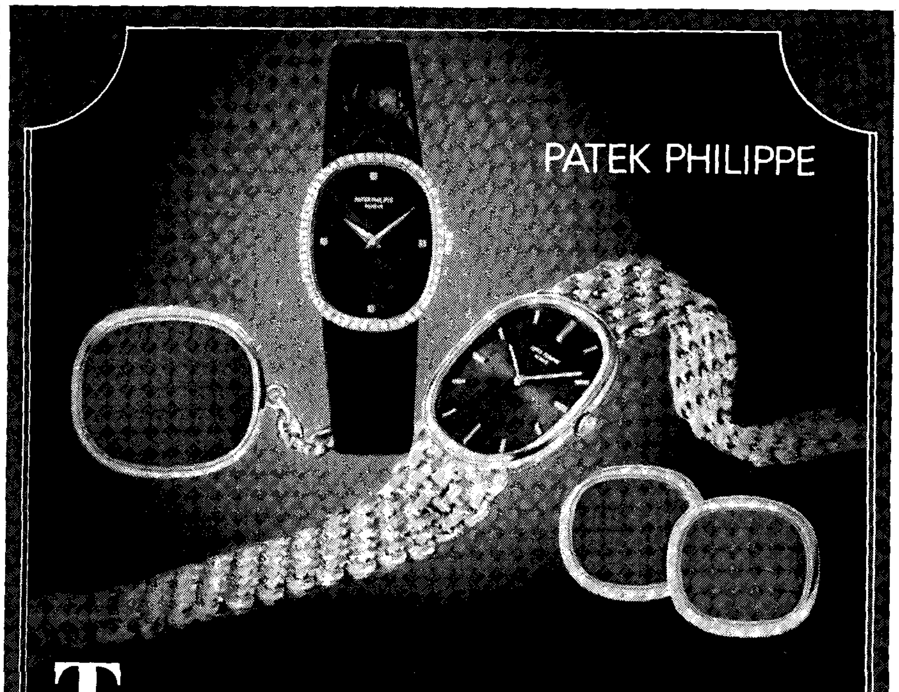

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ivy League Anguish

FROM time to time, a movie arrives that strikes a note of vehement gratuitousness: Why on earth has it come into existence, save perhaps to provide a vessel for the expression of certain autobiographical ambitions on the part of its makers? "This is how it was, and how it was is important because"—here, whether consciously or unconsciously, we all begin to quote Whitman—" 'I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.' " A characteristic specimen of the genre is "A Small Circle of Friends," which purports to deal with undergraduate life at Harvard in the late sixties. I assume that the screenwriter, Ezra Sacks, and the director, Rob Cohen, have some personal familiarity with the time, place, and circumstances of the movie, and that the highly volatile emotions of the undergraduates depicted will be recognized as authentic by their non-movie-making Harvard peers. If the emotions aren't authentic, then the movie fails no less as a quasi-documentary than as a work of art. In the days of Vietnam and L.B.J., feelings reached a fever pitch on college campuses in and out of the Ivy League, and with reason; what is odd about "A Small Circle of Friends" is how little the feelings of the leading characters appear to be related to the historical situation that is supposed to have prompted them. These young men and women are indeed troubled, but the source of their trouble is as old as Eden; though the setting is the Harvard of twelve or thirteen years ago, the plot is mostly concerned with the ignominy of youth emerging into adulthood. The elmy Yard is prettily photographed, and so is the Charles River, and so are young bodies making love on floors and in showers and in other now conventionally acceptable, if uncomfortable, places, but we are never convinced that a war is actually being fought on the far side of the world, or even that classes are being held on the near side of the world. We are shown a bloody riot, and it is simply a bloody riot, purposeless because almost subjectless; the anguish we are invited to share is an anguish of ego, and not of peremptory and inescapable events.

The plot of "A Small Circle of Friends" revolves about three Harvard undergraduates: a disagreeable young cockalorum from the wrong side of the tracks, Leo DaVinci (Brad Davis); a good-looking and gifted young woman named Jessica (Karen Allen), who in the course of the movie inexplicably shifts from the lofty world of art to the lowlands of law; and the straightest of straight arrows, Nick Baxter (Jameson Parker). Leo and Nick love Jessica, and she loves them back, to the point of making love with them at first consecutively and then, if we are to believe the strong hints given in one totally implausible scene, concurrently. The audience is sure to be reminded of "Jules and Jim," but, oh, the difference! Sour Brad Davis has nothing in common with Oskar Werner except diminutive stature, and Jameson Parker has nothing in common with Henri Serre except a look of canny patience. As for Karen Allen, she is an exceptionally winsome actress, as well as an intelligent one, so I will content myself with saying nothing more adverse of her performance than that *no* American can hope to be a Jeanne Moreau. Shelley Long is interesting in a tiny part that—to make play with her name—must once have been intended as a long one, and John Friedrich finds something of value in his role as a languid Texan who turns into a bomb-toting terrorist. Alas, they are all at the mercy of Mr. Sacks, whose screenplay is constructed of matchwood, and of Mr. Cohen, whose principle as a director is to keep hitting us over the head as if we were not an audience but a big bass drum.

INCOME
TAX
PREPARED
HERE
S. GROSS

NOW, here is a disgusting idea for a movie: Show a group of adolescent girls going off to summer camp; one of the group is already sexually experienced, and she goads two fifteen-year-olds with no sexual experience whatever into a wager as to which of them will succeed in losing her virginity first. The pair who make this unsavory wager are natural adversaries, one of them being rich and the other of moderate means, and their wager has far less to do with sex than with their need to survive what they perceive to be the humiliation of their place in the camp's pecking order. The movie devotes itself zealously to a single ugly question: Will they or will they not accomplish their miserable purpose? It is the kind of movie that I would have expected to be from the hand of a middle-aged male writer with little knowledge of the hopes and fears of adolescent girls; to my dismay, it has been written by women, named Kimi Peck and Dalene Young, whose imaginations display a coarseness that would be unwelcome in either gender. The two stars of the movie are Tatum O'Neal, who walks through her part with an unblinking blankness of expression, and Kristy McNichol, who is a superb actress and is able to outwit the vulgar nonsense of the words she speaks by what shines out of her lovely eyes. This unnecessary movie is called "Little Darlings," and the failed irony of the title is characteristic of the work as a whole. The director was Ronald F. Maxwell and the cameraman Fred Batka, whose charming glimpses of

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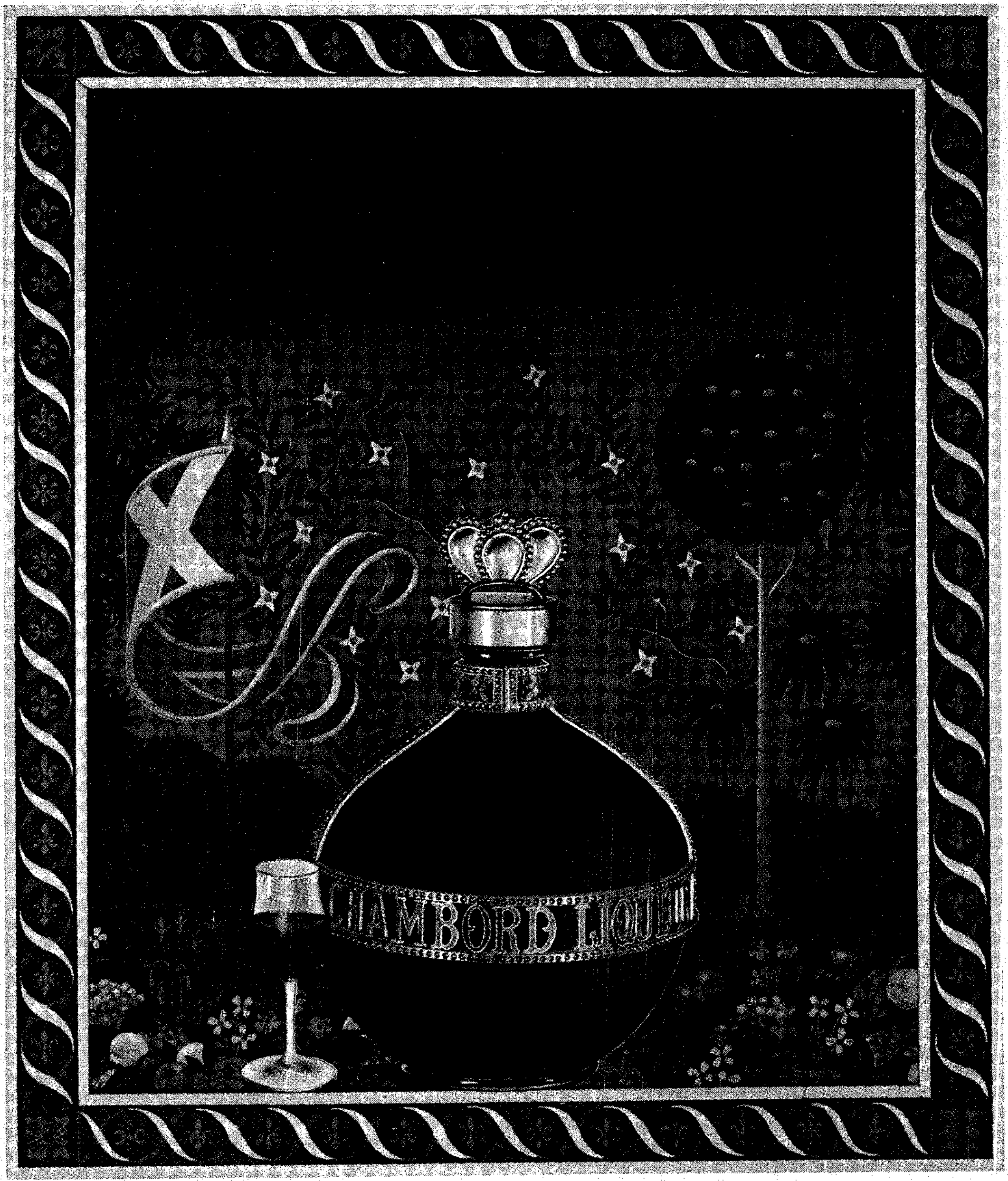

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the Georgia countryside ought to be excerpted and exploited by the Georgia Tourist Association.

THE Film and Video Department of the Whitney Museum is celebrating its tenth anniversary, and the first movie to be shown in its current New American Filmmakers series is a documentary called "Poto and Cabengo," by Jean-Pierre Gorin. A former associate of Godard, Gorin is now teaching film at the University of California at San Diego. The subjects of this documentary are twin girls, six years old, who were at first believed to be retarded, in part because they seemed unable to speak anything but gibberish. When some impetuous speech therapists in San Diego hazarded a guess that the twins might have invented a brand-new language, the press took up the story and radically exaggerated it. The invention of a new language is not likely to take place in our time, even in Southern California. Gorin patiently unravels the puzzle of the children's peculiar speech. Being a documentarian of the informal school, he doesn't hesitate to put himself on camera, and the fact that he speaks with a heavy French accent adds an unexpected piquancy to the movie; we perceive from him and from the twins that anyone who speaks a language imperfectly is likely to be thought retarded. The movie is by turns sad and moderately hopeful, but the luxurious squalor—plastic barstools, secondhand Cadillacs, huge TV sets—of lower-middle-class life in sunny San Diego is hard not to avert one's eyes from. The movie will run through March 30th. —B. G.

• •

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The Gambel quail looks like a medieval knight
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outlined in white. Every morning in early spring
he flies to the top of a cholla, where he can see
his mate and the boundaries of his territory.
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as any barnyard rooster with a harem.
And she is a lovely thing, plump and demure
in gray and a smooth brown cloche with a plume,
which bobs above her head as she gathers her chicks,
nodding to each in turn, always counting them.

Once I saw a pair of Gambels attack
a roadrunner who was threatening their chicks.
Quail seldom fly, but these came in like two
jet planes, low and fast and side by side.
The roadrunner was three times their size. They struck
at exactly the same moment, a maneuver requiring
absolute precision. The stunned roadrunner
fell down. They landed quickly and ushered the chicks
away, calling *hurry now, hurry now.* Tiny shadows
darted after them. By the time the carnivorous
giant had regained his breath, his feet,
and his dignity, the quail were gone.

The pair I know best live in the acacia thicket
at the bottom of the arroyo. They have a nest
on the ground, hidden by cactus and rabbit brush.
If I come too near, he sounds the alarm and they
take cover. If I stay, he comes out to harangue me
and do battle. He threatens me with death or, at best,
banishment from his territory. I hold my ground.
It's my land and my arroyo, I shout at him.
I will not abandon it to a crazy quail.
He tries to lead me away from the nest. I know
he will sacrifice himself if he must. This is
the desert. It has always been his home.
I give up and return to the house where I belong,
learning from my neighbors in the arroyo to claim
no more territory than I am willing to defend.

—RICHARD SHELTON

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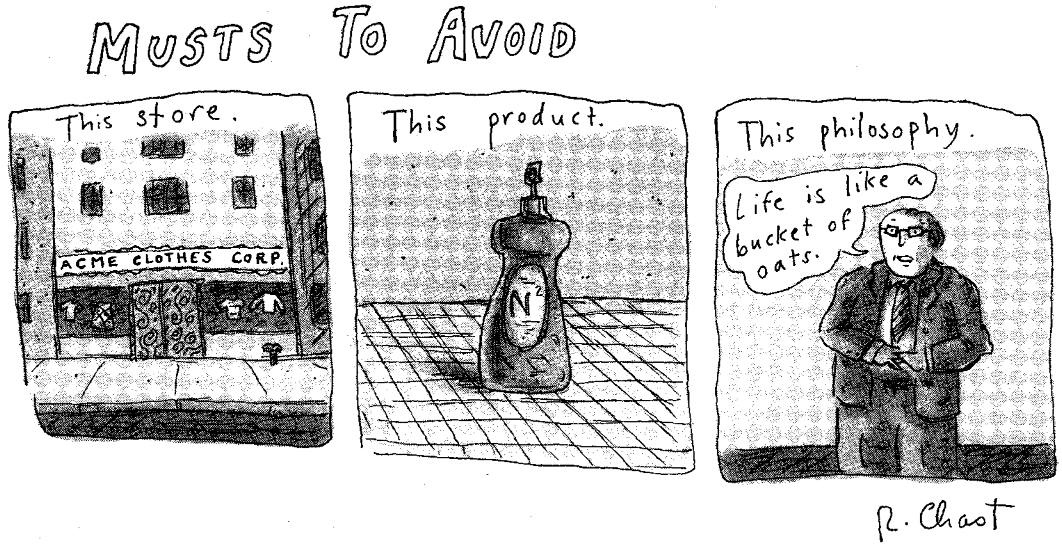
THE AIR

The Governor's Brief Brush with Logic

IN 1945, in a lecture at Princeton University, the German philosopher Ernst Cassirer remarked on the reemergence of myth as a force—indeed, as the primary force—in politics after its long banishment by the rationalists of the eighteenth century. Not only had myth reappeared, Cassirer noted, but in the twentieth century a wholly new type of myth was in evidence; instead of slowly evolving out of centuries of experience, myths were now being designed according to specifications and manufactured on request. "From now on, myth was no longer allowed to grow up freely and indifferently," said Cassirer. "The new political myths . . . were artificial things made by very skillful and cunning artisans. To put it bluntly we may say that what we see here before our very eyes is a new type of a completely *rationalized myth*." At the time, Cassirer was referring to the startling and powerful appearance of myth in Hitler's Germany, and to the then novel mythmaking techniques of such early media technicians as the radio propagandist Joseph Goebbels and the filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl. Clearly, a different situation obtains today: our leaders are centrist and affable instead of evil and totalitarian; our myths of leadership are modest and unassuming (not Lincolnesque, not even Kennedyesque) instead of grandiose and Wagnerian; our mythmakers are no longer remote and sinister Svengali figures but down-to-earth professionals, laden with polls and samplings. The only thing that seems to have stayed the same, as it were, is that "rationalized myth" has become so much a part of our political life that we take its presence for granted—not merely in political propaganda (or advertising) but in the news.

In fact, what seems to have happened is that myth has steadily supplanted rationality as the most powerful presence in our politics; now a new displacement has occurred. To begin with, the *news media communicate* politics preponderantly on a mythic level—led by television news, which makes only occasional, dutiful attempts at interviewing candidates according to old-fashioned rationality (sitting them down and asking them logical questions about issues) and increasingly (indeed, whenever possible) presents them in a mythic mode. Thus, Senator Kennedy is shown embattled and pugnacious on the streets of Chicago; George Bush (whose star is falling, as the saying goes) is seen as a solitary type, seated *by himself in an airplane*, returning from the Southern primaries, or else perpetually jogging; and the television news about John Anderson is not, for example, how he stands on nuclear power but how he shakes hands in Illinois (in a raincoat, in a friendly, modest, and somewhat startled manner, as befits the mythic underdog). The once logical news is so wrapped up in myth-conscious vignettes that it no longer has time for facts or issues. But recently the manufactured political commercials paid for by the candidates seem to be inclining more and more to a presentation of the supposedly rational side of things—as if, with so much myth being communicated by the news, there were a danger that the candidates *would* lose all identifying marks, all texture, all differences (save for the purely "mythic"), unless they put down their money and spelled things out themselves and obviously *for* themselves. At least, there was Senator Kennedy pumping away about economics in a series of Illinois commercials, while the nightly news talked relentlessly about his "troubled personal history" and his "faltering campaign." And there was John Anderson, too, a few days ago, all dressed up in a bright new thirty-second spot: no media tricks, no fancy camera effects, no man-in-the-raincoat-on-a-wet-street emotionality; just John Anderson standing there, stiff as a board, giving us some straight talk about the energy problem. And, strangest of all, there was Ronald Reagan, a former governor of a state the size of a major European nation, whose governance of that state has been a matter virtually ignored by television news, which has concentrated instead on whether he was "running ahead" of the other Republican candidates—"just ahead," or "well ahead," or with "the nomination all sewed up": an instantaneous, modern leadership myth; Reagan also has been purveying his views on foreign relations and inflation by means of paid commercials.

Not all the news is myth-oriented, however. Little ghettos of old-fashioned rational journalism exist, such as on the Sunday-afternoon interview programs, where, two Sundays ago, on ABC News's "Issues and Answers," an interesting exchange took place between ABC correspondent John Laurence and the amiably mythic Governor Reagan. Laurence had been questioning Reagan about his anti-inflation program, which apparently included a thirty-per-cent tax cut, and then began preparing the ground for another question by referring to a recent Reagan commercial. "You've been saying in your television ads that you didn't always agree with President Kennedy," said Laurence, consulting a transcript of the commercial, "but that he found that a thirty-per-cent tax cut helped almost everybody in the country, and if you were elected President you would cut taxes the same way he did."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Reagan shook his head affably but firmly. "No, I don't know what the rate of his tax cut was. I said that he went for a broad-based cut in the income tax. I don't know what the percentage of that cut was but that it was

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contrary to all the economic advice being given and that it did result in an increase in revenues."

Somewhat surprised, Laurence persisted. "If I can quote from your own ad, you're saying on camera"—now Laurence read from the transcript—"'I didn't always agree with President Kennedy, but when his thirty-per-cent federal tax cut became law, the economy did so well that every group in the country came out ahead. If I become President, we're going to try that again.'" He asked Reagan, "Do you remember saying those words?"

Reagan once again agreeably shook his head. "I don't remember saying that, because I honestly don't know what the rate of the tax cut was."

"Well, perhaps someone else wrote them for you?" said Laurence.

"I'm sure they did," said Reagan. "But I don't even remember reading that."

Now another ABC correspondent, Bob Clark, got into the act. "Coincidentally, I saw them in print this week, with your media adviser—the fellow who puts together your media commercials—giving out the text, I believe."

"Well," said Laurence, "that raises the whole question of how familiar you are with the television ads that you do and—"

But Reagan was having no part of that question, either. "Sure, I do them," he said. "I read them. And I suppose in the process of a whole afternoon, as you know, sitting in front of the camera and doing these things, and each one several times over, that I maybe just went by that one without thinking the thirty-per-cent figure was familiar to me." He smiled again.

The ABC interviewers, nonplussed, drifted on to other subjects. For a moment, though, the mythmaking curtain had been tugged back, to reveal only the busy figure of the Wizard of Oz declaiming into his microphone and blowing smoke out of his smoke machine; but then the curtain quickly drew closed again, leaving the Wizard happily fiddling with his devices and the merry old land of Oz (ever more comfortable with wizards than logicians), as usual, to look out for itself.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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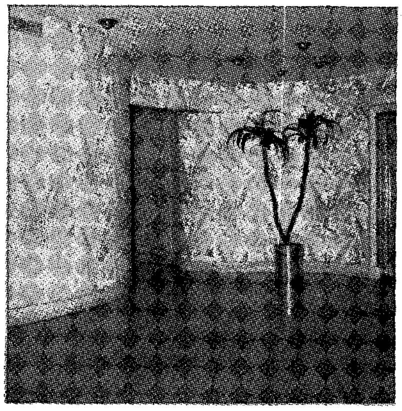

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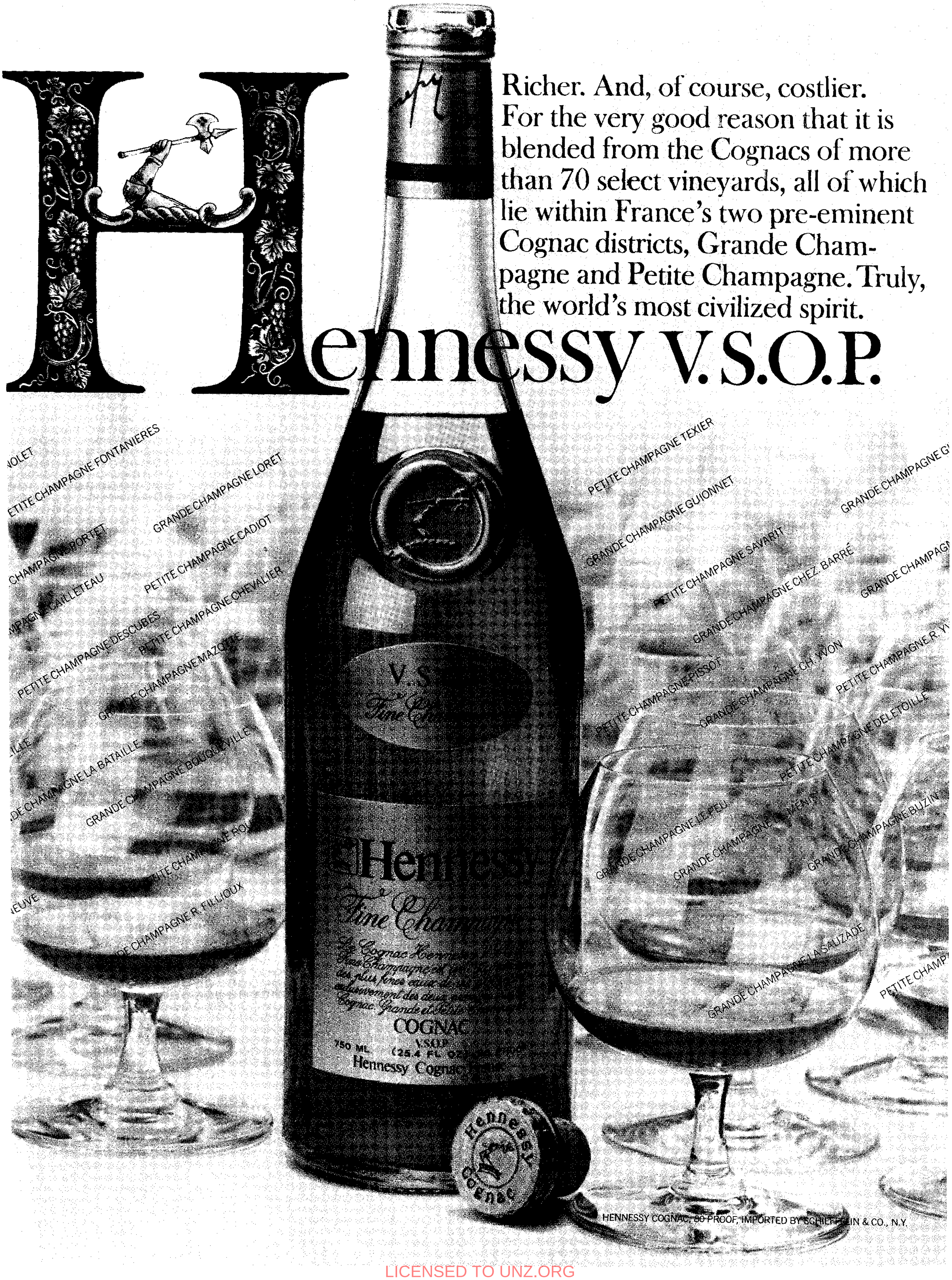
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BOOKS

J. M. Barrie

IT is true, if it is also too simple, to say that James Barrie himself was Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up; yet he sounds preternaturally ancient. In some moods, he could have been a throwback to that old, sanctified Scottish fantasy the "puir wee devil;" or Rumpelstiltskin of the fairy tale, vain of his magical powers; or, again, an instance of the deedy Scot acting out every item of his canniness and his melancholia, entranced by himself as "a case" and dominant enough to transfigure it. Puny he was, but no slave. He had a genius for being his tiny, frightening, and irresistible self. One of the many odd things about him noted by Andrew Birkin, the author of "J. M. Barrie and the Lost Boys" (Potter; $14.95), is that he wrote with his left hand when he was a child but moved to the use of the right at school, and his hand then became illegible. In later years, when he suffered from writer's cramp, he went back to the left, and his writing became clear. He liked to claim that he "thought more darkly down his left arm."

The darkness in his life is now a well-known story, at which he more than hinted in "Margaret Ogilvy"—a portrait of his mother—and in the embarrassing domestic fantasy of vicarious fatherhood "The Little White Bird." James Barrie was the youngest son of a modestly successful Scottish weaver and a mother brought up in the Auld Licht tradition of Scottish Calvinism; the boy was a tich with a big head who never grew to be much more than five feet high, a midget when compared with his stalwart brothers. The most loved of these brothers was killed in a skating accident when James was only six. His mother's grief was inconsolably passionate and lifelong, and little James, equally passionate, tried every device he could think of to win the love his mother had given absolutely to the older boy, and to surpass him. A new decisive trait appeared: James became a shameless actor as a child, even going so far as to try taking his mother's mind off her terrible grief by dressing up in his dead brother's clothes and copying his brother's cheerful whistle when he came into her bedroom. This magic trick seems to mark the beginnings of his nature as a storyteller, novelist, and playwright: to become, coolly, "someone else." It left him, as a man, determined to go on to the pursuit of motherly women, by remaining a boy in disguise. And so the case of Barrie, which has attracted biographers—notably Denis Mackail, W. A. Darlington, and Janet Dunbar—is well established.

Briefly, the case proceeds like this: his inordinate love of his mother arrested his emotional growth and fitted him for no more than a philandering or whimsical relationship with women. Although he married, he was uninterested in sexual relationships and was (perhaps) impotent; he was, at any rate, childless. If he was ambitious and romantic, hard work—as the Scots know it, and as he said—was his mistress. He longed to be a father but also to be a boy in a family of boys. He found such a family in the home of a London barrister, Arthur Llewelyn Davies, and his beautiful motherly wife, Sylvia, and their five young sons. With all his skills, Barrie charmed his way into the family (easily overriding the feelings of his own wife, Mary, who after fifteen years was unfaithful to him) and got the enormously successful fantasy of "Peter Pan" out of them. When the parents died in early middle age, Barrie became the guardian of the boys, supported them out of the great wealth he had won as a novelist and playwright, sent them to Eton, and loved them as if they were his own. This invasion left doubts in some minds. Was the family a peculiar *ménage à trois*? Were his attachments to the adored sons unconsciously homosexual? Was the real father irked by the presence of the gnome who had bought his way into the wife's and sons' affections? And how did Barrie face the tragedies that followed: the death of the father, and, far more dreadful for Barrie, the death of the mother, who was innocently amused by him; one favorite, George, killed in the 1914 war; another, Michael, perhaps the most deeply loved, and thought by people like Lytton Strachey to be the most gifted, drowned, in what may have been a suicide, at Oxford. (As for the suggestion of homosexuality, Nico, the youngest son, dismissed it.)

Barrie put a curse on those who were tempted to write his biography: in biography his unique self would be lost. The excellence of Mr. Birkin's book lies in the fact that it is not strictly speaking a biography but an ingeniously contrived collection of documents drawn from letters of the family and of friends, extracts from Barrie's diaries and notes on his continuously autobiographical novels and plays, and accounts of the day-to-day life they all led in their various houses. The book is

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intimately domestic; it is also admirable on Barrie's career in the theatre and on his rapid rise in high society. These intimate documents really "tell"—as, indeed, do the great number of delightful photographs in the book. The case vanishes in the life as it was lived. Another merit is that Mr. Birkin is chary of personal judgments, even when they slip in. The lives of the Llewelyn Davieses and their five boys are as strongly done as the changing portrait of the magician who beguiled them and used them, and who was also used by them with a mixture of laughter, bewilderment, and hardheadedness. Barrie's feyness was infectious, yet the loneliness of his role and his deep melancholia are there as he slaves with his pen and his wit, and sits alone in the gloomy flats he occupied, exhausted by his fancies. Mr. Birkin knows when Barrie is mawkish; he admires some of Barrie's writing for its own sake and shows the sentimentalist—who could surprise readers by the cruelty of his unabashed realism—candidly exposing and understanding himself. Mr. Birkin is not a critical analyst of the novels and plays; he knows that Barrie is now unfashionable but nevertheless responds to his dour humor and insights and is quite aware of the moments when the uncontrollable willfulness of Barrie's sentiment went too far. (Barrie knew it was uncontrollable.) My only criticism is that the extraordinary preoccupation with pretension and money in the Never Land of Edwardian middle-class life and the amount of calculated euphemism in which our now remote Edwardian elders dressed themselves up are lightly passed over. There are, however, letters from George as a soldier in France which bring back to Europeans the ghastly collapse of a decorative age. There are also two pointed comments on Barrie's instant public success in the theatre. The first is that London audiences were tired of Ibsenite theatre and craved comedy. The second is almost comical: New York, London, and Paris (of all cities) admired "The Admirable Crichton," because it was felt to be a solemn criticism of the class system and showed the revolutionary influence of Rousseau!

One of the Peter Pan boys, Peter Davies, who became a publisher in later life and hated the association of his name with Peter Pan (and who, indeed, is one more mysterious suicide), compiled a private record of the life of the family which he called "The Morgue." This has been invaluable to Mr. Birkin, especially on the subject of

Barrie and the parents as the boys saw them. The death of the father, who was a handsome, kind, and industrious man, was long-drawn-out and shocking. He had cancer of the jaw; the jaw was removed and replaced by a horrifying and ugly mask. Peter wrote in "The Morgue":

> The presence of J.M.B. at Cudlow House throughout these holidays was a queerish business, when you come to think of it: as odd a variation of the *ménage à trois* as ever there was, one would say. I think by now Arthur had surrendered utterly and was reconciled, for all sorts of reasons. But how strange the mentality of J.M.B., whose devotion to Sylvia seems to have thriven on her utter devotion to Arthur, as well as on his own admiration for him. It would be misleading to call his devotion more dog-like than man-like; there was too much understanding and perception in it—not to mention the element of masterfulness. And how about Mary Barrie meanwhile? I suspect that on the whole the state of affairs suited her well enough, and I say this in no disparaging sense.

Turn to Barrie's notes on Arthur's death: he is the feeling man but also the novelist, wondering, in a Jamesian way, whether there is an "idea" or something in it for him "professionally," or even personally. The notes are too long to quote, but he speculates on the disadvantage that a man who has no children may feel at the point of death. There is the idea of a play on the "Second Chance." It is the theme of "Dear Brutus." Was he thinking he might somehow marry Sylvia? He speculates later, "Beware or you may get what you want." He goes on:

> *Novel* on "The Accursed Thing"—On everybody having one accursed vice to fight or yield to. Might have three young men all right but for this—the one physical, 2nd moral, 3rd mental. *Physical*—an illness. *Moral*—loose living. *Mental*—mind working to evil actions. . . .
>
> *Character* who fails to develop normally, whose spirit remains young in an ageing body, constantly upset by the painful astonishment known to all of us when some outward proof suddenly jabs our inward conviction of perpetual youth.
>
> *Young Widow* whose husband instead of leaving it in will that if she marries she loses her money leaves it to the man she marries.

In fact, Barrie's natural rival was not the husband but the formidable, jealous nanny of the family, Mary Hodgson. She passionately hated Barrie, because his jolly ways conflicted with her strict ideas of how to bring up the boys and disputed her power. Barrie, she thought, was stopping them from becoming men.

There are notes on Barrie's marriage, which broke up when he was forty-nine. Mary Barrie had been an

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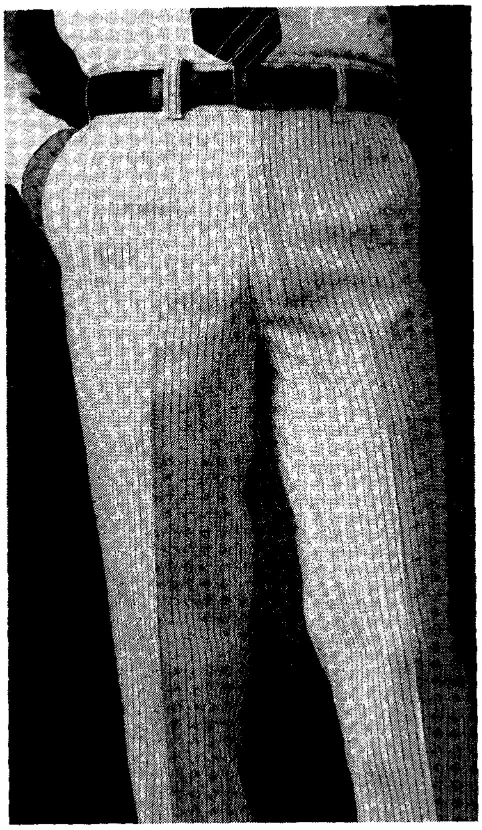

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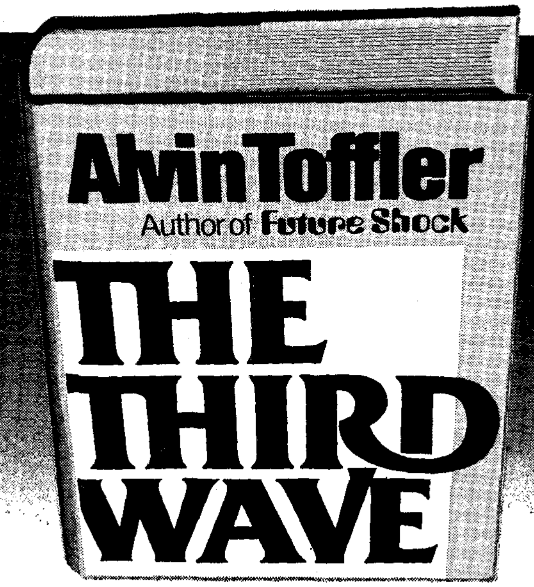

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actress—he had always been enchanted by actresses, because he was so much the actor himself—and they lived by being "someone else." When he jots down things about his married life, he sees his wife and himself acting their parts. There is, for example, a row about a husband's forgetting a wedding anniversary, a row interrupted by visitors. The screaming stops. She embraces him in front of his friends. When he reminds her of this, she says it was nothing but "woman's vanity . . . done to deceive." She asks him, as an anniversary gift, not to kiss her. "Curtain," Barrie notes. The scene continues, with her denying she is a "grand figure of tragedy—not tall enough . . . hands too red" and calling their marriage a "stick in fire, flaming, red, with sparks, now black and cold." Her chief complaint: "He hasn't even seen it [her love] is gone." The truth seems to be that Mary Barrie was a shade vulgarly flamboyant about the money her husband made and his success in society; that she was neglected, not only in bed. Barrie's pride as the magician who made his fantasies "work" was violently hurt when she had an affair with Gilbert Cannan, a young novelist who admired him. Apparently, she got on quite well with Sylvia, the entirely innocent dream-mother, and thought she had been wronged when Barrie divorced her. (Divorce was indeed a matter of dangerous scandal in the London of 1909.) Two of the boys thought that after their father died Barrie and Sylvia might have talked of marrying. The idea was repugnant to Peter, and he struggled to be fair about it and about "the strange little creature who adored her and dreamed, as he surely must have dreamed, of stepping into Arthur's shoes":

> Let me not be unmindful, in writing what I have written, of the innumerable benefits and kindnesses I have received, at one time and another, from the aforesaid strange little creature, to whom, in the end, his connection with our family brought so much more sorrow than happiness.

When Sylvia died, her body was taken back by train to London from the country—a stopping train on a five-hour journey. Later in life, one of the brothers told his wife that every time the train stopped "Barrie got out of the carriage and stood with bowed head in front of the guard's van where the coffin was, draped in purple cloth, as if he was on sentry-duty." His grief was terrible—and studiously dramatic.

Barrie had always been preoccupied

with death and ghosts. There is the play about the dead mother returning as a young woman to look for her baby son, not realizing that he will have grown up and that she will not recognize him. The 1914 war, in which George was killed, had brought Barrie not only great grief but his old Scottish sense of the eerie, which appears *felt* and yet alert:

> I had an odd thought today about the war that might come to something, but it seems to call for a poet. That in the dead quietness that comes after the carnage, the one thing those lying on the ground must be wondering is whether they are alive or dead. Out there the veil that separates the survivors and the killed must be getting very thin, and those on the one side of it very much jumbled up with those on the other.... Perhaps it is of this stuff that ghosts are made.... To avenge the fallen! That is the stupidest cry of the war.

The phrase "jumbled up" shocks us, occurring, as it does, among those dark thoughts coming down the left arm, yet it does evoke once more the mixing of fantasy and the real which was characteristic of a temperament so driven to watching and to whim.

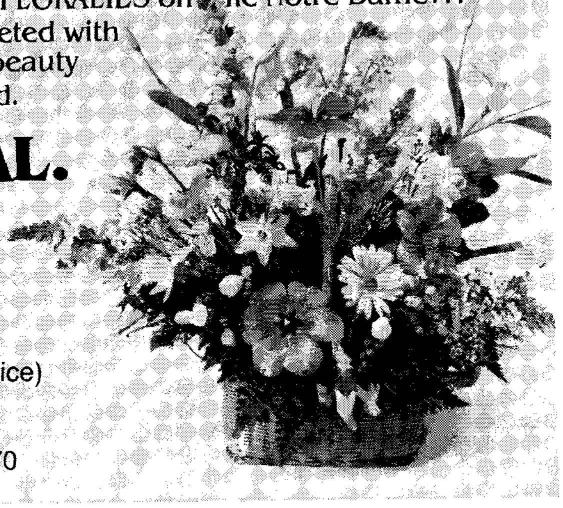
Barrie was devastated by Michael's death, for, as Lord Boothby—who was up at Oxford with Michael—noted, the youth had an "affinity with him that ran very deep." They shared a common torment. Boothby thought it would have been better for the orphaned boys to live in poverty, and not on the generosity of the rich "odd, morbid little genius." Barrie himself wrote:

> They shrink, these boys, from going anywhere, the death of their parents is really at the root of it, and down in my soul I know myself to be so poor a substitute.

Nico Davies strongly denied that the influence was "unhealthy":

> Oppressive maybe and over-constant ... I'm glad I lived with that odd little man rather than living in poverty, or, for that matter, with virtually any other person I have ever known.

Barrie's nature made him take the role of father-mother and, above all, fellow-boy recovering his own lost childhood. It was objected that, just as he himself had disliked being sent to study at the university, so he had dismissed all cultural tastes and was simply out to give the boys fun, and that he sent them to Eton out of snobbery. Possibly—but he was a marvellous holiday man, and the most enjoyable moments of the boys' lives were in the games and imaginary adventures he invented for them during



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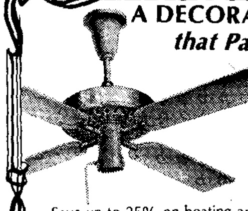

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the years when he was brooding on turning their family larks into "Peter Pan." As he watched them, he took notes, incorporated their jokes, sayings, and excitement, in the free heartlessness of their early growing. They were living all he wished to be and what, in a sadder sense, he ineluctably was. In fact, what one most wants in childhood is to grow up. Yet in commercial England, and even more in commercial America, before 1914 there was an extraordinary self-loving and sentimental indulgence in the daydream of lost childhood. Perhaps the hardworking and ambitious Barrie had winkled out the self-pity at the heart of those wedded to the work ethic.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MISSING YEARS, by Walter Laqueur (Little, Brown; $10.95). At a family reunion in New York in the nineteen-sixties, an elderly German-Jewish doctor is asked by his grandchildren (who have grown up in Israel and California) why he did not flee from Germany with his Aryan wife and their two sons during Hitler's early rise to power. The doctor decides to answer their questions by writing his autobiography, which focusses on his family's precarious existence in Berlin during the Second World War, when the Nazis were rounding up all of Berlin's Jews except for a handful of those who were related by blood or by marriage to Aryans. Among the themes that come to light by the end of his story are the uncommon courage that men and women of high and elemental moral standards often display under brutal conditions, and the limited value of hindsight, which can actually hamper one's understanding by making past events seem simpler than they were. Mr. Laqueur, a historian whose first novel this is, takes few of the liberties allowed to novelists (even the doctor's description of his sons' escape to Switzerland near the end of the war seems merely a piece of objective reporting), but the story is worth reading nonetheless as a thoughtful chronicle of a terrible ordeal.

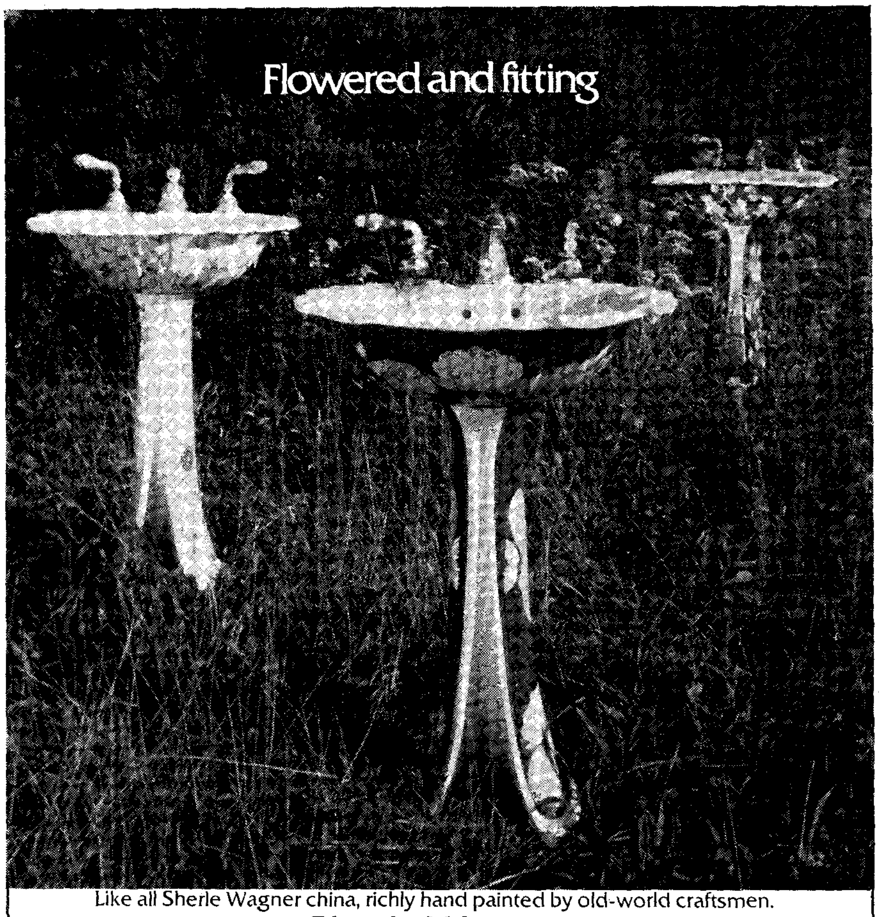
THE PAGODA TREE, by Berkely Mather (Scribners; $10). A vividly picaresque adventure story set with impressive exactitude in England, Australia, Hong Kong, and India in the eighteen-fifties. It is told by the younger (and sounder) of two brothers—the orphaned sons of an alcoholic sexton—and opens in a brutal, Dickensian charity school. There is a deceptively calm interlude in mercantile London, and then fate takes over, flinging the brothers into some of the wildest experiences available to luckless Englishmen of their period—transportation to Australia, the ugly aftermath of the Opium War, the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Mather moves at an agreeably varied walk, trot, and gallop, and he has an almost Victorian gift for well-defined heroes and villains, and for beautiful women often in need of two-fisted, high-minded protectors. Fine romantic entertainment.

NOTE: "Preparations for the Ascent," a novel by Gilbert Rogin, has been published by Random House ($8.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in this magazine, in slightly different form. . . . " 'A Trip Into the Blue' and Other Stories from *The New Yorker*," by Richard Berczeller, has been published by A & W ($10).

GENERAL

THOSE TREMENDOUS MOUNTAINS: THE STORY OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, by David Freeman Hawke (Norton; $12.95). The famous Voyage of Discovery of 1804-06 was indeed a voyage, since it was chiefly made by boat, and it was also unquestionably one of discovery in the broadest sense, since it traversed and mapped an uncharted immensity, and, as Mr. Hawke—a professor of history at the City University of New York—tells us, it identified "24 Indian tribes, 178 plants, and 122 animals then unknown to the world." His book is a skillful interweaving of selections from the journals of the two leaders, paraphrases and summaries of their accounts and observations, and certain explanatory material taken from other sources, and it makes clear the scientific value of the expedition without in any way dulling its impact as high and heroic adventure: in the course of a single day, for example, Lewis was attacked by a grizzly bear, then a cougar, then three maddened buffalo bulls. It is an exhilarating story of bravery, self-discipline, and firm resolve, and Mr. Hawke tells it uncommonly well. It must be added, however, that he has his faults, most notably a tendency to dodge his responsibilities as an editor and interpreter, as well as a writer. He thus tells us that recruits to the expedition were given a bonus of twelve dollars. But what was twelve dollars worth in 1804? He neglects to say. He tells us that Clark "recorded" the height of the Great Falls of the Missouri as "87 feet and 3/4 inches," and lets it go at that. We would like to know if that is the actual height of the falls. He devotes a chapter to the serious illness that afflicted the Indian squaw Sacagawea and to Lewis's "successful" doctoring of her with folk remedies but makes no attempt to determine the nature of her strange illness or to evaluate Lewis's treatment. And it is annoying that he doesn't bother to translate the daily allowances of whiskey from yesterday's gills into today's ounces. Illustrated with many drawings and paintings by such genre artists as Alfred Jacob Miller and Karl Bodmer, and a useful endpaper map.

THE RELUCTANT ADMIRAL: YAMAMOTO AND THE IMPERIAL NAVY, by Hiroyuki Agawa, translated from the Japanese by John Bester (Kodansha International; $14.95). Isoruku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of Japan's Combined Fleet at the height of the Second World War, was associated with the Japanese Navy from before the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05, in which he lost two fingers of his left hand, to the April morning in 1943 when the plane carrying him and members of his staff was shot down over Bougainville by an American P-38. Yamamoto was a complicated man: he was tiny (five feet three) and outwardly dour, though he had a pawky kind of humor. He was also unusually emotional for a warrior and sea dog; he wrote wistful poems (and not very good ones) to his mistress and cried openly when his men were killed in action. He was superstitious and he was pessimistic. (He predicted that the military adventures his country embarked on in the late nineteen-thirties would end in total catastrophe for Japan.) Nevertheless, as a radical advocate of the superiority of air power, he planned Pearl Harbor and saw it to its conclusion, for which he received great acclaim. (He was also in command of the operations at Midway, and he shouldered all the blame for that disaster.) In chronicling the struggles and squabbles within the Japanese Navy over policy, politics, strategy, and just about everything else, Mr. Agawa, a prize-winning novelist who was a Navy-informa-



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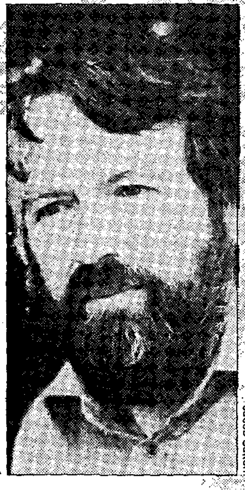

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tion officer during the war, is brilliant. Photographs.

EVA PERÓN: THE MYTHS OF A WOMAN, by J. M. Taylor (University of Chicago; $15). An anthropologist's concise and brilliant examination of the legends that arose in Argentina during the lifetime—and survived the death, in 1952—of a woman who broke with Argentine tradition and became a political figure in her own right. The myths involving Eva Perón, who was born out of wedlock, grew up poor, and became a radio and movie actress before marrying her country's leader, are *different* interpretations of the same facts: the poor, who admired her, insist upon her chastity, while the rich, who loathed her, insist upon the reverse. What the author stresses is that chastity is an inescapable element of Argentine myths about women. Scrutinizing the legends of good, bad, and revolutionary Eva, J. M. Taylor finds that though they differ radically in their response to the historical person, they all rest upon the same concept of feminine nature—one given to "emotion, intuition, disorder."

FIRE IN THE STREETS, by Milton Viorst (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). A solid, though informal, history of the nineteen-sixties. The author, a reporter and political journalist, has done a first-rate job of synthesis in giving some coherence to the dizzying array of ideas, personalities, mass rages, and explosive confrontations that marked the era: the Mississippi Summer, Berkeley, Watts, Selma, Birmingham, Kent State. He has loosely structured his book on the stories of fourteen men who either played key roles in the political turmoil of the decade or witnessed it from special vantage points; among them are E. D. Nixon, the Pullman porter and black activist who planned and instigated the Montgomery bus boycott; Allen Ginsberg; Tom Hayden; Bayard Rustin; Stokely Carmichael; and, of course, Allard Lowenstein. Mr. Viorst also paints in the historical and philosophical background of that period—the militant crusade for civil rights, student radicalism, the mass resistance to the Vietnam War, and all the rest.

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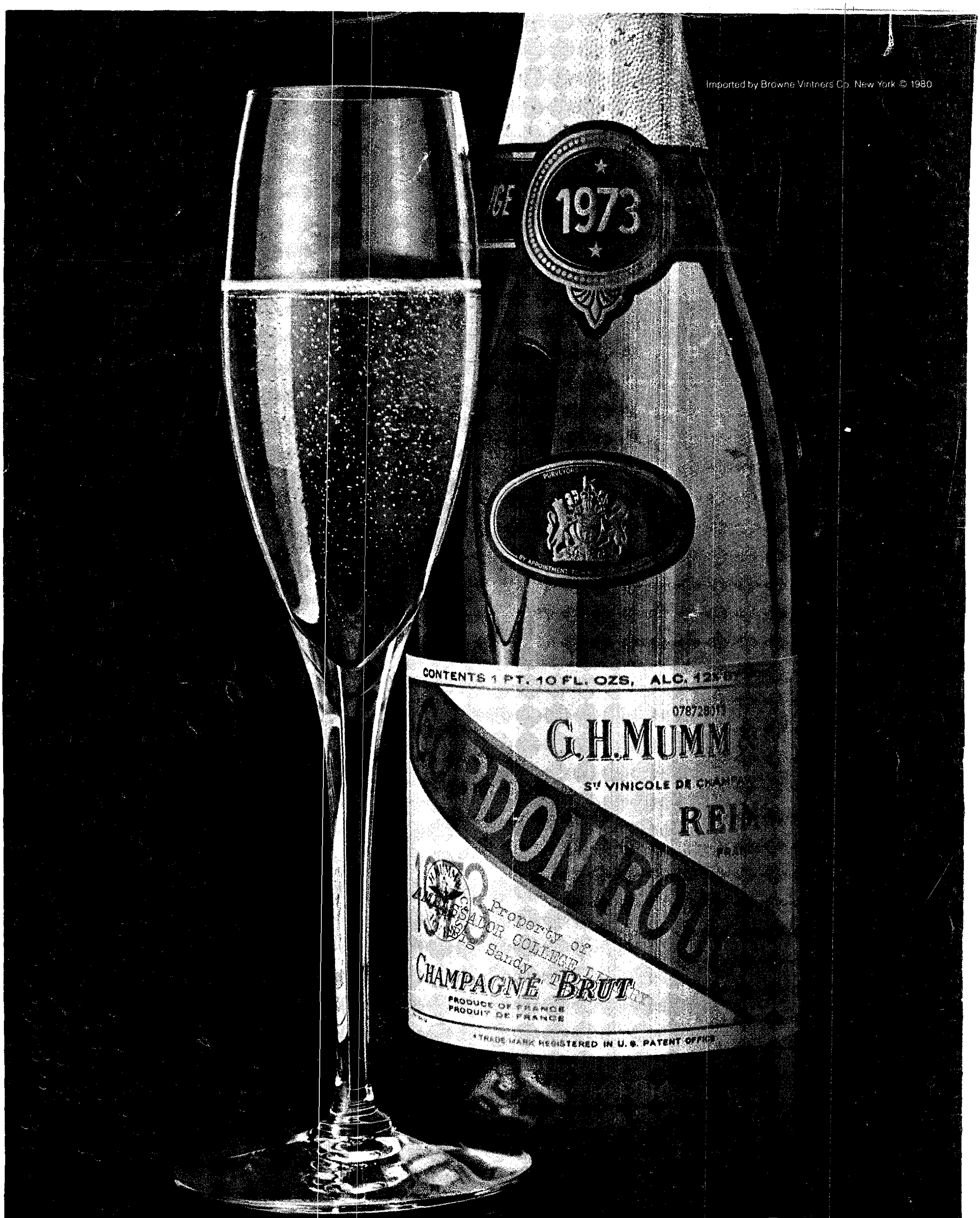
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